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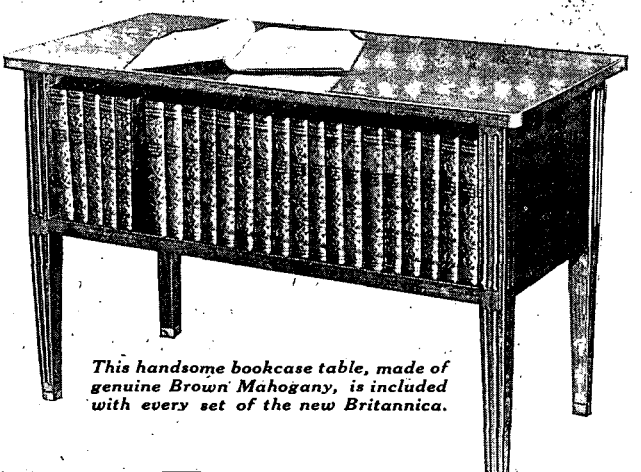

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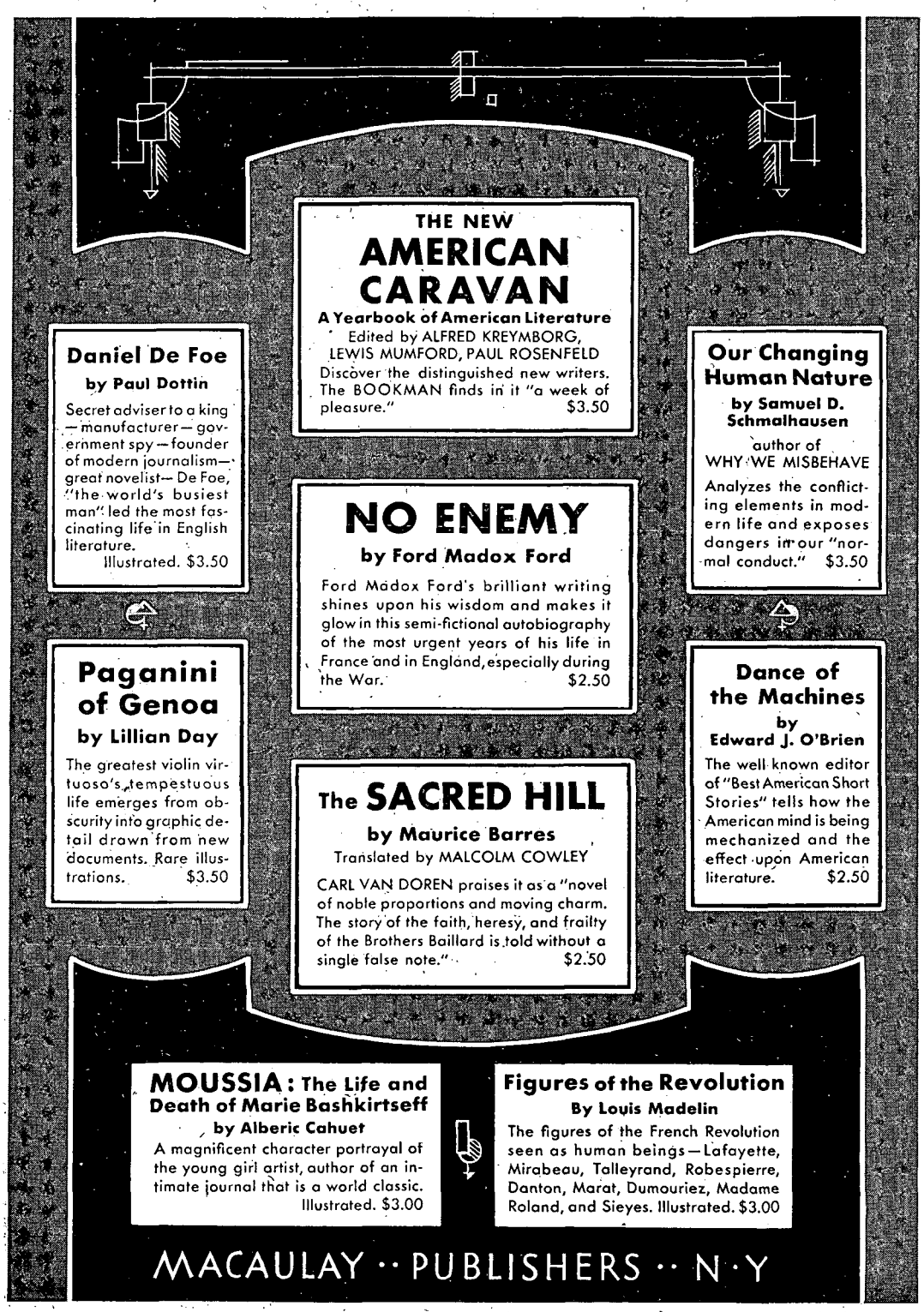

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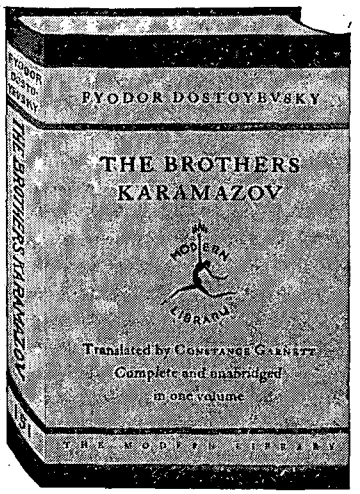

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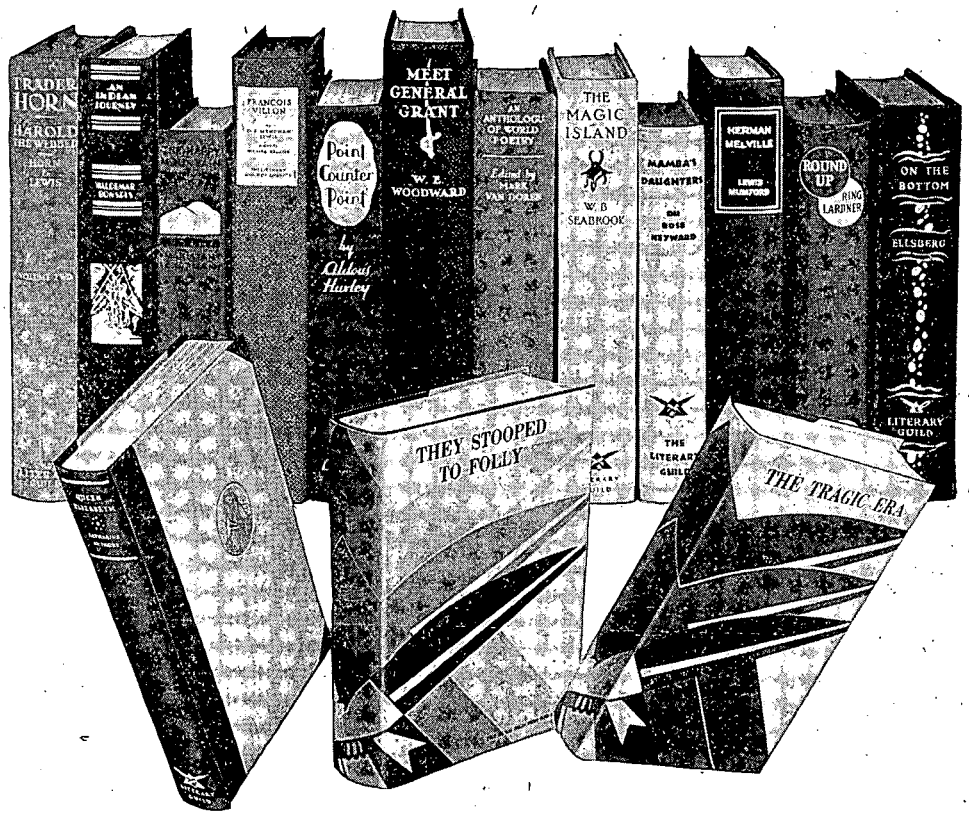

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Essays and Criticism

KEATS'S SHAKESPEARE. A DESCRIPTIVE STUDY BASED ON NEW MATERIAL *by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon* (OXFORD. $10.00)

THE discovery in nineteen-twenty-seven by Miss Spurgeon of the seven volumes of Shakespeare's plays which were in the possession of John Keats, and which he had marked and underscored to a considerable extent, can be likened only to the remarkable discovery two years earlier of the papers dealing with the death of Marlowe, by Professor Hotson.

As if this were not enough there is as frontispiece, a hitherto unpublished water-color sketch of Keats by Joseph Severn, showing the poet on board the *Maria Crowther,* hatless and looking wan, reading a book.

The edition of Shakespeare that Keats had with him for many years was by Johnson and Steevens. With characteristic impetuosity, Keats scratched out almost all of the notes by Johnson, and wrote under them comments of his own. The lines he has underscored in the plays will not surprise anyone familiar with his own work. Typical of his markings is the passage in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* beginning:

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows . . . .

Miss Spurgeon lists several pages of similar passages between *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the one hand, and Keats's *Endymion* on the other. Some of these are very striking. She has also reproduced the complete scored passages of the two plays mentioned above, as well as those in *Measure for Measure, Anthony and Cleopatra* and *Troilus and Cressida.*

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TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE *by Edgar Rice Burroughs* (METROPOLITAN. $2.00)

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MY HOUSE AND I *by Mary Eliza Starbuck* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $3.50)

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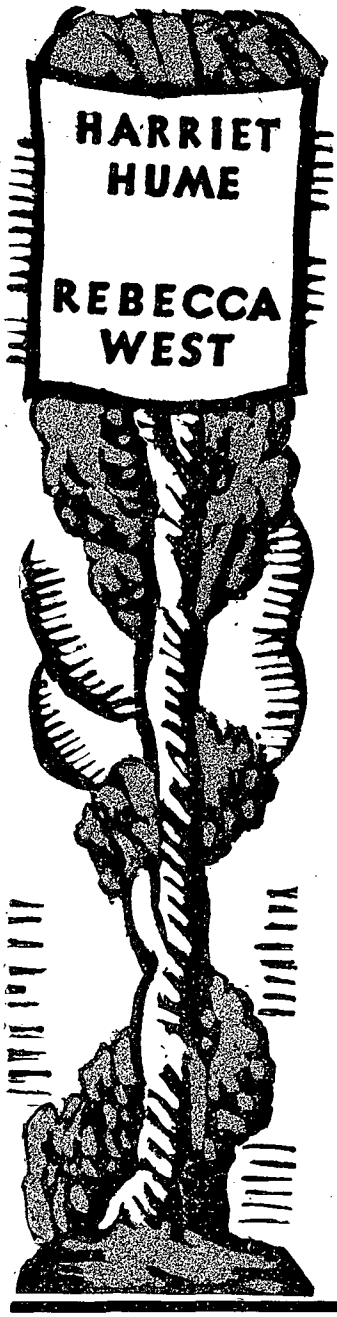

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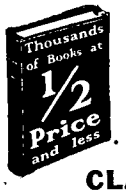

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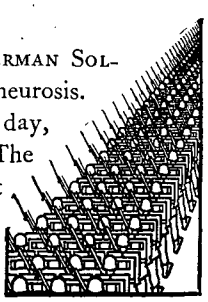

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EXPERIMENT IN CRITICISM

by T. S. Eliot

THERE is no department of literature in which it is more difficult to establish a distinction between "traditional" and "experimental" work than literary criticism. For here both words may be taken in two senses. By traditional criticism we may mean that which follows the same methods, aims at the same ends, and expresses much the same state of mind as the criticism of the preceding generation. Or we may mean something quite different; a criticism which has a definite theory of the meaning and value of the term "tradition", and which may be experimental in reverting to masters who have been forgotten. And as for "experiment" one may mean the more original work of the present generation, or else the work of critics who are pushing into new fields of inquiry, or enlarging the scope of criticism with other kinds of knowledge. To use the word "experimental" in the first sense would be invidious, for it would cover all the critical work of our time which one considers to have merit. For it is obvious that every generation has a new point of view, and is self-conscious in the critic; his work is twofold: to interpret the past to the present, and to judge the present in the light of the past. We have to see literature through our own temperament in order to see it at all, though our vision is always partial and our judgment always prejudiced; no generation, and no individual, can appreciate every dead author and every past period; universal good taste is never realized. In this way, all criticism is experimental, just as the mode of life of every generation is an experiment. It is only in my second sense, therefore, that it is worth while to talk of experimental criticism; only by considering what critics today may be deliberately attempting some kind of critical work which has not been deliberately attempted before.

In order to make clear exactly what there is that is new in contemporary critical writing I shall have to go back a hundred years. We may say, roughly, that modern criticism begins with the work of the French critic Sainte-Beuve, that is to say about the year 1826. Before him, Coleridge had attempted a new type of criticism, a type which is in some respects more allied to what is now called es-

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thetics than to literary criticism. But from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century literary criticism had been confined to two narrow, and closely related, types. One was a type which has always existed and I hope always will, for it can always have very great value; it may be called practical notes on the art of writing by practitioners, parallel to the treatises on painting which have been left us by Leonardo da Vinci and others. Such notes are of greatest value to other artists, particularly when studied in conjunction with the author's own work. Two classical examples in English are the Elizabethan treatises on rhymed and unrhymed verse written by Thomas Campion and Samuel Daniel. The prefaces and essays of Dryden, the prefaces of Corneille, are of the same type but on a larger scale and engage wider issues. But at the same time there is a large body of criticism, a considerable quantity in English and still more in French, written by men who were professionally critics rather than creative writers; the most famous critic of this sort is of course Boileau. This type of critic was primarily the *arbiter of taste,* and his task was to praise and condemn the work of his contemporaries, and especially to lay down the laws of good writing. These laws were supposed to be drawn from the practice, but still more from the theory, of the ancients. Aristotle was highly respected; but in practice this type of criticism was usually far from following the profound insight of Aristotle, and confined itself to translating, imitating, and plagiarizing Horace's *Art of Poetry*. At its best, it confirmed and maintained permanent standards of good writing; at its worst, it was a mere sequence of precepts. In general, French criticism was more theoretic and, as in La Harpe, more desiccated; the normal English type was nearer to plain good sense, as in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets;* though interesting theory, usually on specific literary types such as the drama, is found in authors like Thomas Rymer and Daniel Webb in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

It is worth delaying for a moment to point out one of the qualities of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century literary criticism, which gives it enduring value and at the same time marks it off from more modern criticism. We are apt to think of this older criticism as dry and formal, and as setting up classical molds in which no living literature could be shaped. But we should remember in its favor that this criticism recognized literature as literature, and not another thing. Literature was something distinct from philosophy and psychology and every other study; and its purpose was to give a refined pleasure to persons of sufficient leisure and breeding. If the older critics had not taken for granted that literature was something primarily to be enjoyed, they could not have occupied themselves so sedulously with laying down rules of what was right to enjoy. This seems a very commonplace remark, and no distinction; but if you compare the criticism of those two centuries with that of the nineteenth, you will see that the latter does not take this simple truth wholly for granted. Literature is often treated by the critic rather as a means for eliciting truth or acquiring knowledge. If the critic is of a more philosophic or religious mind, he will look for the expression of philosophic or religious intuition in the work of the author criticized; if he is of a more realistic turn, he will look to literature as material for the discovery of psychological truths, or as documents illustrating social history. Even in the mouths of Walter Pater and his disciples, the phrase "art for art's sake" means something very different from the sense in which literature was literature for literature's sake up to the latter part of the eighteenth century. If you read carefully the famous epilogue to Pater's *Studies in the Renaissance* you will see that "art for art's sake" means nothing less than art as a substitute for everything else, and as a purveyor of emotions and sensations which belong to life rather than to art. To distinguish clearly between these two attitudes, that of art for

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art's sake and that of the eighteenth century, does require a strong effort of imagination. But the former doctrine would have been unintelligible to the earlier age. For the earlier period, art and literature were not substitutes for religion or philosophy or morals or politics, any more than for duelling or love-making: they were special and limited adornments of life. On each side there is a profit and a loss. We have gained perhaps a deeper insight, now and then; whether we enjoy literature any more keenly than our ancestors I do not know; but I think we should return again and again to the critical writings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to remind ourselves of that simple truth that literature is primarily literature, a means of refined and intellectual pleasure.

How, we ask immediately, did human beings ever come to abandon so simple and satisfying a limitation of criticism? The change comes about incidentally to a larger change, which may be described as the growth of the historical attitude. But this change—to which I shall return in a moment—is preceded, so far as literary criticism is concerned—by a freakish phenomenon, by a book written by one of the wisest and most foolish men of his time and perhaps the most extraordinary; a book which is itself one of the wisest and silliest, the most exciting and most exasperating book of criticism ever written—the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge. There, if you like, was "experiment in criticism", everything in fact except the power of sticking to the point—a power noticeably absent from Coleridge's ill-regulated life. Coleridge was one of the most learned men of his time, and no man of his time had wider interests except Goethe; and one of the first things that strikes us about his book, besides its uncommon diffuseness, is the novel variety of knowledge which he brings to bear on literary criticism. Much of his knowledge, as of the romantic German philosophers, does not seem to us today particularly worth having, but it was held to be valuable then; and we owe to Coleridge as much as to anybody our enjoyment of the doubtful benefits of German Idealism. His book naturally contains specimens of several types of criticism; its impulse, of course, was a defence of the new—or as the newspapers of our time would say, "modernist"—poetry of Wordsworth; and as such belongs to the type of technical notes of a craftsman; but when Coleridge started on anything, it could lead to almost everything else. He had not the historical point of view, but by the catholicity of his literary lore, and his ability for sudden and illuminating comparisons drawn from poetry of different ages and different languages, he anticipated some of the most useful accomplishments of the historical method. But one thing that Coleridge did effect for literary criticism is this. He brought out clearly the relation of literary criticism to that branch of philosophy which has flourished amazingly under the name of esthetics; and, following German writers whom he had studied, he puts the criticism of literature in its place as merely one department of the theoretic study of the Fine Arts in general. His fine discrimination of Fancy and Imagination cannot be held as permanent, for terms and relations change; but it remains one of the important texts for all who would consider the nature of poetic imagination. And he establishes literary criticism as a part of philosophy: or, to put it more moderately, he made it necessary for the "literary critic" to acquaint himself with general philosophy and metaphysics.

Biographia Literaria appeared in 1817; the activities of Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve may be said to begin about 1826. Coleridge and Sainte-Beuve have very little in common—as little, that is, as two men who were both great critics could have in common. And Sainte-Beuve would not have been a great critic solely on the ground of what is new and experimental in his work. He had a very French intelligence and good taste which enabled him to share the ideals and sympathies

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of the great French writers of every time; there was much in him of the eighteenth century, a good deal even of the seventeenth. There were many gaps, certainly, in his appreciations, both of his contemporaries and of his predecessors; but he had that essential critical quality of imagination which made it possible for him to grasp literature as a whole. Where he differed from previous French critics was in his implicit conception of literature, not only as a body of writings to be enjoyed, but as a process of change in history, and as a part of the study of history. The notion that literary values are relative to literary periods, that the literature of a period is primarily an expression and a symptom of the time, is so natural to us now that we can hardly detach our minds from it. We can hardly conceive that the degree and kind of self-consciousness which we have could ever not have been. How much criticism of contemporary literature is taken up with discussing whether, and in what degree, this book or novel or poem is expressive of our mentality, of the personality of our age; and how often our critics seemed to be interested rather in inquiring what we (including themselves) are like, than with the book, novel, or poem as a work of art! This is an extreme, but the extreme of a tendency which began, in criticism, a good hundred years ago. Sainte-Beuve was not, like Coleridge, a metaphysician; he is indeed more modern and more sceptical; but he was the first interesting historian in criticism. And it is by no means irrelevant that he began his career with the study of medicine; he is not only an historian but a biologist in criticism.

It is, I think, interesting to turn to some good recent piece of literary criticism, and underline some of the assumptions of knowledge and theory which you would not find in criticism of two hundred years ago. Mr. Herbert Read's lucid little primer, *Phases of English Poetry,* will do for our purpose. On the second page he tells us that his is an inquiry into the evolution of poetry, and speaks presently of English poetry as a "living and developing organism". Even these few words should give a hint of the extent to which the critical apparatus has changed with the general changes in scientific and historical conceptions, when a literary critic can treat his audience to terms like "evolution" and "living organism" with the assurance of their being immediately apprehended. He is taking for granted certain vague but universal biological ideas. A little later he informs us that "the beginning of this study belongs to anthropology". Now, a great deal of work has had to be done by a great many people, and already more or less popularized, before a critic of literature can talk in this way. The work of Bastian, Tylor, Mannhardt, Durkheim, Lévy-Brühl, Frazer, Miss Harrison, and many others has gone before. And a great deal of purely literary investigation has been made too, before any one can talk of the evolution of poetry. Mr. Read begins by studying the origins of ballad poetry. It would not have been possible for him to do so without a great deal of work done in the later nineteenth century and the early twentieth; for example, by Professor Child of Harvard, Professor Gummere of Haverford, Professor Gaston Paris of the Sorbonne, and Professor W. P. Ker of London. Such studies in ballad poetry, and in all the heretofore unexplored ages of literature, have fostered in us the sense of flux and evolution, the sense of the relation of the poetry of each period to the civilization of the period, and also have tended slightly to level literary values. It was W. P. Ker, who perhaps knew the whole history of European poetry better than any man of his time, who said that in literature there were no Dark Ages. And in the next paragraph to the one which I have just quoted, Mr. Read observes that in theories of the origin of poetry we "go right back to the origin of speech". Even to make so simple a remark as this requires the work of another group of scientists: the philologists. The modern critic must have some acquaintance with

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them too—with the work of such contemporary philologists as Professor Jespersen of Copenhagen.

There are other branches of knowledge (or at least of science) some acquaintance with which you take for granted in any applicant whom you may employ as literary critic. Especially, of course, psychology, particularly analytical psychology. All of the studies I have mentioned, and more, do themselves touch the edges, and handle some of the problems, of criticism; so conversely the critic is distinguished first by the current notions which he shares with all educated or half-educated persons, such as the notion of evolution, and by the number and variety of sciences of which he has to know a little. And he has to know them, not in order to do their work for them, but to collaborate—and also in order that he may know where to stop. We require much general knowledge in order to see the limits of our particular ignorance.

Now although Sainte-Beuve did not have the equipment which we expect of our contemporaries, he had a great deal of the method, and very typically the state of mind which results from such a method at our stage of history. The awareness of the process of time has obscured the frontiers between literature and everything else. If you read the earlier critics, such as Dryden, you find the problems of literature comparatively simple ones. For Dryden and his contemporaries there were the Greek and Latin classics, a solid block of accepted canon, and there were their contemporaries, that is to say, English literature from Shakespeare and French literature from Malherbe; and they spent a good deal of their time in discussing whether the moderns, as they called themselves, had any literary virtues not surpassed by the ancients. Their estimate of the classics was not complicated by worrying about serpent and mistletoe cults, or the finances of the Athenian government. And between the ancients and Shakespeare and Malherbe there was nothing much to think about. They had really a great deal more faith in themselves than we have. They were certainly not bothered about "the future". It often seems to me that all our concern of it, which Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells used to enjoy, are tokens of a profound pessimism. We hardly have time to get any fun out of what is being written now, so concerned are we about the quality of what may be written fifty years hence. Even Mr. Read's chapter on "Modern Poetry" seems to be as much engrossed by the puzzle of what poetry will be as by the puzzle of what it is. This kind of doubt seems to me to continue the doubt of Sainte-Beuve and Renan. Sainte-Beuve wrote a book of seven volumes on that remarkable French religious movement of the seventeenth century known as "Port Royal", and on that remarkable group of religious people of whom the most famous is Pascal. It is the masterpiece on that subject. It comes to no conclusion. It ends with the words: "He who had it most at heart to know his object, whose ambition was most engaged in seizing it, whose pride was most alert to paint it—how powerless he feels, and how far beneath his task, on the day when, seeing it almost finished and the result obtained, he feels his exaltation sink, feels himself overcome by faintness and inevitable disgust, and perceives in his turn that he too is only a fleeting illusion in the midst of the infinite illusory flux!" Sainte-Beuve was a modern critic for this reason: he was a man of restless curiosity about life, society, civilization, and all the problems which the study of history arouses. He studied these things through literature, because that was the center of his interests; and he never lost his literary sensibility in his investigation of problems reaching far beyond literature. But he was an historian, a sociologist (in the best sense of that word) and a moralist. He is a typical modern critic in that he found himself obliged to brood over the larger and darker problems which, in the modern world, lie behind the specific problems of literature.

The criticism of literature has by no means

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been absorbed in something else, as alchemy into chemistry. The core of the matter is still there, though the ramifications are endless, and the task of the critic is indeed hard. But there is still a valid distinction to be drawn between those modern critics who would make literature a substitute for a definite philosophy and theology, and thus promulgate, in an inverted form, the old gospel of art for art's sake, and those who would try to keep the distinctions clear, while admitting that the study of the one leads to the other, and that the possession of clear literary standards must imply the possession of clear moral standards. The various attempts to find the fundamental axioms behind both good literature and good life are among the most interesting "experiments" of criticism in our time.

The most considerable of such attempts so far is that which is known under the name of Humanism, and which owes its origin chiefly to the work of Professor Babbitt of Harvard. Mr. Babbitt, who is one of the most learned men of our time, is to some extent a disciple of Sainte-Beuve. There is no one living who knows more intimately (among many other things) the whole history of literary criticism. In his own writings, criticism of literature has been a means of criticizing every aspect of modern society. He is a scholar of classical education, and classical tastes. He is keenly aware of the fact that the weaknesses of modern literature are symptoms of the weaknesses of modern civilization, and he has set himself with immense patience and perseverance to analyze these weaknesses. His conclusions may be read in his two most recent books, *Rousseau and Romanticism,* an account and a theory of the deterioration of taste since the early eighteenth century, and a book of still wider scope, *Democracy and Leadership.* As a moralist and as an Anglo-Saxon, he has on one side more in common with Matthew Arnold than with Sainte-Beuve. The tendency of the "humanist" in France is rather to diagnose, without prescribing a remedy; witness two recent books of brilliant literary and social criticism by M. Julien Benda, *Belphégor* and *La Trahison des clercs*; the Anglo-Saxon finds it intolerable to diagnose a disease without prescribing a remedy. Mr. Babbitt, like Arnold and Sainte-Beuve, finds that the decay of religious dogma has inflicted grave injury on society; like Arnold and Sainte-Beuve, he refuses to accept the remedy of returning to religious dogma; like Arnold and unlike Sainte-Beuve, he proposes another remedy, a theory of positive ethics based on human experiment, on the needs and capacities of the human as human, without reference to revelation or to supernatural authority or aid.

I do not propose, in this brief account, to discuss Mr. Babbitt's positive contribution, or the points at which I agree or disagree. I only want to call attention to a most important movement which is primarily, or in its inception, a movement within literary criticism, and of which a great deal more will be heard. It is significant because it shows that the modern literary critic must be an "experimenter" outside of what you might at first consider his own province; and as evidence that nowadays there is no literary problem which does not lead us irresistibly to larger problems. There is one weakness, or rather danger, of literary criticism which perceives the inevitable continuation of literary questions into general questions, which I might as well point out, because otherwise you will see it for yourselves and attach too much importance to it. The danger is that when a critic has grasped these vital moral problems which rise out of literary criticism, he may lose his detachment and submerge his sensibility. He may become too much a servant of his mind and conscience; he may be too impatient with contemporary literature, having pigeonholed it under one or another of the modern social maladies; and may demand edification at once, when appreciation of genius and accomplishment should come first. When he upholds "classicism" and de-

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nounces "romanticism" he is likely to give the impression that we should write like Sophocles or Racine; that everything contemporary is "romantic" and therefore not worth talking about. He makes us suspect that if a truly great, original classical work of imagination were to be written today, no one would like it. There will always be romantic people to admire romantic work; but we wonder whether the classicists would certainly know a classical work when it came. But these qualifications should not lead us to reject the humanist's theories: they should only lead us to apply them for ourselves.

Mr. Ramon Fernandez is a younger critic who has also taken the word Humanism for his device, though his humanism, arrived at independently in France, is of a rather different brand from that which has arisen in America. His humanism has this in common: that it is also a development from literary criticism, and that it is also an attempt to arrive at a positive ethics while rejecting any revealed religion or supernatural authority. His first volume of essays, *Messages,* has been translated into English. It is important I think not so much by its achievement—for indeed the author has still a great many tangled knots in his style, which is cumbered by a good deal of philosophical and psychological terminology—as by its new attempt. Mr. Fernandez is less encyclopedic, less concerned with the past. He pores steadily over contemporaries and over the nineteenth century, and is more devoted to the study of special individuals, such as Montaigne, than to the study of the general course of literary history. Like the American humanists, he ponders over "classicism" and "romanticism"; but he wishes to be flexible, and is anxious to distinguish the essentials of classicism (which he finds, for instance, in George Eliot) from its appearances at any particular time. His theory is one which I do not wholly understand, and which has not yet been fully expounded, and probably not yet fully developed: but he illustrates, as clearly as the American humanists, the new experimental method of dealing with literary problems as moral problems, and the attempt to find guidance in conduct out of statement in literature—especially from the great novelists, and particularly, for he is a close student of English literature, from George Eliot and George Meredith. (In any case, his essay on Marcel Proust, the French novelist, in the volume mentioned, is a masterpiece of his particular method.) He is, in general, less the sociologist and more the individual psychologist. And from the best of his essays on novelists one draws this conclusion: that if we should exclude from literary criticism all but purely literary considerations, there would not only be very little to talk about, but actually we should be left without even literary appreciation. This is true of our appreciation of ancient authors but still more obviously of our appreciation of modern authors. For the same expansion of interest which has been imposed upon the modern critic, has been imposed, or at least has been assumed, by the modern imaginative writer. We cannot write a purely literary criticism of George Eliot, for instance, unless it is admittedly a very imperfect criticism: for as the interests of the author were wide, so must be those of the critic.

I have tried to show that the tendency throughout a whole epoch to the present moment has been to widen the scope of criticism and increase the demands made upon the critic. This development might be traced in terms of the development of human self-consciousness, but that is a general philosophical question beyond the margin of this paper. There is along with this expansion a compensating tendency. As the number of sciences multiply, of sciences that is which have a bearing upon criticism, so we ask ourselves first whether there is still any justification for literary criticism at all, or whether we should not merely allow the subject to be absorbed gently into exacter sciences which will each annex some side of criticism. Just

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as in the history of philosophy, we find many subjects surrendered from time to time by philosophy, now to mathematics and physics, now to biology and psychology; until there seems to be almost nothing left to philosophize about. I think that the answer is clear: that so long as literature is literature, so long will there be a place for criticism of it—for criticism, that is, on the same basis as that on which the literature itself is made. For so long as poetry and fiction and such things are written, its first purpose must always be what it always has been—to give a peculiar kind of pleasure which has something constant in it throughout the ages, however difficult and various our explanations of that pleasure may be. The task of criticism will be, accordingly, not only to expand its borders but to clarify its center, and the insistency of the latter need grows with that of the former. Two hundred years ago, when it was taken for granted that one knew well enough what literature was, and it was not the number of other things which it is always now seeming to be, terms could be used more freely and carelessly without close definition. Now, there is an urgent need for experiment in criticism of a new kind, which will consist largely in a logical and dialectical study of the terms used. My own interest in these problems has been fostered partly by dissatisfaction with the meaning of my own statements in criticism, and partly by dissatisfaction with the terminology of the Humanists. In literary criticism we are constantly using terms which we cannot define, and defining other things by them. We are constantly using terms which have an *in*tension and an *ex*tension which do not quite fit; theoretically they ought to be made to fit; but if they cannot, then some other way must be found of dealing with them so that we may know at every moment what we mean. I will take a very simple example with which I have been dealing myself: the possibility of defining "metaphysical poetry". Here is a term which has a whole history of meanings down to the present time, all of which must be recognized, although it cannot have all of them at once. The term means on the one hand a certain group of English poets in the seventeenth century. On the other hand it must have an intensive meaning, must stand for a peculiar whole of qualities which is exemplified by the several poets. The ordinary critical method would be to define what "metaphysical poetry" means to you in the abstract, fit as many poets to it as well as you can, and reject the rest. Or else, you take the poets who have been held to be "metaphysical", and find out what they have in common. The odd thing is that by doing the sum, so to speak, in two different ways, you get two different results. A larger problem in the same kind of definition is that of Classicism and Romanticism. Every one who writes about these two abstractions believes that he knows what the words mean; actually they mean something a little different for each observer, and merely seem to mean the same things. In this way you have material for endless wrangling with no conclusion, which is not satisfactory. Such problems involve, of course, both logic and the theory of knowledge and psychology; there is no one, perhaps, more concerned with them than Mr. I. A. Richards, the author of *Principles of Literary Criticism* and *Practical Criticism*.

There is good cause for believing—apart from the obvious assertion that every generation must criticize for itself—that literary criticism, far from being exhausted, has hardly begun its work. On the other hand, I am more than sceptical of the old superstition that criticism and "creative writing" never flourish in the same age: that is a generalization drawn from a superficial inspection of some past ages. "Creative writing" can look after itself; and certainly it will be none the better for suppressing the critical curiosity. And in any case, the times which we have lived in seem to me, on the false antithesis mentioned, rather "creative" than "critical".

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(The current superstition that our epoch is Alexandrine, decadent, or "disillusioned" is parallel; there are no "disillusioned ages", only disillusioned individuals; and our time is just as deluded as any other.) The present age has been, rather, uncritical, and partly for economic causes. The "critic" has been chiefly the reviewer, that is to say, the hurried amateur wage-slave. I am aware of the danger that the types of criticism in which I am interested may become too professional and technical. What I hope for is the collaboration of critics of various special training, and perhaps the pooling and sorting of their contributions by men who will be neither specialists nor amateurs.

TRANSMUTATION

by Edwin Muir

This is the place. The autumn field is bare,
  The row lies half-cut all the afternoon,
The birds are hiding in the woods; the air
  Dreams fitfully outworn with waiting.

Soon
Out of the russet woods in amber mail
  Heroes come walking through the golden sheaves;
Walk on and meet. And then a silent gale
  Scatters them o'er the field like autumn leaves.

Yet not a feathered stalk has stirred, and all
Is still again, save that birds hop and call
On every warrior's head and breast and shield;
Sweet cries and horror on the field!

One field. I look and look, and there are three:
  One where the heroes fell to rest,
One where birds make of iron limbs a tree,
  Helms for a nest,
  And one where grain stands up like squadrons blest.

So my deep dread is lightly taken away,
Now that the old blind mass dissolves, gives way.
In this won space Beauty and Hope and Faith
May walk and draw terrestrial breath.

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OUT OF HARM'S WAY

SOME NOTES ON THE ESTHETIC MOVEMENT OF THE 'NINETIES

by Cuthbert Wright

"I am utterly purposed that I will not offend."
—*Raphael Sanzio*

In going over my books, I came across a life of Walter Pater by Thomas Wright, illustrated with seventy-eight plates, and published at the beginning of the century. It seemed to be a rich enough trove of anecdotage, heavy with the Oxford-cum-Cockney atmosphere of the 'nineties, and I wondered for a moment why I had never read it. Suddenly I recalled the reason. With the humorless hero-worship of an undergraduate I had once deeply loved and reverenced the ascetic of Brasenose, and had regarded this "life" as two vast tomes of brummagem triviality and impertinence, written by a pretentious, ungrammatical Boswell, whose net effect was to make Pater a very small man indeed. Well, it is all of that but, like the primrose by the river's brim, it is also something more.

The author, at any rate, regarded his task seriously enough. "It is not surprising," he states in the preface, "my Life of Edward FitzGerald finished, I should set myself to write on Pater. . . . In writing it, I was assisted by a friend indeed—none other in fact than Mr. Richard C. Jackson, the original of *Marius the Epicurean*. . . . The assistance I received from Mr. Watts-Dunton, and from Mr. Swinburne, with whom I had the pleasure of an interview, was mainly of a negative character. . . . Mr. Swinburne told me that he had never met Pater to speak to more than once, and that even then only a few words passed. . . . Certainly it (the book) is crowded from cover to cover with good things said by Pater and his friends, and I wish the reader to feel that, with its wealth of anecdote and conversation, it will seem practically an additional *Marius the Epicurean*—that is to say in the sense of its being a *new presentment* of Pater's mind."

The author, we see, harbored few doubts of his abilities, and in a way he was quite right. *The Life of Pater, two vols., illus.,* deserves to stand on the same consecrated shelf with Kingsley's philosophic fable, *The Water Babies,* and with that more gorgeous, that work of almost incredible genius, *Through the Looking Glass* by Pater's friend, the Rev. C. L. Dodgson. And just as the scientist, we are told, can imaginatively reconstruct a buried, pre-Adamite universe from a few clumsy scratchings of strange creatures on primeval rocks, so, I think, a whole literary and artistic renaissance, at present more dead than the dodo, can be dimly discerned through the amazing traceries of Mr. Wright's indiscretions. It might be worth while, at least, to make such an attempt, relying almost wholly upon Mr. Wright's fruity pages and avoiding, as far as possible, gloss or comment.

At the King's School, Canterbury, it seems, Pater passed a model childhood, and Providence gave him the sort of friends he merited. Temperamentally, no doubt, he desired different associates, but he was denied their

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intercourse by being a hopeless muff at all games, and also perhaps by a surprising ugliness. There was, for instance, a handsome, hectoring urchin, Joe Haydock, "lithe and cruel like a tiger whom it were pleasant to stroke". Haydock did not treat little Pater very well, but Pater loved Haydock. Denied this companionship, however, he formed with two other boys, named respectively Dombrain and Robert McQueen, both destined for Holy Orders, what they liked to call a triumvirate. They used up their pocket-money on books of a pious character, and enlivened long walks on the Kentish downs with happy conversations on the Atonement and the eucharistic mysteries. It was noted by his professors that Pater, alone of the three, showed a trifle too pronounced a leaning toward the more gaudy and passionate side of his religion, and such a tendency then could only imply one thing. In those days there was only one thing which the gentlemen of the Established cloth dreaded more than a pupil's total loss of Christianity, and that was that he yield to the seductions of "the grim wolf who with privy paw daily devoured apace" during the English 'fifties. For such a disaster they borrowed the language of sexual depravation, and the unfortunate youth who went over to the Romish Church was termed a "pervert", nothing less. This quaint term has not yet been abandoned in pious households of the High Church persuasion. The Rev. George Wallace, then Head Master of King's, gently warned the little Pater not to be a "pervert" if he knew what was good for him. When he went up to Oxford in 1858 everything seemed to announce for him a brilliant ecclesiastical career in his own Communion.

In the beautiful city of stagnant waters and dreaming spires, alas, all was changed. Pater altered his allegiance at least three times in two months. Always on his knees before someone or other, he transferred his devotion from the author of the *Apologia* to the Broad Church Dean Stanley, who combined an extreme vagueness of dogma with an ardent admiration for Primitive Catholicism, and we shall leave him, again on his knees, before the author of *Jackson's Church of England Kalendar*. Pater's vagaries gravely disturbed Robert McQueen. Mr. McQueen, who hated rationalism only a little more than he hated Oxford, seems, in fact, to have been a rather sombre young man; "he shunned the city's din", says Mr. Wright, poetically, "and delighted in remote and sequestered country villages . . . and in the company of husbandmen and sailors". "I am very sorry to hear about Pater's state of mind," he writes. "Does he still believe in Christianity? I wonder what his aunt thinks about it." We shall never know, for Pater's Aunt Bessie did not learn of her nephew's odd state till months had passed and it was too late for cure.

At this point, the other member of the triumvirate, the seventeen-year-old Dombrain, intervenes in the battle for Walter's soul. Dombrain's reactions were even odder than McQueen's. Although but a youth, he had had much to bear already. His rector, the Rev. Edward Harrison Woodall, incumbent of St. Mary's, Canterbury, had recently become a "pervert", appropriately announcing his perversion from Paris. His successor, the Rev. J. B. Kearney, occupied his pulpit the following Sunday and, preaching from Luke, XI: 27, remarked: "This is the most painful occasion on which I ever had to preach in my life. I have chosen the words of our text because I have reason to believe that the worship of the Virgin Mary had a great deal to do with the recent event". Dombrain, to employ his own vocabulary, immediately "renounced" Mr. Woodall. In the meantime Pater's Oxford agnosticism made progress. When Dombrain went up in the fall of 1860 all his worst suspicions were verified, and he not only then and there renounced Pater but repeatedly urged McQueen to do the same. The climax came when Pater, in the presence of McQueen and of the Rev. J. B. Kearney, who had been so upset on the sub-

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ject of the Virgin Mary, said merrily: "What fun it would be to be ordained and not to believe a single word of what you are saying!" The Rev. Mr. Kearney immediately fell on his knees, and Mr. McQueen, as soon as he could recover, told Pater that if he took orders in that frame of mind he would denounce him to Archbishop Tait. McQueen was as good as his word, so Pater never became a clergyman. In exchange he accepted a tutorship in Brasenose College which he held to the end of his strange life. He also grew a mustache which never left him either. It all was a great shock to Aunt Bessie. But to Dombrain the whole thing seemed very simple. "Pater," he said, "apostatized from Christianity, and McQueen and I renounced him."

II

In the year 1870, Pater published, under the general title *The Renaissance,* a volume of essays which were destined to have a curious influence upon the generation then growing up. They were destined as well to inflict a disease hitherto completely unknown in a nation of muscular Christians, a malady for which has been invented the name "estheticism".

In Victorian England, it has often been noted, there were no such things as problems of conduct or problems of art. There was only one problem, or rather solution, for the manifold mysteries of human life, and that was to be as rich as possible and maintain one's position. It was a peaceful and well-digested ideal which had been evolving for well over a century. Doubtless the Reformation, so fertile in creating special problems of divided loyalty and social suffering, had begun the process. Temperamental Calvinism (for the mere labels of rival churches do not count here) had come to the rescue of John Bull by deciding once for all that material beauty was an evil thing, and that the poor man was poor because the Supreme Being had predestined him to that state from the foundation of the world. Possibly the best picture of this Protestant culture is to be found in the pages of *The Man of Property,* the first and best of Galsworthy's cycle of novels. There, it will be recalled, the intrusion of beauty or talent coupled with poverty in the persons of Irene and Bosinney, is regarded with something like panic by the tribe of Forsyte, who represent in this respect mid-Victorian England.

To be sure it had not always been so. The art of Elizabethan poets and playwrights occupied an honorable place in the activities of the nation and seemed to circulate in the body politic (and plutocratic) as spontaneously as hot blood in a sane physique. But with the doubtful exception of poor, mellifluous, pedantic, tedious Spenser, none of these poets represent the Reformation spirit. The name of great Elizabeth covers not only Marlowe and Shakespeare, but a whole warren of Cecils and Spencers and Russells and Churchills and Ashley-Coopers, and the principal object of this clan, and a thousand like them, was to concentrate the wealth of the country in their own hands. Neither the esthetic nor the Catholic spirit harmonizes very well with that all-intense preoccupation. Again, certain of the Stuart kings had tried to put the clock back to a merry England where something else was thought of save the making of money through the inhumanity of man to man, and the Stuart kings have been soundly abused by nine generations of British historians for this un-English and unconstitutional attempt. Macaulay was undoubtedly right. The proof of a good civilization is the Improved Washboiler. Things, we are told, by materialist historians, must be permitted to take their course. In England they took their course straight into the arms of Thackeray, George Eliot and the British Academy. Read Du Maurier's best seller, *Trilby,* if you doubt. To be an authentic artist (were such a thing possible in the 'seventies) was almost as bad as to become

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a Roman Catholic. "English painting," Constable remarked, "is dying; within twenty years it will be dead."

Ruskin, and after him Pater, changed all that, but not without much searching of hearts and a none too bloodless revolution. A group of young men, who had sat under Ruskin, gritted their teeth, and swore that the pale forces of mortality should never pass. It was then that a man could be heard to say: "I will be a painter" in the same tone of desperation that so many people say today: "I *will* write a novel". In those pre-Paterian days they went back to the Middle Ages. The Pre-Raphaelite group—Rossetti, Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones—painted pale Madonnas and illustrated the popular hymn: "O Jesu, Thou art Standing". Like many people they believed that religious painting consists in painting religious subjects. Nor has this touching conviction altogether died out, but can be seen in the more modern work of Tissot, Abbey, Maurice Denis, or any hired dauber of conventicles and churches.

Just about the time that the Confraternity, forsaking the lilies and languors of virtue, was learning from Whistler to find beauty in the fog rising from London slums over the ensanguined Thames, it felt the need of a theorician more seductive than Ruskin to express all its inadequate education and formless desire. *The Renaissance* appeared, and the brethren had their textbook to hand. A languorous and enchanting voice lifted from antiquity, from the ages of faith, from magic casements opening over tides of fantasy, beautiful, bloodless phantoms which never were in this world, and then interred them in long, marble shrouds of superembroidered prose. An emasculate and exasperating prose, to be frank, devoid of nerve or muscle, but apt to express a sort of soundless music, the very quality of silence itself. Pater uncovered for the rapt men and women of the 'seventies his medieval Denys in his page's cap and tightly-fitting hosen, lamenting his lost animalism under the stained-glass vistas of Auxerre Cathedral; the legionary, Cornelius, like some young St. George in silvery armor, like some athletic saint after Sodoma; Hyacinthus, the beautiful stripped boy, sporting on the dark green lawns of a Renaissance picture, and tormented to death by his friend who was also a god; Pico della Mirandola riding into Florence "in the time of lilies." * What superb subjects for a painter uninspired! And all of them young! Fauns and gods disported themselves on these indescribable pages in the company of not too muscular Christian heroes and Fathers of the Church.

Nor was this all. If Pre-Raphaelite painting did not improve because an incomparable painter in words had shown the Brotherhood the Better Way; if so many of them were as incapable of painting as their master of writing a real novel, Pater had in this book his message for these also. We also serve who only stand and worship. He invented the phrase "creative criticism". He created out of his native void the esthete. In short the new evangel, as chanted by Pater in his too dainty fashion, was identical with the famous line in *Endymion*. Adore Beauty, ye young men, he seemed to say. Adore Beauty, regardless of its source, of its associations, wherever and in whatever form it is to be found—in the Elgin collection, in the sky, in the Church . . . in the very gutter!

In course of time, Pater collected quite a little group about him at Brasenose, consisting mainly of undergraduates and enthusiastic visitors to the University. There was the American, Walter Blackburn Harte, "a delicious personality", a handsome, dark youth, later the author of *Meditations in Motley*, who was to die at thirty in sickness and poverty, and to be buried in a New York City cemetery. There was the sweet Romanist poet, Lionel Johnson, who combined a strange passion for Plato, Thomas Hardy and the

* Certain of these figures are found in later books, but this does not affect the argument.

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liturgy of his Church, who was to present Lord Alfred Douglas to Oscar Wilde, and who found his beauty in the gutter to the extent of often lying there too drunk to seek his chaste and Jacobite chambers. There was Mr. Richard Jackson of whom more hereafter. There was, above all, Wilde. . . .

It must not be supposed that this so sequestered yet sudden influence on Pater's part passed wholly unnoticed by the University authorities. At one moment the office of Proctor fell vacant, and Pater, who was never financially comfortable, would dearly have liked the place. The cherubic Benjamin Jowett, translator of Plato, intervened, and Pater lost three hundred pounds per annum. There is something curious and suggestive about this incident and its subsequent effect on Pater's character. Mr. Wright says strangely: "From this period one can allocate a nobler Pater". In the second edition of *The Renaissance* he suppressed the famous *Postscript* on the ground that it might be misunderstood. Mr. George Moore, who met Pater about this time, relates that all he knew of him was that he was the greatest living writer of English and could always be found in some of the dullest drawing rooms of London,—"the households of pious Churchmen and scholars", retorts indignantly the ineffable Mr. Jackson whom I burn to present to the reader shortly. And Lady Dilke meeting Pater after the Jowett incident has written that "he seemed to be *a better man*".

III

For over forty years the Episcopal Church of England had sustained an apparently endless succession of what were called in the *Times,* and over breakfast-tables, "crises". Each decade appears to have had one. In fact, a crisis, every ten years or so, was evidently the one element needed to keep the old Church together, and it seldom failed to alarm the faithful, rally the indifferent, amuse the outsider, and irritate the Government.

The little fracas over the *Revised Prayer-Book* is the latest of these convulsions, but actually they are almost as old as the Establishment itself. There had been the great Puritan assault of the Seventeenth Century, not conducted on strictly Queensberry rules, when the Church, in its peculiar, intermediate character, was in danger of total extinction. Later there had been the Papist aggression of King James the Second, when Mass was again chanted amid the hallowed and horrified groves of Oxford. And hardly had things quieted down for a long sleep following the Napoleonic wars when a new attack was launched by a godless Whig government upon ecclesiastical revenues. We all know the result. The Oxford Movement, terrible with banners on which was inscribed "Catholic-though-not-Roman", advanced all along the line and, despite the marked disapproval of Queen Victoria, the revived High Church party made itself snug in the high seats of Colleges and even on the episcopal Bench. Once more the Church seemed saved. Alas, when is Satan off his guard, or an Apostolic body out of danger? The Church of England had no sooner veered dramatically from the abysmal Left when she found herself slipping gently down an incline to the Right at the foot of which lay the deadly and delicious vista of the Seven Hills. The "perversion" of the future Cardinal Newman in 1845 was followed by a long succession of similar falls from grace which robbed the Established Church of the brightest and best among the lights of her new morn. One by one they were snuffed out and extinguished in the gaudy sunrise of Rome.

Those who remained gave but little comfort to their agitated Mother. They rang bells, burned candles, swung incense, invoked the Virgin, adored the Host, celebrated Romish holidays unknown to Edward the Sixth's *Prayer-Book,* debauched the little boys of their flocks with albs, singing-books, holy smoke and processional crosses, and walked abroad in cassock and biretta. A "filthy"

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book, *The Priest in Absolution,* was made the subject of a question in Parliament. They formed the O. C. R. (Order of Corporate Reunion), the heads of which debated Archbishop Tait's apostolic character (since he had been baptized by a Presbyterian) and had themselves re-ordained by itinerant Greek and Mesopotamian prelates. "Reunion to what, to whom?" demanded the Taits and Temples with anguish. "First of all to the Holy See of Rome," replied the O. C. R. with austerity. This was evidently the worst "crisis" up to date, and the Governments of Lord John Russell and the Marquis of Salisbury felt obliged to intervene. A judicial Committee of the Privy Council, composed presumably of Jews, atheists and Dissenters, tried and condemned to gaol what were termed lawless clergymen. Heroic and devoted pastors were torn from their proletarian flocks, and a sound of lamentation went up from all the worst slums of the East End. It was noted that, whenever a man bred in "the natural home of lost causes" was found ministering amid the smells, the foul ugliness and low vice of a slum-parish, he was, three times out of four, a ritualist. However Carlyle might rail and the Marquis of Salisbury disapprove, the esthetic movement, in its pious aspect, was safe with the costermonger and the woman of the streets. In revenge, several of the persecuted pastors adopted a form of Socialism, and if red were not the most popular of the liturgical colors during the ritual trials of the 'eighties, it was not the fault of Fathers Dolling and Mackonichie. As for the unfortunate Bishops, they returned from Parliament, wringing their hands. They only desired a quiet life in which they could read Tennyson and the *Times* in peace, and they knew not which party they detested more—the Government which fed them their revenues or the ritualist who troubled their repose. It was all thoroughly un-English, and it is quite the most rejoicing page in the history of the religious sentiment of the Nineteenth Century.

Pater, who disliked revolutions and had renounced Christianity since 1860, of course kept clear of all this, but despite himself, as usual, he is in it and of it. The older type of High Churchman had perused nothing but the Caroline divines. One can be quite sure that the ritualist knew almost by heart *Marius the Epicurean.* Once more Walter Horatio was destined to be the theorician of a group.

In the year 1878, he was introduced, almost simultaneously, to St. Austin's Priory and to Mr. Richard C. Jackson. Several years previous, an opulent clergyman, the Rev. George Nugée, had devoted his great wealth to founding a sort of semi-monastic house in the wilds of Walworth, "a most degraded part of London", says Mr. Wright, to whom we now return with alacrity. Over a chequered pavement of black and white marble from All Souls College rose a small but commodious sanctuary, with fittings of carved oak and a marble altar, richly dight. Mr. Nugée established popular week-day devotions and a club for workingmen of the district. Undergraduates from Oxford and visitors from the States were welcomed and left vain cares behind as they entered this cozy and cloistered island in the howling wilderness of East London. They donned surplices, chanted the Gospel and antiphons to the Roman tones, preached to God's poor and instructed the young. The cynical and usually irrepressible young American, Walter Blackburn Harte, "with his face of a fallen archangel", was dressed up in white cassock and lacy alb, a silver cross placed in his hands, as he headed the small but gorgeous processions that swept around the aisles of St. Austin's chanting the old strophes of St. Bernard:

> Thy loveliness oppresses
> All human thought and heart;
> And none O Peace, O Syon,
> Can sing Thee as Thou art. . . .

Later Harte was to forsake this atmosphere for the possibly more congenial one of New

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York City in the post-Tweed era, and the pleasures of upper Sixth Avenue and Broadway, where he was to die at thirty. "But St. Austin's," writes another neophyte, "was a hotbed of so-called Romanism, and those were glorious days. Life was then worth living, filled as it was with beautiful thoughts, surrounded, as we were then, with those in whose souls was found no guile."

Pater was introduced into the Priory by his dearest friend, Mr. Jackson, "a handsome and studious scholar" whom he had met in Canon Liddon's rooms at Christ Church. Mr. Jackson was unique in Pater's experience. At the age of twelve, he could recite the Psalter by heart and much of Dante's *Inferno* and Plato's dialogues on love. He had taken lessons in literature from Carlyle. He mingled a passionate enthusiasm for Charles Lamb, the *legitimate* Stuart sovereigns of his native land, and the Anglican Church. He was the author of *His Presence* and *The Risen Life*. He was a great collector in his fashion, and assuredly "adored Beauty" wherever he found it. "It was his habit," says Mr. Wright, "dressed in shabby attire to seek out the poor and suffering in such quarters as the Thames Embankment at night, and provide them with shelter and breakfast." He was sufficiently good-looking. And he was wickedly well off. His house, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell, was a veritable Golconda-palace in the Victorian manner. One could dash off a note on Carlyle's writing-table, seated in an arm-chair of George Eliot's, within reach of priceless first editions, and facing a portrait of the Martyr King by Van Dyck. There was the Aldis *Homer* of 1525, bound in violet morocco, a number of Lamb volumes signed by the writer, Carlyle's brown and gold wallet given him by Goethe; there were cameos, intaglios, medals, gems, pieces of stained glass, monstrances, chasubles, copes and ciboria; there was a loving-cup which had belonged to the Duke of Brunswick and innumerable chalices which had contained the Blood of Christ.

Poor Pater, who had written *The Renaissance* in a college room ornamented with hardly more than a few vases and a bust of Homer, professed himself to be completely carried away by Mr. Richard C. Jackson. Thereafter he was to wander in a sort of esthetic agony from Camberwell to St. Austin's, and from St. Austin's to Grosvenor Park. Mr. Wright dispenses at this point several eloquent chapters to the effect that Pater was captivated by Mr. Richard C. Jackson's unique personality. The faithful reader who studies the various photographs of Mr. Jackson in the two volumes, or who reads the specimens of Mr. Jackson's Muse which are sprinkled copiously throughout, may find this singular in the extreme. There is a strong element of truth, nevertheless, in the assertion. In a sense, Mr. Jackson, and a whole generation like him, was Pater's child. Pater alone had produced this phenomenon: the uncreative esthete, the esthetic amateur. Mr. Jackson was, in a way, his life-work, and judging from the glimpses of his personality in Mr. Wright's study, he was unmistakably a masterpiece.

Mr. Jackson, who delighted in the works of William Black, the novelist, presented several of them to Pater who read them attentively and remarked that "they regulated his mode of thought". Simultaneously he was writing what is called a "novel" of his own, *Marius the Epicurean,* and the hero of that book is, incontestably, a mixture of Mr. Jackson and Pater himself. It is the story of a young Roman under Marcus Aurelius who drags, through a sort of Salvator Rosa version of the Italian scene (the same landscape, historically, as that of the *Satyricon**), a succession of philosophies and moral attitudes, converted, toward the end of the book, into veritable stations of the Cross, though Marius dies as ignorant of the Christian chrism as he is of his real sex. The revived interest of

* One might do worse than read *Marius* and then Petronius. One the esthetic reaction to pagan Italy; the other the reality.

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the author in the Church, at least in its esthetic aspect, is unmistakable. Mr. Richard C. Jackson, overcome with joy over one sinner that repenteth, sent Pater these verses, written in his inimitable style:

> You greet me as your Marius! me
> Who swelled for you life's minstrelsy
> In ivor towers.
> I say to thee,
> Within my garden I enclose
> Your spirit with a damask rose
> Of ivor towers . . .

After that the two friends were almost inseparable, either at Grosvenor Park or at the Priory. Often they did London together, attending divine service at the more advanced strongholds of the movement, or reading Sappho on the tombs of the Greek cemetery or the Roman bath in Strand Lane, the closest embodiments in the smoky metropolis of the Olympian vale and the Pierian springs. Pater would arrive at St. Austin's, worn out by the harrowing impressions of Paddington, crowded tramways, London fog, and bathe himself in the simple and immaculate emotions of the liturgical vespers and compline as performed by the brethren and their young friends. He appeared the picture of devotion. But good Father Nugée was not reassured. There were moments when Father Nugée seemed another Benjamin Jowett in a biretta. "I fear," he said to Pater, "you misunderstand us. These ceremonies are but an outward expression of our convictions. You seem to prefer to the Invisible Beauty the voices of these children which honor It." Pater made no reply. He knew all about that.

Was he so impervious at that date, that dangerous period approaching middle life and "the October of the emotions", to the more unsophisticated, if ambiguous, joys which were to entangle the feet of some of his disciples? There is in *Marius* a curiously memorable passage which one associates with those breathless visits of Pater to the capital:

> And as the fresh, rich evening came on there was heard over Rome, far above a whisper, the whole town seeming hushed to catch it distinctly, the lively, reckless call to "play" from the sons and daughters of foolishness, to those in whom their life was still green. . . .

But Marius could hardly doubt how Mr. Richard C. Jackson would have taken the call . . . "It was then to no wasteful and vagrant affections as these," he adds with his now habitual watchful austerity, "that his Epicureanism had committed him."

It was in the period of Mr. Jackson and the Priory that Lady Dilke met Pater, at dinner. They discussed religious topics, and it was then that she told everyone that Peter seemed to be a "better" man. Moreover we have his own precious witness. "Oxford pains me, slays me," he cried, unguarded for once. "It is impossible there to escape the ruts of ridiculous conventions. It's delightful to be in Walworth, to be a man, if only for an afternoon, and I am bound to come here to breathe . . . the fresh air."

IV

The sequel is necessarily brief, just as a revolution is usually shorter in duration than its long preparatives. "After me, the deluge," said a French king of the old régime, but we can be sure that Pater never consciously echoed this sentiment. Like the prelates of the 'eighties, all he desired was a quiet life, though possibly in the nobler sense of Montaigne rather than that of an Anglican bishop. Perhaps he did not anticipate a revolution, for which he was of all men responsible, and if he did, he welcomed it with those profound reservations now habitual with him.

For in the universal opinion Great Britain had now her authentic art, and Constable's dying words were refuted by the appearance of almost monthly masterpieces in translation, prose poetry and draughtsmanship. The fact that this "authentic art" was faintly seasoned by a savor of Gallic cooking, to say

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nothing of more recondite or ultramarine aromas, was a merit rather than a fault for the more lettered among the set which surrounded the middle-aged Prince of Wales and "the Lily of Jersey". FitzGerald produced his *Rubáiyát* to the joy of the great public, literate or otherwise, and then, as if disgusted by his solitary triumph, retired to the more pleasing and sequestered companionship of athletic sailors and deep-sea fishermen. The *Yellow Book* appeared, followed by *The Savoy*. Ernest Dowson translated Verlaine, and wrote passable verses of his own in the best French traditions. Arthur Symons did the same. The "delicate and detestable" Aubrey Beardsley seized the fallen pencil of Daumier, and deciding that, if the universal principle were Beauty, there was no real reason why the latter should exclude ugliness, beautifully designed, he produced those exquisite and insupportable drawings which still form the chief delight of old-fashioned collectors. The limit of revolt might seem to have been reached in the illustrations to *Salomé,* but its author, the same who said "My chief work of art is my life", was to surpass his hostile and tubercular illustrator. Beyond Beardsley lay a *terra ignota* where monsters, still mythical, worthy of Piero di Cosimo, frolicked and embraced, and the predestinate Irishman, who knew Pater well-nigh by heart, felt in himself the stuff of an explorer.

We who perhaps comprehend better the derivative affectations of the 'nineties can say what we like, but to the men of the period it seemed like a new world, a perpetual London spring. In this connection, there is an unconscious irony in Pater's own words: "The gracious, warm, relaxing Pentacostal fire seemed to be in alliance with the winds of that later, *securer* season, bringing their spicy burden *from unseen sources*". In a word, John Bull, at last divested of his former trappings—the Whig ruff, the Puritan bands, the Dundreary whiskers of the 'seventies—stood laurelled with leaves of ivy, a lily in his dexter paw, and really smiling, as yet a little sheepishly, but not unpleased.

In the meantime, Pater, as one by one his young friends "went down" into this life, was a living classic; that is to say, he was almost forgotten. No doubt he thanked devoutly his rediscovered God. His diaconal stall, at Brasenose, canopied by a baldachino, now received him twice a Sunday, and he was heard to regret that the chapel services were not compulsory for the undergraduates. All his old friends testified to the fact that he was a devout and believing Christian, though possibly of a rather High Church cast. "The vane of his soul was pointing to S.," writes the now softened and reconciled Robert McQueen, "taking S. to be his original position, and N. the opposite extreme of heterodoxy." How happy Aunt Bessie must have been in the paradise from which Plato and Marcus Aurelius are excluded!

The veering of Pater's soul to points south was perhaps not too soon. Amid a sort of bulldog growl which every year became more menacing, his literary disciple Oscar Wilde had just published, in 1890, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. For several years, Wilde had melodiously trumpeted to all who would listen that, next to himself, Pater was the greatest living writer of English prose, and he insisted that his master should review his first novel, for *The Bookman*. What fatal frailty of benevolence or bad taste induced the ascetic of Brasenose to break his becoming silence on behalf of this book? It is still admired, we are told, by Cocteau and Mr. Haldemann-Julius. But all such people might plead a juvenile incompetence of taste that would scarcely apply to Pater. How is it that he, who all his bookish life had nurtured himself on Plato, Shakespeare, "the significant and fascinating" Rossetti, should have consented to read, let alone review, this completely artificial, superficial and effeminate novel, the joy of witless inverts, from whose pages rises unmistakably the faint miasma of talcum powder and cheap scent?

Reassured by a perilous financial and bou-

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levard success, the author of *Dorian Gray* continued joyously his predestined road. He was far more candid than his master. He was not that type of professional humorist, so admired in America, who unsmilingly announces what he obviously considers the most side-splitting witticisms. The epigrams of Wilde had always the same philosophic tendency; they were at once chiselled and funny; and no one laughed at them more infectiously than the author himself, even when he repeated them, which was pretty often. His most attractive trait was a sort of sunny good-humor, devoid of sting or malice, which thought no evil of anyone or anything. He was assuredly of those souls, mentioned by Mr. Richard C. Jackson, in the palmy days of St. Austin's, in whom there is no guile. So he continued to laugh. He laughed his way into Whig and Puritan society. He dispensed his money, his substance, his buffoonery and his charm on three continents, at Paris, in Boston and at Biskra. And he put his wit and his gift for publicity to the service of the esthetic crusade. He concentrated in a happy epigram everything that was abstruse or reticent in the Paterian philosophy. He repeated to excess that there was no distinction between art and life, and that his life was an art. Knowing nothing of the art of letters, he continued to pour out poems, essays, plays. He was again, and always, the perfect amateur, the uncreative man, the absolute embodiment of Pater's creed, but more diverting than the sainted Mr. Jackson. He became more and more audacious. Attracted by the beauty of a newsboy, Alonzo Conway, whom he picked up on the beach at Worthing, he dressed him in an Eton suit and presented him to his wife. And who will forget the scene at the Café Royal, found in the memoirs of Frank Harris, where the great esthete dilates to the ingenuous blushes of two youthful bookmakers on the nude splendors of the Olympian games!

Six months later, the crowned favorite of the Oxford Muse and the lion of London society was sentenced to two years of hard labor. His biographer tells us that for days the trains bound for Channel ports were crowded with illustrious members of the army, the civil service and the fine arts. Why not? The elaborate edifice which had been building all these years had collapsed under the sudden comprehension that Victorian London was neither Athens nor Rome, that beneath the beatific city where the men of the 'nineties had, more or less innocently, estheticised, there was another not so innocent, a dark Sodom, menacing and venal. Legally, it seemed impossible to mingle art and life in England. John Bull woke up, shook his huge frame, divested himself of his putrefied garlands, and forgot the Wilde incident in the more wholesome excitements of the Boer War. But, from his cell in Reading, the abandoned prisoner asked for a copy of *The Renaissance,* a book, said he, "which has always exercised the strangest influence on my life".

Pater had died of pneumonia a year before. He lies in Holywell Cemetery, Oxford, under a cross with the inscription: *In Te Domine Speravi.* The rest of the versicle, it will be recalled, is: "Let me never be confounded"! And on the west wall of Brasenose Chapel has been placed a veined marble tablet with a bust of Pater, surrounded by those of Dante, Michelangelo, Da Vinci and Plato: and the evangelic phrase below inscribed in Greek:

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are pure . . .

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THREE POEMS

by Frances Burke Haley

THE VICTOR

There was a little drum that rolled,
And a tall spear that glittered and stood
Like a tall cliff above a sea,
Or the father-tree of an ancient wood.

The little hot throat of the drum could purr,
But the spear had a slow voice, strong and cool,
Like the dreamed-of, far-away dropping of stones
In a forest over a strange dark pool.

And the drum could tinkle, and it was bright
With silver and red, and it hung by a band
Of satin over the drummer-boy's chest,
And the sticks were light for his delicate hand.

But the spear could scream, and it was bronze,
And it flew like a bird with hard black wings.
It could strike to the sap of a tree, far down
Past a hundred hundreds of years of rings.

The rain came down and pounded the drum
Out on a plain one night. Its face
Gave way, and the mud rolled slowly in
With a grave and a slowly awful pace.

But the spear was shaken, and off flew the rain
With a silver sparkle like some new fire,
And it still could burn in a wound, and still
All of its wounds were dire.

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I KNOW A MAN

Like an old room
Where the fire died
Years since,
And dusts bide,

And dirty now
Where no one heeds,
Hang tapestries
Of bright deeds—

The great lord ravelling
From the cloth,
The falcon eaten
By a moth.

TO SING

Surely this is a dream of April,
And is not itself April;
This river is a river in a dream,
These willows waver in the dreaming brain,
This heaven twinkles under the shut lid.
Deep in the dreaming ears this woodland song
Rises along a nerve in the deep brain hid.

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ROADSIDE MEETINGS OF A LITERARY NOMAD

II. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS AND OTHER MEMORIES OF BOSTON

by Hamlin Garland

DURING the summer of 1885, Howells became the subject of much literary gossip. It was reported that he had gone over to Harpers and that all his work was to appear under their imprint. The newspapers also announced that he was to write regularly for a department of *Harper's Magazine* called "The Editor's Study", discussing any book or subject which interested him, and as he was filled with enthusiasm for the novels of Tolstoy, Gogol, Valdes, Flaubert and other Continental realists, he added to the fury of his opponents by a series of beautifully written and quietly authoritative attacks on the romantic school of English writers.

He was recognized as the chief American realist. His *A Modern Instance, Indian Summer, The Minister's Charge* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* were recognized as the most original and highly skilled pieces of writing America had known. They were being read aloud in thousands of home-circles, and clubs and social gatherings rang with argument as to whether his women characters could be found in New England society. It was agreed that his men existed, but their wives and daughters were woeful exaggerations—according to his critics. To use a good old phrase his method and works created a "regular katouse" in Boston and vicinity—as I well knew, for it echoed in my classes and raged in every home I frequented.

All of this attack and defense of the great novelist gave me a livelier sense of his power and increased my desire to see what manner of man he was. I had Clement's assurance that he was charming but this newspaper din created in my mind a wholly different conception. His opponents, who probably had never seen him, represented him as a ruthless, intellectually arrogant and destructive critic, a personality hard to reconcile with his delightfully humorous and graceful writing. That he was the chief figure in American literature was indisputable even by those who disliked his writing. His influence on the American reader as well as upon the American writer was very great.

All this was implied in Clement's remark that a fight was being made on him, and it was not until in October that I raised my courage to the point of setting forth in search of him. He was reported to be spending the autumn in Auburndale, a near-by suburb, and early one afternoon I boarded a train in greater excitement than I had known since coming east. There was a wide difference between calling on a minister who wrote stories like Edward Everett Hale, or a hard-working literary editor like Hurd, and a writer who was not only admittedly a great artist and a great success in fiction, but the most talked-about critic in all America. His utterances on the side of the realists had made him hated as well as loved.

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It is probable that no young writer of today could feel for any author the same awe, the same boyish trepidation which filled my heart and weakened my knees as I inquired the way to the hotel where Howells was staying. I fervently hoped that the hotel would not be too magnificent, too intimidating, for I was feeling very small and very shabby at the outset, and every rod of my advance sensibly decreased the little fund of self-confidence with which Clement's letter had inspired me. My knowledge of what was grandly fashionable was rudimentary, but I knew my coat was seedy and my Western hat spectacular; nevertheless, I kept on with a feeling that I could turn back at any time.

As I came opposite the entrance of the hotel grounds, I entered a state of panic, for the towering portico of "The Elms" made it appear a palace for millionaires. In saying that my resolution almost entirely failed me, I am not exaggerating for literary purposes. I did in simple truth walk past the gate twice before I found heart to turn and enter. What an entirely unwarrantable and presumptuous act it was—this call on a great author! What excuse had I for intruding on his time? It was too late to retreat, however, and so, outwardly at ease, I marched sternly up the gravelled walk.

Entering the wide central hall, I advanced warily across the rugs on its polished floor to the desk behind which stood a highly ornate and haughty clerk, and asked in a husky voice, "Is Mr. Howells in?"

"He is, but he is at luncheon," the young despot on the other side of the counter coldly replied, and his tone expressed the opinion that Mr. Howells would not relish being disturbed by a seedy individual wearing a Prince Albert coat, a plaid Windsor tie and a broad-brimmed hat, who did not even know the proper hour for an afternoon call, and in fact I didn't. I thought everybody lunched between twelve and one o'clock.

However my Western blood was hot. Producing my letter of introduction I said, "You send this in to Mr. Howells and let *him* make the decision about seeing me".

The clerk quailed, not through fear of me, but out of respect for the *Transcript* envelope. The colored porter who took my letter into the dining room soon returned with the information that Mr. Howells would be out in a few minutes. "You are to wait," he said, and led the way to a small and very formal room near the front of the building.

For several minutes I waited, sitting on the edge of a fringed and gilded chair, with my eyes on the portières, vainly trying to swallow a frog in my throat. I do not believe I could have uttered a word at the moment. "How will he receive me? What will he look like? What shall I say to him?" I asked myself, without another coherent phrase in my head. My visit seemed, at the moment, incredibly presumptuous and foolish. All this may appear very old-fashioned and romantic to the present-day student, but so it was that day with me.

A light step reached my ears. I rose. The curtain parted and a short man with a handsome head stood before me. His face was impassive but his glance one of the most piercing I had ever encountered. In that single instant, before he smiled, he discovered my character, divined my state of mind and probably inventoried my clothing. It was the glance of a student of men, of the author of *The Rise of Silas Lapham*.

His appraising scrutiny took but a second's time. Then his face softened and he smiled winningly. "I am glad to see you," he said, and his tone convinced me of his sincerity. "Won't you be seated?"

He indicated a seat at one end of the sofa. I took it, finding him like his portraits, only kinder. He began by thanking me for my reviews, then proceeded to inquire concerning my own work and my purposes. It took but a moment to start the story of my coming to Boston. In truth I was bursting with talk. I went on with rushing flow, developing my early antagonism to his realism and

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my recent conversion to it. I outlined my theory of criticism and, seeing that he listened intently, I described a great work which I had in manuscript called "The Development of American Ideals". I was a torrent, a whirlwind, and a spring overflow.

I analyzed our local-color novel and spoke of its growing importance in American literature, and this appeared to interest him. He permitted me to enlarge upon my reasons for believing that this novel was the most important literary form of the day, that it would continue to grow in power and insight and that it had in it the seeds of greatness.

I said in substance what I was saying to my classes: In my judgment the men and women of the South, West and East are all working without knowing it, in accordance with a fundamental principle which is this: American literature, in order to be great, must be national, and in order to be national must deal with conditions peculiar to our own land and climate. Every sincere writer must write of the life he knows best and for which he cares most.

"Thus," said I, "the stories of Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary E. Wilkins, like the work of Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte, are but varying phases of the same movement, a movement which is to give us at last a vital, original and national literature."

In the heat of my argument, I harangued like a political orator running on at top speed. I didn't know how to stop—I don't think I did stop. I imagine he applied the brake, but if he did he was so deft and so kindly in action that I did not understand exactly how he made use of it.

"You are doing a fine and valuable work," he said, and I was sure he meant it. "Each of us has had some perception of this growth of local-color fiction, but no one, so far as I know, has correlated the various groups as you have done. I hope you will go on and finish and publish your book."

This judgment, uttered perhaps out of kindliness, brought the blood to my face and filled me with pride and gratitude and joy. The lightest meed of praise from the lips of this widely-accepted critic was like a medal of fine gold to me, for I had good reason to know how discriminating he was in his use of words. To gain even a hint of commendation from the author of *A Modern Instance* was rich reward for a youth who had but just escaped from the drudgery of a Dakota farm.

Emboldened by his gracious manner, I confessed that I was ambitious to do a little in the way of recording the manners and customs of my native West. "I don't know that I can do this in stories," I said, "but I intend to do it in essays and poems."

He was kind enough then to say that he would like to see something of mine. "Whatever you do, keep to the West," he urged. "You have almost a clear field out there. No one but Howe and Eggleston seem to be writing of the mid-West. Why don't you regularly go in for it? I am sure you could give us something that would be typically Western."

How long he talked, or how long I talked, I cannot now recall, (the clock stopped for me) but at last, in some deft way, he got me outside, and as we walked down the street toward the station he became still more friendly. He treated me not merely as a literary aspirant, but as a critic in whom he could confide. He spoke of his aroused interest in the Russian writers and asked my opinion with regard to certain questions in debate at the moment, and I answered with joyous vigor. I was, I fear, a mad orator, exalted and presumptuous, but in his gentle way he governed me and finally headed me for my train.

As we neared the depot he turned to me with a camaraderie which exalted me, and asked, "What would you think of my doing a story dealing with the effect of a dream on the life of a man? I have in mind a tale to be called "The Shadow of a Dream" or some-

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thing like that wherein the principal character is to be influenced in some crisis—I don't quite know what—through the memory of a dream which is to pursue him in actual life and have some share in the final catastrophe, whatever that may turn out to be. What would you think of such a plot?"

Filled with pride at this evidence of his trust and confidence, I managed to stammer out a blunt judgment. "It doesn't sound at all like you," I said. "It's more like Hawthorne."

He caught at my full meaning and quickly replied, "You think it is out of keeping? You are right. It is rather romantic, and I may never write it". He smiled in reassurance. "But if I do, you may be sure it will be treated in my own way and not in any other man's way."

I would not let it rest at that. "There are plenty of men, Mr. Howells, who can do 'the weird kind of thing' but there is only one man who can imagine *A Modern Instance* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham*".

That any praise of mine, or any criticism of mine, could have any lasting effect upon a man whose fame was international, I could not believe, but to have him desire my impression of the fitness of a chosen theme, was like feeling on my shoulder the touch of a king's ennobling blade. I went away like a young squire who had won the accolade. My apprenticeship was over, I had been accepted by America's chief literary man as a fellow, a literary historian.

X

With this recognition the current of my ambition changed. I began to hope that I too might some day become a novelist and embody in fiction some part of middle-Western life. As often as I dared thereafter I went to call upon him, and always his taste, his judgment, his exquisite yet simple English, produced in me the profoundest admiration. An hour of his incisive humorous talk sent me away in mingled exaltation and despair—exaltation over his continued faith in me, despair over my own blunt and graceless speech. His talk, while never formal or ornate, was so much better than any dialogue I could ever hope to write that I went back to my pen with a kind of desperation. He was my standard in all matters literary. No one but Edwin Booth filled so large a place in my thought.

As I came to know him better he revealed to me some of the swift emotional transitions to which a Celtic man of letters is liable. Irish humor and Welsh pathos mingled in his talk. His comic spirit, always close beneath the surface, rose with a chuckle like a gentle bubbling spring, close upon his most sombre mood, to break in some crystal phrase which lingered in my memory for weeks.

He was deeply moved by the social injustice of which we were all aware, and sometimes as we walked he spoke of Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and the growing contrasts between the rich and the poor, while I, in turn, dilated upon Henry George. I could never quite get him to see the difference between his program and mine. He was fixed upon some communistic reform, whilst I was perfectly clear that land monopoly was the fundamental cause of poverty and must be destroyed first of all.

His voice was sad, poignantly sad, when reviewing the sorrow and injustice of the world, and yet he always had himself in hand. He never argued, never monologued, as I often did. Once as we were crossing the Common together, we met a beggar who whined out a request for alms. Howells gave him a coin with some misgiving, and then with his brow still wrinkled with pain, he said, "Of course there is a chance of his being a professional, and we are warned not to give to the professionals"—here a smile lightened his face—"and yet I cannot conceive that even this man, though a fraud, is precisely *rolling* in wealth".

I recall visiting him at Little Nahant in 1886 and spending several hours out on the

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sunny slope of a hill which fronted the sea, dreaming out an ideal world in which poverty would be unknown, and he said to me many of the things which he afterward recorded in *The Traveller from Altruria.* I remember wondering at the moment how poverty and sickness and crime could exist in a world so beautiful as that upon which we looked as the dusk began to fall, and the lamps burst into bloom along the beach across the bay, and yet at the moment the illness of his eldest daughter was filling his heart with almost intolerable anxiety.

As the hour of parting came he led me down to a small rustic gate at the corner of his garden and as we stood there, entranced by the splendor of that sunset, he contrived to express his appreciation of my youth and his confidence in my future. With a wave of his hand toward the starry roadway, he said with a smile of shy sweetness and friendship, "*There* lies your path!" And in his voice vibrated the suggestion that I was about to enter upon a way of light. Alas! How far I have fallen short of the ambition which filled my heart at that moment!

XI

As I think back into those eager Boston days, I perceive that my mental doors were open to every intellectual breeze. As in the past, though in lesser degree, America was still a literary province wherein worn-out European fashions lingered, but in Boston the few prided themselves on being a little in advance of the latest mode. Impressionism in painting, veritism in fiction, and then suddenly Ibsen looming upon us from the North —all had their promoters. And I—well I was a volunteer advocate for them all! I prided myself on being a radical in art as in life.

I well remember the day when Chamberlin and I sat in at the first performance of *The Doll's House* (or "The Doll's Home" as Hurd said it should have been translated) and saw Nora played by Beatrice Cameron, wife of Richard Mansfield. She had put it on for a special matinée while playing in another piece with her husband, but it was something more than an experiment; to me it was a revelation of the power, naturalness and truth of Ibsen's methods.

In reading his plays, I had found the lines devoid of grace, dull and flat; now I saw that they were merely guides to the players. As in life, so his dramatic meaning lay below the lines, for when played by a good actor they gave the effect of life itself. Furthermore the absence of all asides, soliloquies and sensational scene-endings made the conventions of the ordinary stage absurd.

I left the theatre that afternoon converted to the new drama, and like all recent converts I began to talk and write on Ibsenism as I had been talking and writing on impressionism and veritism.

There was a method in my folly. In my blundering way I was standing for that form of art which expressed more or less adequately the America I knew. As I had welcomed the paintings which discarded brown shadows, so now I responded to the dialogue which aimed at representing life. That our artists in painting purple shadows were merely exchanging masters I conceded; but Monet's canvases seemed more akin to the meadows and hills of New England than those of Munich. Similarly Ibsen, alien as his material was, pointed the way to a new and more authentic American drama. "If we must imitate let us imitate those who represent truth and not those who uphold conventions," was my argument.

Boston at once resounded with this new clamor. Those of us who scorned soliloquies and asides, read with eager attention accounts of "The Independent Theatre" in London, "The Free Stage" in Berlin, with which Hauptmann and Sudermann were concerned, and of Antoine's theatre in Paris, deploring the absence of similar aspiring managers in New-World cities.

All this has its comic aspect now, but we

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were all very serious about it then. Ibsenism was just another wave of Old-World influence, a new theory of art sweeping over a bored provincial capital. America had been subject to such periodical agitations for a hundred years. Sometimes they came from Germany, sometimes from Italy, sometimes from France. Now, instructed by Howells, we studied the novels of Valdes, Tolstoy and Flaubert and the dramas of Ibsen and Björnson.

All of this was a natural phase of Colonial development, but some of us realized that it would be a foolish enthusiasm if it did not advance the power of our own writers and artists. "We are not to imitate these new masters. We must do our own work in our own way," we clamored.

I had been hearing much of our own plays through my friend Hurd and one day he handed me some theatre tickets and said, "You ought to know Jim Herne's work. His plays belong in your local-color category. He is playing in hard luck just now, at an out-of-the-way theatre in the South End, but I advise you to go down there. This new play *Drifting Apart* has good work in it".

I had never heard of the play or its author but that night I took Dr. Cross, my long-suffering volunteer landlord, down to the obscure theatre in which James A. Herne was playing, curious to test Hurd's notions of local color as expressed in a play.

The opening scene was in the home of a Gloucester fisherman, Jack Hepburne, played by Herne, and Katherine Herne was Mary, the young wife. Jack was dressing to go down town to buy some Christmas presents, and the talk was all of this errand, of his ability to shave himself and other equally trivial domestic affairs, but they were so infilled with homely happy humor, that I was captivated. The words and action were in harmony with the setting, wherein to my delight every detail was in keeping. I delighted in a sewing machine posing as a flower stand, a characteristic touch of fidelity to humble life such as I had never seen on the stage. The dialogue was of a piece (truthful, characteristic and delightful) with the fiction of Mary E. Wilkins, and when at the end of the scene, Jack returns laden with bundles, smilingly, helplessly intoxicated, the acting was true, painfully true. The dialogue had a quality such as I had never heard on the stage, colloquial yet dramatic.

It was a genre picture of New England life.

The second and third acts, parts of a dream, were conventional, but the last act brought a return to village home life. A forgiving Mary and a remorseful Jack welcomed the neighbors coming in out of the snow with Christmas cheer upon their lips. That was all of the plot; the charm was in the telling of it.

Herne's acting was of a new kind, unpretentious, natural, intense. His reading, colloquial as it was, never failed of being an art. It reached his audience—every word of it. As for Katherine Herne, I had never before seen in any woman's face so many swift and lovely expressions. She, too, was an artist from the soul.

It was a poor play, a mixture of old and new, but I went away filled with admiration for these people who were bravely trying to give the stage something of the color and spirit of New England fiction. I wrote to Herne at once (perhaps that night), a long letter in which I gave free expression to my delight in his work and also that of his daughter (I did not know that Katherine was his wife), saying: "I find it in tone with the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary E. Wilkins", and ended thus, "I should like to meet you and your daughter and talk of these things".

In his reply (which I have before me) he called me "Professor Garland" and thanked me for the inspiration of my letter, but added "My season in Boston is ending, and I would rather have you come after we close in May". His letter was dated Ashmont, which I knew to be a near-by suburb.

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Up to this time my connection with actors had been merely that of an auditor, although my brother Franklin, who had joined me in Boston in order to study for the stage, was beginning to tour "the kerosene circuit" with a small barnstorming company. I knew no other actors and no dramatists and had felt no great need of knowing them, but I now awaited a meeting with the Hernes with the keenest interest.

At last the invitation came and I found my way to their home, a small two-story frame cottage standing in a garden on a side street in Ashmont, a newly-built suburb on the edge of Dorchester. They lived almost as plainly as my friend Dr. Cross, and the house was not in the least theatrical outside or in.

Mrs. Herne welcomed me as a personage and fed me as if I were a Christmas guest. More than this, her three little daughters accepted me. Dorothy was an exquisite baby of three, Chrystal was six, and Julie a year or two older. They were all very fair of skin, gray-eyed and flaxen-haired, and I was deeply touched by their liking for me. Julie especially listened to me with a look of wonder, as if I were a strange literary potentate for whom her father and mother had unusual regard.

Not for many years had I been taken into the heart of a family. I knew no children of any sort and these were such exquisite sprites that I could scarcely keep my eyes from them. I had never known their equal. Julie was already interested in Mary Wilkins and other grown-up writers but this precocity did not interfere with her love of "paper ladies", which she and Chrystal cut from magazines and used as actors in dramas of their own devising with an amazing intensity of absorption.

James A. and Katherine both delighted me by their interest in subjects outside their own world. Katherine was an enthusiastic reader of books on astronomy and it was her habit to read aloud treatises on evolution and other scientific subjects. In short, they were prepared soil. I began at once to preach Henry George's Single Tax, as was my habit, and they listened with something more than polite interest.

I also outlined my theories of realism and impressionism and when they learned that I was acquainted with Howells and Miss Wilkins their respect for me was almost more than I could accept. They thought of me as a man of immense learning, not as a rising man, but as a man risen; and I, to my shame, took no great pains to undeceive them, although I did tell them of my father and mother on their far-away Dakota farm. Admitting that I had been poor during my first years in Boston, I permitted them to infer that my period of insecurity and doubt had passed. Herne told me that he had spent two of his summer vacations at Lemoine on the coast of Maine, and part of the evening was spent in listening to delightful stories of the people who lived there. He was a master of dialect and reproduced not only their exact facial expressions but their speech and tone as well.

At a later meeting he read to me scraps of a play on which he was beginning to work. He called it "The Hawthornes", and its scene was laid on the seashore near his summer home. Its theme was the sacrifice of an old homestead to start a shore-front boom. This was the beginning of *Shore Acres,* his most successful production, which came a year or two later.

It is quite impossible to exaggerate the value of this friendship to me. It opened to me a family circle with all that it meant in way of birthdays, Christmas trees, Thanksgiving turkeys, hot-cross buns and the like. Dour as I was in the eyes of others, these lovely children accepted me sweetly, and I tried my poor best to hold their affections.

Having discovered Herne and catalogued him as a "local-color dramatist", I was eager to make all my friends acquainted with him. I hastened at once to tell Mr. Howells about the play and to ask his attendance at its next performance in Boston. This he promised.

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XII

Herne made me acquainted with several of his co-workers in the theatre. Through him I met William Gillette, one of the handsomest and most talented of all the actor-dramatists of that day. I had seen him in *The Private Secretary,* where he appeared to be a forlorn, gangling, helpless individual about seven feet tall, and it was a pleasant shock to find the man himself graceful and shapely, notwithstanding his height. I was greatly delighted by his alert and humorous mind and his clarity of expression.

Through Herne, or possibly Mrs. Herne, I came to know Mary Shaw, whose reading was always delightful. I had seen her several times in support of Julia Marlowe and considered her a better reader of Shakespeare than the star herself. She was in the fulness of her powers at this time, a noble actress and a cultivated woman. She had been a teacher in a Boston school and her taste and judgment made her impersonations among the best on the stage at that time. She was of Irish parentage, blonde, gray-eyed and humorous. She could tell a story with more effect than any of my acquaintances except Herne. She made fun of herself like a man and yet was essentially feminine.

One of the subjects of her monologues at our first meeting was an actor she called Plim and as I listened to her I was led into new regions. It did not seem possible that such amusing carefree people could exist. They were characters in a play. One of Herne's actors was a man he called Putt, who was subject to illusions of grandeur. He had much to say of his "man Petah" and of his "paddock" and his "cobs". He went so far as to detail the way in which he shipped his horses to and from New York and how valuable "Petah" was. I met Putt one day and could not believe that he was the same man. He had no home, no horses, and no paddock, they were all imaginary, and "Petah" turned out to be a small boy of about fifteen. No character in Dickens could surpass this amazing Putt—a tall and graceful man of fifty.

Up to this time the men and women of my world in Boston, as in the West, had been serious, restrained souls. Jesting of a quiet sort was common in my mother's family; but my father, who told a story with dramatic power, was never comic, and all the women I had known in my youth had been long-suffering and patient. My New England friends were of the same type. Lambent spirits like Mary Shaw and Katherine Herne were utterly new to me. I listened to their humorous comment with wonder. That they did not openly make fun of me is proof of their kindly natures. No doubt they had their jokes about me in private, but they never failed to treat me with highly flattering respect, even when I was most ponderous.

In order to be quite fair to myself, I must admit that I was fairly well clothed at this time. Although a bore when preaching the single tax or defining the local-color school in fiction, I had moments of being human. At times I listened, especially when in the presence of Mary Wilkins, Mary Shaw and Katherine Herne. In short, I was on the way toward companionship.

As the seasons passed, my influence on Herne appeared to be disastrous, for his plays failed. He was in the midst of development, a change from old to new, which I hastened. His work as a dramatist had begun by way of adaptation. His *Hearts of Oak* was a rewritten, pleasantly conventional English play, and all his own pieces up to this time retained scenes which were artificial and rhetorical in treatment. Even *Drifting Apart* was a mixture. The first and last scenes were delightfully suggestive of real life; the others were lacking in character and I said so bluntly. Herne was trying to free himself from "the old hat school". He was observing life and eagerly striving to embody it on the stage, but the better his work, apparently, the smaller his audiences.

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Now in the midst of this period of growth, of struggle, he made me his confidant, and from a financial point of view he could not have done worse, for I was a relentless idealist in general and a veritist in particular. As an upholder of the fiction represented by Howells, I advocated a similar local drama. I cited Edward Harrigan in his attempts to put Harlem's shanty-town on the stage and argued that Denman Thompson's *The Old Homestead* was headed in the right direction. I went so far as to say that two acts of *Drifting Apart* were unworthy, a criticism which both Katherine and James A. admitted. "We're going to do a play now which you and Mr. Howells can wholly approve".

Their use of my name in connection with that of Howells always made me wince. How little they knew of me. I tried to tell them that I was only a poor instructor writing stories which no one would buy, but they would not hear about that. They continued to listen as though I were a philosopher and poet as well as a devoted friend. I repeatedly warned them against my cranky notions, but they persisted in asking my judgment; and while I did not suggest a line of their new play, Herne declared that I had profoundly influenced the writing of it. In that sense, and in no other, I had a hand in making "The Hawthornes" over into *Shore Acres,* his most successful production.

Mrs. Herne and her little daughter Julie were already delighted readers of Mary E. Wilkins, and Katherine found my arguments for veritism cogent. We spent hours in discussing plays like *Shenandoah, My Partner, Davy Crockett* and *The Henrietta,* as well as farces like *The Hole in the Ground, The Brass Monkey* and *Mulligan's Ball,* assessing their value in terms of their truth to life. "I want to be truer than any of them," Herne said. "I want my *Shore Acres* to be as true as Mr. Howells and Miss Wilkins." He included one or two of my short stories in this category, but as I had no book to my credit at this time his judgment of me was based on faith in what I might do some time rather than upon anything I had done.

As a writer I included Augustus Thomas, Bronson Howard and William Gillette among the forerunners of a new school of dramatists. They fitted into my lecture on "Local Color in Fiction and the Drama". It didn't harm them and it gave me and my pupils a deal of satisfaction to have their plays arranged and classified. Moreover Thomas and Herne both lived up to their label, Thomas with *In Mizzoura* and *The Hoosier Doctor,* and Herne with *Shore Acres* and *Sag Harbor.*

XIII

My interest in these actors did not lessen my admiration for Edwin Booth. He was still the reigning king, but each time he came I sensed a decline in his vitality. He was growing old swiftly—too swiftly. He moved less alertly, and his voice, though beautiful as ever, was burdened with the tragedy of age. And then came the news that he had established his home in New York and that he was about to retire from the stage.

His founding of the Players in Gramercy Park and his actual retirement soon followed. I became a member of his club, but only several years later, after his death, and so I never saw him there. But many have described to me his slight figure and beautiful sad face as he came and went from his rooms on the second floor to the dining rooms. He usually ate alone, not in austere mood but in gentle aloofness, unless some of his intimate friends chanced to be in the club. Occasionally, when some question of the reading of a passage from Macbeth or Hamlet came up, his dark eyes flashed and his glorious voice was heard but mainly he was content to be a shadowy figure in the club he had created.

The rooms in which he died at the Players are preserved as a memorial just as they were when he laid down his look and took to his final bed, and it is the custom of those

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who knew him to show visitors this chamber together with the costumes and books which he had bequeathed to the library. To those of us who remember him in these garments, the robe of Richelieu, the cloak of Hamlet, have glorious associations. They make the Players, small as it is, the most distinctive club in the New World.

XIV

The closer I studied the early history of American literature the more I wondered at the aloofness of fiction and poetry from the realities of common speech. For two centuries our Colonial authors wrote as if from the most violent distaste of their surroundings, finding pleasure and poetic exaltation only in Rome or Egypt or in the memories of their former English homes. Skylarks and nightingales sang in their landscapes, and lords and ladies rode through the pages of their pale and feeble novels. As the bobolink, the partridge, the mocking bird, like the native flowers, were not worth a rhyme, so the speech of hunters, carpenters, drivers and sailors was considered beneath the level of literature.

We know very little concerning the actual speech of the Colonial New England farmer, of the Virginia planter; we only know that localities differed so markedly in pronunciation and idiom that the members of the first Continental Congress had considerable difficulty in understanding one another. Without doubt a realistic novelist or dialect poet would have made a most entertaining chapter from the contradictory oral peculiarities of Washington and Adams, and yet the first hint, and it is only a hint, of this New-World vernacular is to be found in the work of James Fenimore Cooper, whose conception of the speech of Natty Bumpo is a very spasmodic and uncertain note in the midst of much tall talk of the conventional sort. Only now and again, as when Deerslayer pleads for freedom, does his voice ring true.

The actual speech of rural Massachusetts did not enter American verse till James Russell Lowell in his *Bigelow Papers* came frankly and with zest to the task of representing the Yankee dialect. With the advantage of scholarly training and a love for Burns, Lowell perceived and was ready to defend the wit and flavor of rustic speech.

His *Bigelow Papers,* while mainly political in their content, are also entitled to long life for their preservation of the cracker-barrel oratory in the 'forties. Rhymed political essays though they are, they still possess sufficient humor to make them readable even though the Mexican War is almost as remote to us as the campaigns of Cyrus:

> Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
> Whether I'd be such a goose
> Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
> The etarnal bung was loose!
> She wants me fer home consumption,
> Let alone the hay's to mow;
> Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
> You've a darned long row to hoe

In one short poem, "The Courtin' ", he conceived and wrought out an enduring genre picture of Colonial life for which we should all be grateful:

> Zekel crep' up quite unbeknown
> An' peeked in thru' the winder,
> An' there sot Huldy all alone
> 'ith no one nigh to hender.

Whittier frankly acknowledged his debt to Burns, and in his second period wrote beautifully of farm and village life, but made no attempt at the actual words of his characters. He expressed his own feeling in his own way, and in poems like "The Barefoot Boy", "Telling the Bees" and "Snow Bound", we find embodied the homely signs and scents and sounds of the Massachusetts he knew; but only once or twice, as in "Skipper Ireson's Ride", did he suggest the actual phonetics of his characters.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "The One

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Hoss Shay" and in "How the Old Horse Won the Bet", successfully presented a popular story, but from the standpoint of the whimsical man of letters. The speech of the people was creeping into the newspapers, and into the stories of travellers on the border; and in the early 'seventies Bret Harte, in "Dow's Flat" and "Jim", neatly suggested the actual speech of the miners. An old miner comes into a saloon and begins abruptly:

Say there! P'r'aps
Some of you chaps
  Might know Jim Wild?
Well! No offense,
Thar ain't no sense
  In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
  Down from up yar
Lookin' for Jim.

John Hay at about the same time in his *Pike County Ballads* was aiding in this development. In poems like "Little Breeches" he presented certain salients of the common speech of Illinois, just as Eggleston at about the same time was using it in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*

XV

One day, whilst I was deep in the study of this vernacular literature, I called on Hurd of the *Transcript* and as we were chatting he picked from his desk a small parchment-covered volume and said, "Here's a book you should know, if you haven't already read it".

It was a tiny volume about four inches square entitled *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems* by Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone, and whilst I was turning its pages Hurd went on to say that the author's real name was Riley, and that his home was in Indiana. "Out there they call him 'The Hoosier Poet'. You, as an advocate of local color, ought to take him into account."

This was on the tenth of September, 1886 —I am sure of this, for Hurd signed the book over to me and dated his signature. It was a little book, less than fifty pages, and I read it in a few minutes, but the originality, humor and music of its lines came to me with such appeal that I committed them to memory.

The preface was short and as unassuming as the volume and was dated Indianapolis, July, 1883. The copyright was in the name of James W. Riley. "As far back into boyhood as the writer's memory may intelligently go," he wrote in his preface, "'the country poet' is most pleasantly recalled. He was and is as common as the country fiddler, and as full of good old-fashioned music."

The poems were all written from the standpoint of a quaint old farmer and were unlike anything else I had ever read. Here were the poems no one had ever sung, "The Frost is on the Punkin and the Fodder's in the Shock", "Watermelon Time", a joyous memory to Benjamin—poems whose truth and delicacy of feeling and keenness of perception could not be denied. I rejoiced in such phrases as "the husky rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn".

This was my first acquaintance with Riley's work, but it required only a glance to sense the truth and humor of his lines. Although the accent of his people was strange to me, I recognized at once its accuracy and simple beauty and wrote to him expressing my delight.

His reply, embodied in a lovely script, was so individual and so modest and grateful withal that I wrote again requesting more of his work and something of his personal history. In this way a correspondence grew up which made us friends, although more than two years went by before we met. This was in Boston when he came to lecture, I think in 'eighty-eight.

Meanwhile he had published two other volumes, and had become a renowned reciter of his own verse. He was in such demand by editors as well as by committees, that I, hum-

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ble teacher of literature, approached him with timidity when he came to Boston. He was reported to be at the Parker House, and to be able to live at the Parker House represented to me the shining summit of literary success. The fact that he could spend several days in such a palace quite overwhelmed me with awe of his superior genius.

After sending up my name, I awaited his answer with some trepidation. Was I justified in doing this? Suppose he should refuse to see me?

"Come right up," was the word the boy brought back to me and soon I was in the poet's presence. He met me in a red undershirt and trousers, busily adjusting buttons in the bosom of a hard-boiled shirt.

"Come right in, p'fessor," he called in a drawl which was as characteristic of Indiana as Mark Twain's voice was of Missouri. "Take a seat and don't mind my 'dishabilly'. I've got to dress for dinner." His smile was cordial but his mouth was close-lipped—for the reason, as I soon discovered, that he carried a quid of tobacco in one cheek, a condition which required him to keep that corner of his mouth puckered while he went on in a quaintly querulous monotone. "I'm dressin' f'r dinner,—'pears like I'm always dressin' f'r dinner nowadays. When I was young and had a good digestion, could eat anything at any time, no one asked me to dine, but now when I'm old and feeble, stomach all gone—can't eat a thing but crackers and milk—look at that!" Here he put his hand on a heap of invitations, two inches high. "Don't it beat hell?" He asked this gravely, solemnly, while from his eyes a gleam of elfin humor shone.

I said, "It does", and I might have added that I could take some of those dinners off his hands, but I didn't. I only laughed while he rambled along in the most amusing, poetic and individual monologue I had ever heard, a droning stream of shrewd comment on Western literature; incidents of his lecture tour and criticisms of recent poems, comment which I dared not chronicle at the time and only faintly remembered afterward. It was all "copy" of high commercial value as well as literary charm, and in the midst of it I was studying his physical appearance. He was a short man, with square shoulders and a bald head which he himself described as "of the tack-hammer variety". He wore pinch-nose glasses, but his round gray eyes were visible through them at all times, and whilst he studied me with a comical sidewise glance his face remained as blank as the side of a china bowl. I watched every motion he made in a glow of delight.

He quoted some of his later verse, cautiously opening one corner of his flexible mouth, and his voice, musical in spite of his drawl, was singularly expressive. He read with frank delight from his verse, keeping one eye fixed upon me obliquely as if enjoying the effect of his performance. It *was* a performance and I, keenly sensitive to drollery of this sort, was a provocative auditor. I had never met his like. Howells had delightful humor, swift wit and an exquisite use of words, but he was never waggish or droll. Riley was at once character-actor, comedian and poet. I had never known anyone so individual, so amusing, and so thought-provoking, and we went down the elevator together like comrades of long standing.

Thereafter Whitcomb Riley, as I called him, was a distinguished figure in my literary world. I used his verse in my lectures on American literature and I kept in touch with him by correspondence and by way of his books, which he autographed to me as they came out.

(*To be continued*)

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WHAT IS DIRT?

by Robert Herrick

THE censor, whatever he may think of himself, is always a ridiculous figure to the impartial observer. Latterly the censoring spirit has been especially active around Boston, that ancient home of witch-hangers, offering comic relief to the gods. That a community which could perpetrate the Sacco-Vanzetti outrage on justice should try to suppress *Candide* and *Strange Interlude* is but another instance of the marvellous perversion of our mentality when it becomes tangled in the thickets of public morality. A civilization which laps up jazz, even in Boston, goes delirious over smacking contacts in the "close-ups" of movies, and indulges in the semi-nudities of the bathing beach, ought not to be squeamish over a few printed words, no matter how "suggestive" they may be.

What is sexual evil? What "contaminates" the adolescent or even the mature mind? Our generation is still at sea on these points and the efforts of the censor do not make for light. Indeed proscription often advertises and enhances the attraction of a suppressed article. If the authorities really desire to protect the morals and the taste of the public, they go about it in a foolish manner. Frank commercial pornography such as was practised openly in Italy *ante* Mussolini may have less effect on the morals of the race than wire-tapping, third-degree methods, and universal graft. Unfortunately to the censor there is only one form of evil, sexual license, and only one morality, his own. Therefore open-minded persons like myself who may not care for eroticism in literature are suspicious of every exercise of literary censorship, as likely to be another case of the mote and the beam.

All the same there are instances where the censor's ban seems less grotesque than others, where even the most liberal-minded observer might accept—for his own reasons, never for the censor's!—the hasty suppression of some expressions of the phallic cult, *e.g.*, the above-mentioned pornographic pictures still vended in Europe. The coarse, mechanical representation of what should be a beautiful, a significant, at least an intense, human action is deplorable from any point of view. So, too, mere "garbage" (to use Mr. Owen Wister's apt word about the work of a young American author whom he greatly admires), being repulsive, may well be disposed of as summarily as possible. "Garbage", to be sure, includes other ugly and malodorous human functions—drunkenness accompanied by vomiting (the detailed representation of which Mr. Wister's young protégé seems to have a special fondness for) and the intimate details of physical evacuation. One keeps such offal out of reach of dogs, especially puppies, to prevent them from indulging a depraved taste. The human animal is not supposed to have the animal liking for offal, but if he does I cannot see any sure way of preventing him from indulging in it. There is always

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the secrecy of the mind where the worst debauchery can be freely indulged in, beyond the reach of any censorship!

It is an old controversy, this—what "decency" finds permissible for expression in the arts. Not only the vendors of garbage, but young radicals and experimenters of all kinds always vociferate loudly in behalf of "naturalism" or "realism" or "truth" or "fact"—whatever term the fashion of the day may use—while the more conventional (and perhaps more sensitive) minded object in terms of "decency", "good taste", or "public morals". The result is a lot of noise and dust from the beating of straw men, and the antics of the censor, who like the circus clown, always presents himself obtusely to the slaps of all parties. Yet there has been progress, if we may call it such, since the time when Hauptmann's *Hannele* could not be played in New York—from the time when *Harper's* mangled *Jude the Obscure* to the time when *Scribner's Magazine* prints *A Farewell to Arms* intact! I cannot say that there has been any clarification of the principles underlying the censorship of plays and books, but an ever-increasing tendency towards free exposure of the nude, as in our manners.

The principle that should govern exclusions, if it is worth while to make any, is, however, simple enough: that is the principle that must govern the creative artist who has a larger ambition than to become a successful pornographist or sensation-monger. Ardent naturalists or realists or expressionists (whatever from generation to generation they prefer to call themselves) seem to forget the elementary truth that while all human activities may have eternal significance and therefore an art value, few actually do bear the sacred mark. It is the fundamental duty of the creator to endow the activities he chooses to present with such an enduring quality. If he fails, as he often does, he should not fall back childishly on the plea, "But it's so in life, it's true". Everything conceivable is so somewhere in life, but what of it? Unless an action or a word reveals something, means something, why burden our distracted attentions with it? Because a man often vomits after over-drinking of what human importance is it—except to the man himself and those who have to care for the swine?

Lately there has been presented in two contemporary novels a fine instance of the elementary thesis I am setting forth: both are war stories, both by young men; one is German, the other American. The American tale is set forth (perhaps symbolically) from the point of view of an ambulance driver—the amateur; the European story, from that of the common soldier, the professional. Boston, with its beautiful lack of discrimination, has condemned them both; that is, the censor forbade the circulation of the magazine containing *A Farewell to Arms,* and the Boston publisher of the American edition of *All Quiet on the Western Front* prudently deleted certain passages and expressions from the English translation which he knew would not pass the Watch and Ward Society. Although the two stories present similar material, although both deal "nakedly" with certain common physiological functions, one, I maintain, is literature and the other it would not be too strong to call mere garbage.

Of the two considerable passages of *All Quiet on the Western Front* suppressed by the American publisher (not too strong for the English taste!) the first deals explicitly with a necessity of the toilette which even animals and savages prefer to perform in private. I take it that the young German novelist had a very definite purpose in not sparing the reader all the details of this daily function (aside from a certain Rabelaisian humor whose indulgence all robust literature has allowed), the desire to reveal to the sensitive reader the most debasing and spiritually disintegrating aspect of our great factory war—its complete lack of privacy for the individual. Nothing, I take it, so stripped its victims of all sense of dignity, of human in-

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dividuality, as the necessary publicity of even the most intimate and personal activities; nothing so tended to reduce the common soldier to a mere automaton. He was brought by the processes of that gigantic conflict (concerning which his leaders babbled beautiful nonsense) far lower than primitive man in the scale of existence, lower often than domesticated animals, to the place where he had to become a bundle of crude appetites. Remarque, by emphasizing the preoccupation of his common soldiers with food and drink and warmth, did what other truthful writers of war stories from Barbusse on have done, but in this scene (which does not offend me in the least) he has put the final firm touch to his picture of men stripped of every personal protection by the brutal necessities of modern war. The scene over the sanitary buckets tells me far more of war than all the vivid pictures of mangled flesh.

The American novel has no passage exactly paralleling the above although it is never chary of odorous references to similar facts. But what Mr. Hemingway does not hesitate to present is vomiting due to drunkenness, which is not peculiar to soldiers nor significant of their terrible ordeal. Granted that the thing is true and common enough, it has no value in the picture: it is just unpleasant garbage.

The other deleted passage of *All Quiet on the Western Front* has a close parallel in *A Farewell to Arms*. The Boston publisher was probably well-advised in not trying to get away with this scene, although any community with a keener sense of humor might well forgive its frankness for its robust amusement. It is a case of a soldier confined to the convalescent ward of a hospital who is visited (for the first time in two years) by his wife with the child born since her husband's last leave. Since everything must be shared in common, the little group of soldiers in that hospital ward know of this event and know what it means to their comrade not to be able to enjoy this brief visit in privacy. They arrange that the forced conditions shall interfere as little as possible with the privacy of the two and with the perfectly natural desires of the reunited couple to enjoy their (legal) relationship. The situation as rendered by Remarque is a delightful mingling of camaraderie and broad humor, without a single vulgar or "suggestive" word. Solely for the fun of it the incident would be worth while, but it contributes richly to the whole picture of what war does to the human being, which the novelist is painting. Also the goodness and good sense of the ordinary man, his homely sound humanity and honest morality, are all finely revealed.

My memory goes back to a situation something like this in *Under Fire* where a soldier on leave, having travelled many days to reach his home, picks up on the way a stranded comrade and offers him shelter from a storm in the one room he is to share with his wife for the single night left to them of the precious leave. Barbusse, so often accused of brutality, handled the situation with more reserve and less humor than his German rival. . . . I believe that the Boston publisher has defended the suppression of these two passages, both of which are printed in the translation published in England, on the ground that they are of no significance to the story as a whole. In that I think he errs. The story can stand the lopping off of these two rich episodes because it is so much of a piece, so firmly woven, but the omission of them is a loss to the American reader, who, after all, is accustomed to much worse stuff!

The parallel passage to which I have alluded in *A Farewell to Arms* is an ordinary boudoir scene, the boudoir being the private ward of an Italian military hospital where the hero is to be operated on for a presumably serious wound. The heroine is an English nurse whom the ambulance driver has flirted with casually at the front:—

I looked toward the door. It was Catherine Barkley. She came into the room and over to the bed. "Hello darling," she said. She looked

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fresh and young and very beautiful. . . . "Hello," I said. When I saw her I was in love with her. Everything turned over inside of me. . . . I pulled her down and kissed her and felt her heart beating. . . . "You mustn't," she said. "You're not well enough." "Yes, I am." . . . "No. You're not strong enough." "Yes. I am. Yes. Please." . . . "Feel our hearts beating." "I don't care about our hearts. I want you. I'm just mad about you."

(Interlude discretely indicated by space in text)

Catherine sat in a chair by the bed. The door was open into the hall. The wildness was gone, and I felt finer than I had ever felt.

She asked, "Now do you believe I love you?"

This, according to the magazine editor who writes the monthly puff, is "the love conceived in the muck of war which evolves into beauty"! . . . There follows a *nuit d'amour* in the hospital interrupted by stealthy reconnoiterings and punctuated by such bits of conversational exchange as this:

"There, darling. Now you're all clean inside and out. Tell me. How many people have you ever loved?" "Nobody." "Not me even?" "Yes, you." . . . "How many have you—how do you say it?—stayed with?" "None." "You're lying to me." "Yes." . . . "You sweet." "I'm good. Aren't I good? You don't want any other girls, do you?" "No." "You see? I'm good. I do what you want."

This, I maintain, is merely another lustful indulgence, like so many that occur between men and women and have since the beginning of time and will persist to its end. It has no significance, no more than what goes on in a brothel, hardly more than the copulations of animals. There are fewer *gros mots,* perhaps, used by the American writer than by the German, more sentimental wash, but the implications of the situation—and of the following passages in the hospital and at a Milan hotel—are plain enough even for the dull-witted Victorian to grasp: the whole episode smells of the boudoir. Remarque's treatment of the theme is literature, whereas the American's "beautiful love" is mere dirt, if anything. . . .

I must confess that I did not stay with the story beyond the Milan episodes and so am not qualified to say whether such a love "conceived in the muck of war" finally evolved into something which I should call beauty. I had had enough of what Mr. Wister quite properly calls "garbage", in which Mr. Hemingway so often wraps his pearls. I gather from a review of the book that the hero finally deserted from his post of ambulance driver for the sake of his "great love", and I am wondering if that action—to quote once more from the publishers' puff—"elucidates the driving purpose of Hemingway's work"?

It is in substance a quite simple matter, this distinction between what is dirt and what isn't in regard to the sexual relation, so obvious one might think as not to require repetition, except for the fact, which every teacher knows, that it is the simplest truth that most needs iteration. All human activities are the rightful property of the creative artist, from the lowest to the highest, on condition that he can endow them with some significance, a meaning—I do not say with beauty. The sun and the rain beat upon the earth, men and women are born and die, love and hate, hunger and lust: there is nothing either new or important in all that. It remains for the imagination to take these commonplaces of sensation and make out of them something, if not beautiful, at least arresting—something of a larger import than the facts themselves. Mr. Hemingway's young man and woman are but another couple on the loose in Europe during the War—there were so many of them! Erich Remarque's soldiers on their sanitary buckets or stealing food or in the convalescent ward of the hospital befriending a comrade, are pitiful and tragic figures of the greatest significance to people of this generation. From them even the dullest—even American amateurs—may learn what war really is, what hateful things it does to human souls as well as to their bodies,

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what an infinite coil of evil the patrioteers unloose in this world. And, incidentally, how pathetically right and lovable the basic instincts of human beings are even in the depths of slime and muck. . . .

The censor, by intimidating the prudent publishers of the American edition of *All Quiet on the Western Front* into deleting certain passages and glossing certain coarse terms in others, has done a great harm. Americans more than Europeans need to have their consciousness of the realities of war pricked, and should have received this important story unblemished by prudery, in its full import, literally rendered out of the German. Whereas, to my way of thinking, no great loss to anybody would result if *A Farewell to Arms* had been suppressed.

Yet I realize that the censor should be the last person to whose intelligence such a decision should be left. The very fact that he was willing to become a censor marks his unfitness for the job. The censoring impulse or habit of mind is both dangerous and puerile. Better to allow free pornography than to leave to any censor or board of censors the choice of what we can read and think! Less harm to public morals would be done with complete license than from the sort of censoring we suffer from at present—haphazard, ignorant, vacillating (also less free advertising for inferior books and plays!). It would seem more intelligent to spend the energy now wasted on ineffectual and wrong-headed censorship, with the attendant controversies in press and pulpit, on an effort to educate the public in what is dirt as distinguished from life and literature. A difficult and perhaps hopeless undertaking, I grant, nevertheless one which from the beginning of human expression every serious creator has endeavored to perform. Let the pornographers and the eroticists ply their trade in the open and purvey dirt for those who like it. Leave the honest imaginative creators free to work in the chaos of human instincts and impulses, knowing that time will inexorably suppress all of their effort but that which has either beauty or significance. The rest will inevitably go to the dust heap of the ages. Dirt would remain, of course—dirty thoughts and habits. But imaginative beings would be free to explore those hidden spiritual significances of sex, which the present age seems to be forgetting.

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THE FACTS OF LIFE

A Series of Parody Biographies by H. W. Hanemann

WITH SKETCHES BY HERB ROTH

II. THE FIEND IN THE VATICAN

Inspector Edgar Wallace, C.I.D., Dockets the Borgias

I. BEWARE OF THE BULL

THE pleasant dining room of Castello Salami found Lord Cadwalader Orsini putting the finishing touches on a platter of broiled kidneys.

"Well, my dear", he remarked, looking up from the morning newspaper from which he was judiciously extracting the morning news, "three stranglings last night, four poisonings, a stabbing or two and a man dragged out of the river."

"And what suspicion of the source of all that naughtiness?" Lady Aubrey Orsini was young, blonde and lovely, with the agreeable cast of countenance that comes only from a fine mind blended with a sunny disposition.

As if in answer to her question, the plaintive protest of a pedigreed cow in a neighboring field drifted through the stained-glass window. Lady Aubrey Orsini paled.

Her husband laughed and pinched his young wife's cheek. "Come, come, my love," he said reassuringly, "I wot what you are thinking, what-what, but I promise you that I still have some influence in these parts. No one is going to take a 'crack' at an Orsini, if you will pardon a term generally used by those 'on the crook'."

"I am 'jerry' to your 'lingo'," replied Aubrey. "You mean 'slip him the works'."

"Not that my modest holdings, your twenty-foot rope of pearls, your diamond plaque, your rubies, your emeralds and your sapphires are without temptation. To say nothing of your own sweet self," he added whimsically.

"Oh, Cad, you are a tease. You know that all my jewels are safe in the iron strong box in the little secret room of the western terrace." She turned to the butler, hovering respectfully at her elbow. "You may bring us more coffee, my man."

"More coffee, eh?" said Orsini, rubbing his hands. "That's the ticket." At the mention of his favorite tipple, all sinister thoughts vanished from his naturally cheerful mind like a spot under a touch of brown Windsor. It would have been better had Orsini noticed the slight narrowing of the servant's eyes as he left the spacious chamber.

The spies of the Borgias were everywhere.

II. ALEXANDER'S BAND

Pope Alexander VI had cajoled, bribed and threatened his way into the papacy. Born of a Spanish family, he showed little love for the Eternal City, reserving his ambitions, inordinate to rapacity, for himself and his questionable brood. Shrewd, unscrupulous and pertinacious, he found it convenient to assume an affable and agreeable air, boasting

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that he preferred to do unpleasant things as pleasantly as possible. As he turned to the familiar at his side, his voice was almost kindly.

"What is it, Fra Diavolo?" he asked.

"A servant of the Orsini, craving audience."

"You're sure he isn't a busy?"

"You mean a dick?"

"I mean a flattie."

"Oh, a gum-shoe."

"A peeler, fellow, a sleuth-hound."

"Oh, a robert. No, Pope, he isn't a bull."

Alexander glanced at the taurine crest blazoned on the high back of his chair, and laughed. "There are no bulls but the Borgias. Show him up."

When the butler of Cadwalader Orsini stood before the Pope, Alexander contemplated him with amused eyes.

"If it isn't my old friend Beaky Di Marco, the spotter," said he. "And who sprung your ugly mug out of stir?" One of Alexander's little foibles was to affect the "flash patter" of the "underworld".

"Get yourself a load of this, Chief." Unconsciously Beaky made use of the ethical dative. "It's hot."

Alexander listened. "Superb, my excellent Beaky," remarked the Pope when the treacherous pseudo-servant had concluded. "You are, of course, expecting a split?"

Di Marco's ferret-like eyes glistened and he nodded eagerly.

"You shall get it. Ho, axe-man! Any particular way you prefer your split?" he purred. "Vertically, horizontally, on the bias. . . ?"

A dawning horror grew in Beaky's eyes. He blurted inarticulate words of protest, falling on his knees in supplication.

"Take him away!" snarled Alexander VI savagely.

III. ALL ONE HAPPY FAMILY

"You ingenious fiend!" The low vibrant voice was lush with admiration.

By certain standards, Lucretia Borgia, natural daughter of Rodrigo Borgia, better known as Pope Alexander VI, would have been adjudged beautiful. The close-fitting costume of medieval Italy revealed a magnificent figure slightly over medium height. The dark lustrous hair was caught in a shimmering net of pearls and the voluptuous mouth smiled readily—too readily, as many men might have told. But dead men tell no tales.

"How are you fixed for arsenic, cyanide of potassium, deadly night-shade and paris green, my dear?" asked Alexander.

Lucretia examined her reticule. "Enough for an army," she replied lightly. "May I give you some, my beloved parent?"

Alexander laughed. "You have my sense of humor," he remarked dotingly. "No, thank you. Save it. But where is Cesare?"

"Here I am."

Cesare Borgia, coarsely handsome, with the traces of his violent and dissolute life stamped indelibly upon his face, entered the room. He stood sulky and sullen, in his customary manner.

"Where have you been?" The Pope's voice was sharp.

"Down in the city, doing a little strangling." As if in memory, Cesare's predatory talons clenched and unclenched spasmodically.

"I wish you would have your strangling done for you, like a gentleman," said Alexander severely, "instead of doing it yourself."

"But, Papa," admonished Lucretia, "darling brother is such a big brute, he needs the exercise."

"You shut your jaw!" snarled Cesare inelegantly.

"Tuck your shirt in, Ducky," replied the good-natured Lucretia, "Papa has a job for us."

". . . you're sure you both understand perfectly?" asked Alexander, as he concluded the details of his infamous plot.

"Sure, sure," growled Cesare. "It's too complicated." Cesare objected to everything as a

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matter of principle. "Well, I must be gone. I have to slice a man's tongue with a red hot dagger and cut off both his hands. And I have to see another man about a dog—a mad dog with a preference for biting little children." He chuckled ghoulishly.

On the way out, Cesare struck down the servant who held open the door and stepped on his face, grinding an iron-shod heel in the unfortunate man's eye. It brought no word of protest from Alexander or Lucretia, though each breathed an inward sigh of relief when Cesare had gone. Neither parent nor daughter had felt quite the same toward him since the unpleasantly sudden death of Giovanni Borgia, Alexander's oldest son, and the equally unpleasant death of the Duke of Bisciglie, Lucretia's third husband, less than three years later. Cesare knew more about these two untoward demises than he cared to admit.

But to Alexander an atmosphere of gloom was more venial than one of Donna Lucretia's notoriously lethal nosegays. "Now that's settled, my dear," said he complacently, "shall we have Pierluigi and Ascania up from the kitchen and watch them perform the dance—that delightfully impudicious 'Turkey Trot', 'Bunny Hug", and 'Camel Walk'?"

"I can conceive of nothing more pleasurable, Papa," replied Lucretia.

Orsini turned into the small street back of the small street back of the small street back of the Corso Tuttifrutti

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It is distressing to note that the Pope and his daughter frequently amused themselves in this fashion. Under Alexander VI, the Vatican was no place for a minister's son.

IV. LUCRETIA SETS THEM UP

Cadwalader Orsini leaned against a wrought-iron lamp post in the Corso Tuttifrutti whilst reading for the third or fifth time a note which he held in his hand:

Dear Signor Orsini:

Please meet me at the Taverno Porco at the Hour of None. I have a wonderful trade-last for you.

Very truly yours,
Lucretia Borgia
(Mrs. Duchessa Bisciglie)

P. S. Do not show this note to anyone.

L. B.

Putting the note carefully back into his wallet, Orsini turned into the small street back of the small street back of the small street back of Corso Tuttifrutti and entered the shady night dancing club called the Taverno Porco.

"You are expected, Signor." The proprietor, Luigi Verdi, was a greasy and unprepossessing wop. "Upstairs, if you please. It is the first door on the right."

Orsini mounted and knocked on the closed door.

"Entrate," cried a musical voice. Orsini, who was familiar with the Italian tongue took it to mean "come in". Lucretia, attired in a dark velvet cloak, sat at a small table in the center of the room.

"You are prompt, Cad—Cadwalader," she began in a tone which she fondly fancied to be beguiling.

"Yes, yes." Orsini spoke with some difficulty as he held his hand over his left cheek. "You will pardon my swollen face, Donna Lucretia," he said, "but I have a very bad tooth. You wished to see me about a"—he removed the note from his wallet and consulted it—"a trade-last, I believe? It is very kind of you."

Lucretia laughed. "Not at all. First let us drink, Cadwalader. You don't mind if I call you Cadwalader?"

"That is my name." Orsini spoke somewhat stiffly, partly on account of his swollen cheek and partly through reticence. Though Italy in the Sixteenth Century might be described as wanton and licentious, Lord Cadwalader Orsini was ever a man of honor.

Lucretia picked up a bottle of wine from the floor, deftly extracted the cork and filled two goblets. "Now close your eyes and count ten," she directed, jestingly.

Orsini closed his eyes and counted. As he counted, Lucretia emptied the contents of a small phial into his goblet.

"Bottoms up!" cried Lucretia, roguishly.

"Bottoms up!" agreed Orsini, slightly raising his eyebrows in distaste at the vulgar expression. They clinked glasses and drank. Lucretia came over to Orsini's side and put her arm about him.

"Does your tooth feel better, Boy?" she cooed.

He attempted to fend off her familiarity, but power failed him. His eyes closed, his head sunk lower and lower. He slumped limply upon the table.

Lucretia laughed softly. Going to a corner of the room, she stamped lightly upon the floor. A secret panel slid back, disclosing a hole. With unexpected strength, she dragged the unresisting body of Orsini over to the trap and slid it into the depths.

As his head disappeared over the edge, she patted it kindly. "Poor Cad," she murmured, "he took it like a lamb. Poor dear."

Despite the many evil stories which have been told about her, Lucretia Borgia was not much different from the other great ladies of her time. At her worst, she was but a tool in the hands of her malicious brother, and her scheming, cupidinous father.

V. THE MASKED ICEMAN

Jenny Bernucci entered the boudoir of her mistress, the Lady Aubrey Orsini, and curt-

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Lucretia . . . dragged the unresisting body of Orsini over to the trap and slid it into the depths

sied. "The iceman, madonna, would like to speak with you, if you please."

"Why, Jenny," replied Aubrey in surprise, "cannot cook speak to him?"

"Cook spoke to him," replied the prim Jenny, "and he threw her into the moat."

"Dear, dear." Aubrey bit her lower lip in annoyance. "I can't have cook thrown about like that." She descended the broad stairs to the kitchen. In the center stood a stalwart, masked figure. "Are you the iceman who wished to speak to me?" asked Aubrey.

"Do I look like——" the man started to roar in protest and suddenly changed his tune. "Yes, madonna," he replied, quite humbly.

"Why are you masked?"

"Romance, madonna. An iceman is as traditionally romantic a figure as a tenor. You've heard of a masked tenor? Well, 'get a load' of a masked iceman." Was Aubrey mistaken, or was he leering at her behind the disguise?

"I 'got a load' of you yesterday," said Aubrey, evenly. "A hundred and fifty pounds.

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See, it is marked upon the card. I don't think we'll be needing anything, thank you."

"It won't hurt to look." The iceman strode to the door of the ice box and flung it open.

"Keep away from that ice box." Aubrey was surprised at the calmness of her voice. "You are not an iceman. You are Cesare Borgia."

"You know me?" snarled Cesare. He ripped the flimsy subterfuge from his foul features and cast it upon the floor.

"I recognized your clumsy expedient the moment I entered the room. I know you and I don't like you, Cesare Borgia."

"You'll like me better when you know me better. And you are going to know me better—my poppet."

"I'm not your poppet, indeed!" exclaimed Lady Aubrey in disdain.

"My mommet, then—my red hot mommet." He showed his pitted teeth in sickening amorousness and circled the table.

"Don't—don't—." Cesare had come near enough to Aubrey for her to read the terrible things in his eyes. She turned her head and made for the open door of the ice box. He followed her slowly, like some huge and filthy cat stalking its prey.

"Keep away, I say!" Now she was in the ice box. Before she could close the door he had entered and was crowding her to the wall.

"My darling, my little one . . . Aubrey . . . I have always loved you . . . wanted you . . ." The ice flowed in streams from the awful ardor of Cesare's vile passions. Aubrey cowered against the wall of the ice box, covering her face with her hand to escape his profane advances. . . .

Click! She pressed a concealed button and a secret panel opened in the back of the ice box. Down the subterranean passage with which the ice box was connected by the secret panel Aubrey fled like a hare. In hot pursuit came Cesare.

"Aubrey! Aubrey! Where are you? I'll find you, you little hell cat! Curse you!" Frustrated, Cesare had become a savage animal. Sufficient menace before, he was now a seething, foaming madman, purple with murderous intent.

To the left, to the right, to the left again, and now to the right. Aubrey sped down the dark passages, her breath coming in straining sobs.

"Aubrey! Aubrey! You hell cat! You vixen!" The voice grew fainter and fainter. Aubrey stopped running and leaned against the damp wall of the tunnel to catch her labored breath and still the pounding of her terrified heart. For the moment she was safe.

Ever true to his evil predisposition, Cesare Borgia had chosen the wrong turn.

VI. ONE OLD CATACOMB

In a dingy passageway of the Roman Catacombs, the body of Cadwalader Orsini lay amongst the rubbish. Though it had not moved since flung from the trap in the floor of the Taverno Porco by Lucretia Borgia, acute perception might have distinguished a faint and quiet breathing. Cadwalader Orsini was still alive.

A masked and cloaked figure clutching a shining dagger in its hand now crept stealthily toward the body of Orsini. Nearer and nearer he approached. He raised the weapon to strike.

"Not so fast, my man!" The voice was cool, derisive. The surprised bravo found his wrist caught in a grip of steel. Making a movement too fast for the eye to follow, particularly in the Stygian darkness, Orsini plunged his own dagger into the hired assassin. The fellow collapsed with a groan.

"Not what you expected, eh?" Cadwalader Orsini spoke rapidly to the rapidly expiring thug. "Thinking I was safely drugged to insensibility, Donna Lucretia sent you to dispatch me. Had your mistress been a little more clever, my friend, she would have known that I have the soundest teeth in Rome. The swelling of my cheek was from no dental ailment but from a sponge which I had concealed in my mouth to absorb the

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poisoned drink so painstakingly prepared for me. Fight subtlety with guile, my fellow."

"Right, guv'nor, it's a fair cop." The man's eyes glazed. He was dead.

Hastily Orsini lighted his pocket torch and consulted a blue-print of the Catacombs. The Borgias had erred again in forgetting that a competent blue-print of the famous Catacombs was available from any petrol station in the city. The secret passage to Castello Salami would lie to the right. Cautiously Orsini advanced, picking his way over the bones and skulls of forgotten dead which lay about in profusion. Around the third turn, he heard the unmistakable sound of breathing. "Who's there?" he called sharply.

"Cadwalader!"

"Aubrey!" She was in his arms, sobbing her story.

"Quick, Aubrey, we have no moment to lose!" Leading her by the hand, Cadwalader

To the left, to the right, to the left again, and now to the right, Aubrey sped down the dark passage

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made still another turning and flashed his torch upon the wall. "I thought so." Large letters painted upon the wall read—

THIS WAY TO CASTELLO SALAMI.

"The Catacombs connect with the residences of all the important families of Rome," he explained as, with his arm about his fair wife, they walked rapidly back to the opening in the wall of the icebox by which Aubrey had escaped. It was a matter of a second to step into the box and thence into their own kitchen. The secret panel closed after them with a click.

"Oh, Cadwalader," said Aubrey as they stood once more in the security of their stronghold, "if you had not come in time. . . ."

"My dear," replied Orsini, "I realized something 'phony' was up as soon as I received"—again he had recourse to his wallet —"this and this. . . ."

"This" was Lucretia's hastily scribbled note. The other "this" was a proclamation:

I, with my retinue, will set forth at the Hour of Five through the streets for Bologna. Lords and ladies of such castles upon the line of march will acknowledge my passage by appearing upon the balconies of said castles and waving the ceremonial calzonetti as I go by. Failure so to do will constitute a serious breach of etiquette for which I decree all castles, fiefs, desmesnes and estates of such defaulters forfeit unto me.

Alexander VI, Pope.

"It is obvious, is it not," commented Orsini, "that under these circumstances, Lucretia wished to—er—detain me?"

"And Cesare wished to—er—distract me," added Aubrey. "I see it all. How fortunate that I cleaned the ice box last week and discovered the secret panel. Hark!"

Trumpets sounded in the distance.

"The retinue of Alexander!" exclaimed Orsini. "Hurry, my dear." Hand in hand, like two happy children, they sped up the stairs of the old castle.

Two minutes later, as Alexander VI passed by the Castello Salami in all his pomp and glory, he found Cadwalader and Aubrey, lord and lady thereof, upon the balcony, cheerfully waving the laciest and most ceremonial of *calzonetti* in proper greeting. As he returned their salute his face was livid with ill-concealed surprise, disappointment and fury.

Cadwalader Orsini watched the glittering procession disappearing into the dust toward Bologna and carefully removed the top from a small ornate casket which he had been concealing beneath his cloak.

"What have you there, my dear?" asked Aubrey, with pardonable curiosity.

"Highly malarial mosquitoes, my love," replied Orsini, and launched the tiny insects into the void. "With this following wind, they will soon overtake Alexander, and, his blood being up, make short shrift of him. They will infect him with a malignant fever from which he will undoubtedly die. And with Alexander dead, I doubt that we shall have any further serious trouble from the Borgia gang."

"How awfully jolly," said Aubrey, dimpling.

"Living in Italy during the Renaissance," replied Cadwalader, "is not without its excitements. Yet when one has been properly schooled therein, it is likewise not without its certain small satisfactions."

Fondly he bent his head and pressed a kiss upon the smiling, upturned lips of his wife.

THE END

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To the Reader

If you have had a clean laugh from "The Fiend in the Vatican", you are no doubt all of a perspiration for a whack at the Inspector's next biographical horror. Here follows an early chapter of

THE MAN WITH THE HUMPED BACK

Or, The Days of Louis XI

"Fashion me this cage, Master Smith, of iron bars the thickness of a man's two thumbs. It shall be that large that one might scarce turn about with comfort and of that height that one would need bend a proud head to stand upright."

"It shall so be done, Sire," replied the master smith who was upon bended knees before his liege. "Shall I not stud the bars with sharpened spikes facing inward? 'Tis a pretty sight—a cage bristling with needle-pointed nails that prick and goad and torment—sly skewers whose prim-mouthed kisses bait to fury e'en more than those of a cold, ill-featured wife."

"Splendid! Splendid!" agreed the king. "*Ventre-de-Saint-Gris,* my man, but you are a heady fellow! Do so, by all means."

"And what strange, wondrous beast would my master imprison?"

"Strange, wondrous beast, quotha?" Louis XI, King of France by the grace of God, chuckled malevolently, his vulture's face creased in a Satanic smile. "Not strange, nor wondrous, my man. 'Tis for my lord Cardinal Balue."

"You shut your jaw!" snarled Cesare

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THE HISTORY OF THEIR BOOKS

IX. SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

by Arthur Bartlett Maurice

ANNE PARRISH was, indirectly at least, the godmother of Samuel Hopkins Adams's *Siege*. One day she said to Mr. Adams, "Why doesn't some one write the story of a baronial family in America? One of the great mill families, for example, who, controlling and directing the industries of a place, become in time the place itself? Why don't you write it?" "That is just the idea that I have been carrying for a long time," said Mr. Adams. "I have talked it over with Meredith Nicholson who himself thought of writing it, but then decided that he could not see his way clear. Have you any particular family definitely in mind?" "How about the Duponts of Wilmington, Delaware?" "Good," said Mr. Adams, "I start for Wilmington."

He did so. In Wilmington he settled down, gathered his material and began the writing of the story. But in time qualms of conscience came. Studying his models at close range, he found in the family so many admirable qualities, such a spirit of public service, so much generosity and kindliness, that to portray them directly did not seem quite like fair play. He discarded much of what he had acquired, retaining merely an incident here, a trait there. He returned to his own home in Auburn, New York, to carry on the work, and shifted the scene of the tale to New England. He knew the New England mill town. After all, the life of such a family is much the same, whether the setting of the scene be in Delaware, New England or New York. The Rock, the Choral Society, the village of Habersham, were to be found in one state as well as another. The dominating figure of *Siege*, the old *grande dame*, Augusta Ruyland; probably the best of all Samuel Hopkins Adams's creations, was not a Dupont at all, but a composite, with a bit taken from Mr. Adams's own grandmother, another bit from the mother of a man who was his close friend and literary collaborator. Among Mr. Adams's more important books, *Siege* is the exception in that it contains very few portraits drawn from the living model. There was one such portrait, the revolutionist Borck, who was taken from "Wild Bill" Heyward. Like Borck, Heyward, supposed by his conservative enemies to have been a product of the slums, was in reality sprung from sturdy old American Revolutionary stock.

By way of contrast take *Success*, an arraignment of the venality of journalism that invites comparison with Balzac's terrible picture of the Parisian journalism of the 1830's, in the second part of *Illusions perdues*, and Maupassant's scourging of the newspaper of the 1890's in *Bel-Ami*. In *Success* the identity of nearly every character blazed forth from thin disguise. There were thousands of readers eager to point out that the hero Banneker was Arthur Brisbane, that Marrineal was William Randolph Hearst, that Poultney Masters was J. P. Morgan, that Harvey Wheelright was Harold Bell Wright,

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that George Bland was Frank Crane, that General Bussey was Colonel Mann, that the "Patriot" was the *American,* the "Ledger" the old *Sun* of the Dana days and that the "Searchlights" was *Town Topics.* Those readers with a more intimate knowledge of the New York newspaper and magazine world of the time went farther, identifying Gordon as Chester S. Lord, Mallory as George B. Mallen, Gaines as S. S. McClure and Edmonds as Charles Edward Russell.

The case of *Success* was also the case of *The Clarion,* the earlier novel dealing with newspaper life in a medium-sized city in New York State. The seed idea of both books was the malign influences that are at work in American journalism, the political pull and the pressure of powerful advertisers distorting the real news. Besides that in *The Clarion* Mr. Adams drew upon his own experiences encountered when engaged in ferreting out and exposing medical quacks and dangerous patent medicines. Incidentally that campaign involved Mr. Adams and the publications carrying the articles in libel suits amounting to millions of dollars, the total damage awarded being the sum of six cents. For the chief character of *The Clarion* the author went directly to Dr. Hartmann of "Peruna" fame. He told Dr. Hartmann just what he intended to do, and Dr. Hartmann welcomed the idea as good advertising for himself and his "remedy", and subsequently never resented the portraiture. For there was a Jekyll side as well as a Hyde side to the Dr. Surtaine of the story. Unethical and unscrupulous in business, which he regarded as a war in which all things are fair, he was keen in human sympathy; in his personal relations uniformly generous, kindly and benevolent.

The particular city of *The Clarion* has been a subject of discussion, but Rochester, New York, might with justice advance its claim. The Hard Scrabblers, the unruly element that played a conspicuous part in the early chapters, were a bit of local history. They were a band of outlaws of American stock that set up a government and crude legal system of their own. Their region centered about Skaneateles which, by the way, was probably the first of all fashionable American resorts, with a fame that dates back to the first decade of the Nineteenth Century when the Patroon families of New York City spent their summers there, travelling by boat to Albany, and thence by coach through the Mohawk Valley. Later the journey was made through the Erie Canal. For Surtaine in his early cart-tail days, ballyhooing patent medicine at country fairs, Mr. Adams grafted upon Dr. Hartmann the experiences of the father of John D. Rockefeller, a famous "medicine man" of the pioneer days of the Middle West.

The first title designed for *The Clarion* was "Whose Bread I Eat" from the old Scotch proverb: "Whose bread I eat—his song I sing". It is used in the course of the story and Mr. Adams still believes that it would have been a better title than the one eventually chosen. Similarly, he prefers "Banneker", the original name, to *Success,* since the latter is an ironic title, and ironic titles are never good. While on the subject of titles the information may be offered that *Revelry* was first seen as "Panorama", a title afterwards applied to the most important chapter of the book.

In the course of the many guesses about the real identities of the characters of *Success* there were various surmises as to the heroine, Camilla Van Arsdale. Actually she was pure invention, as was also the heroine of *Revelry,* though many readers of the latter book hazarded the wild guess, Countess Czicka, and the even wilder guess, Alice Longworth. Never was either of these ladies even remotely in mind. The name, Camilla Van Arsdale, Mr. Adams found on a rural free delivery letter box, but soon after he had the curious experience of finding an actual Camilla Van Arsdale, of whom he had previously never heard, a guest at his own house. For most of the names of his characters he

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goes to the tombstones of country churchyards, a convenient expedient, since he writes mostly of native American stock.

A word about the relatively minor stories. There is *The Mystery,* on which Mr. Adams and Stewart Edward White collaborated twenty-five years ago. Its suggestion was a then recent enigma of the sea. A merchant ship, sailing the Pacific, fell in with a vessel, rolling along with all sails set, but with no other visible signs of life. Hailing bringing no response, a boat was manned and lowered, and a crew sent aboard the stranger, which was found to be absolutely deserted, although the most careful examination showed no reason for the abandonment. A crew was placed in charge, and the two vessels proceeded in the same direction. In a night storm they were for a time separated. The following morning the stranger was again seen sailing along, but signalling brought no answer, and a second crew that was sent aboard found the fires still burning, but again the amazing absence of human life. Volunteers composed the third crew. Another night storm and the stranger vanished utterly and was never heard of more. The collaborators accepted the mystery as a challenge and wrote the story.

Of the same period and in somewhat the same vein was *The Flying Death,* which grew out of the weird remoteness of Montauk Point at the end of Long Island as it remained until only a year or so ago. Mr. Adams when a young reporter spent a month's vacation there and simply had to write a story about it. The stories that make up *Average Jones* were merely exercises in mental gymnastics. *The Unspeakable Perk* was planned and partly written at its scene, Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. Then there were the tales that composed *Our Square and the People In It.* The characters running through it, "The Bonnie Lassie", MacLachlan, "The Little Red Doctor", "Cyrus the Gaunt" and the rest, were almost entirely invention. The Square itself was a composite of Stuyvesant Square, where Mr. Adams once lived, and Tompkins Square far over on New York's East Side.

But among all of Mr. Adams's novels there is one in particular that above all the rest has been damned, applauded, and discussed. That is *Revelry,* the story of an administration. The idea, setting and plot were born of an hour on the golf links. There, between more or less futile jabs at a white ball, the author visualized that room in "The Little Green House", the men grouped round the table, the ring of the poker chips, the half-emptied glasses, the air heavy with tobacco smoke. The rest of the tale was drawn freely from the Congressional Record. Almost verbatim from the Record was the description of the oil well captured by United States Marines. Mr. Adams has never defended *Revelry.* He has felt that no defense is needed. He believes that if the time ever comes for a full summing up, *Revelry* will be recognized as one of the kindliest, fairest and most tolerant portraits of the man who was the book's chief protagonist.

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THE NEW BRITANNICA

by Henry Noble MacCracken
(PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE)

"WHAT do you think of the new *Britannica?*" The question is an appalling one. It is like being asked, "What is your opinion of America?" An encyclopaedia with the history of the *Britannica* is continental in dimensions. It has as many aspects as life itself. To review the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* would be to possess an encyclopaedic mind. Doubtless groups of scholars will undertake reviews of it, but surely no one person would think of such a daring adventure. Yet even a brief tour in America is better than never to have seen America at all, and perhaps this brief note on my impression of a summer's excursion into the fourteenth edition may be helpful to other general readers of such publications.

My tour lasted about four weeks. I was accompanied by a group of friends of various professions who journeyed with me, though less extensively, through many of the volumes. Thus my account, though general in nature, is to some extent composite and represents more than one point of view.

Wholeheartedly, then, I can commend to others a similar trip. The fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is one of the most potent instruments of adult education that have ever been devised. It is not merely a great compendium of facts covering man's world as known to the Twentieth Century. It is also a vast body of organized public opinion, treating some of the most difficult questions of the day, casting the weight of its authority and its appeal upon the side of civilization, of international understanding and good will. Its articles are sketches of the field of knowledge, designed less to be definitive than to stimulate further study suggested by bibliographical reference. It is, above all, an encyclopaedia of the Twentieth Century, and of the third decade of the Twentieth Century; an encyclopaedia of the time, almost of the day. Rising above the neutrality of timidity, it speaks out clearly and fearlessly on many themes. One may not agree with some of the authors honored by the *Encyclopaedia,* but one must at least respect the publication that gives them this great forum of mankind.

Two examples of this positive quality may be cited. Professor T. H. Morgan of the California Institute of Technology writes the article on "Lamarckism". While presenting quite fairly the views of Lamarckists, Professor Morgan at the same time refutes these views from the standpoint of the greatest living expert in the field of genetics. Similarly in another field, the distinguished statesman, T. G. Masaryk, gives his view of Czechoslovakia, a political instrument largely of his own creation. The tone of such articles, though the subjects are open to controversy, is yet sufficiently judicial to satisfy an inquiring mind. One feels that, although there is probably another side to the picture, at least one side, and probably the most important, has been fairly treated by a real authority.

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More controversial than these is the life of Lenin by Trotzky. Here the subject on which people feel more violently perhaps than on any other is presented by an extreme advocate, and the reader infers at least that all is said that can be said in behalf of a great world figure of his time. It has taken courage to open the *Encyclopaedia* to such advocates, and this courage breeds respect.

I have said that the dominant impression of such an excursion as I have taken during the past months is a living in the present world, in the world of this very day. The sense of up-to-dateness in this encyclopaedia is extraordinary. It is conveyed by simultaneous advance toward publication of all the volumes, by the inclusion in every article where statistics are used of the very latest statistics, and of the addition of the latest "stop-press" news up to the very moment of printing to every article dealing with contemporary life. It is further strengthened in fields of social activity by a fuller treatment than I have ever seen of contemporary movements, especially in practical and applied arts. It is carried out in the bibliographies by reference chiefly to the latest books upon the subject, which, containing as they do complete lists of the standard works, are sufficient guide for the average student or more mature reader. Still more modern is the recognition of the latest advance in scientific study, which makes certain aspects of the work, especially in the applied sciences, almost as fascinating as the popular magazines on mechanics. An illustration of this quality was cited in the article on "Twins" with its illustrations, a subject to which no reference was made in the eleventh edition of a few years ago.

Yet, although this fourteenth edition is a mirror of our age, the great past has not been slighted. It is a pleasure to see an old friend restored to its columns, as in the case of Watts-Dunton's article on "Poetry", so much in demand by readers of the art. Macaulay's essay on "Johnson" is still in its classical niche. Such masterly essays as Barker's "History of the Crusades" are retained in this edition. Especially, it has seemed to this reader, the whole field of Greek civilization in art, sculpture, architecture, literature, politics and other phases, has been described with an authority worthy of the traditional bond between Ancient Greece and modern England. In emphasizing, therefore, the importance of this work as a reference book, probably the most valuable single enterprise in existence for general adult education, this aspect of historical catholicity and solid authority is not forgotten.

It is impressive, for anyone who has tried to edit a book, to attempt to imagine the labor involved in securing many of the articles. The description of the Kellogg Treaty outlawing war comes, for example, from ex-Secretary Kellogg himself. The description of the later work of the League of Nations comes from Lord Robert Cecil. The description of the literature of the Hittites, so recently deciphered, comes from Professor Orozny. Throughout the volume not only are the latest discoveries described, but they are described by the discoverers themselves; and, as I have said, Zanzibar is just as fully treated as Albania. This indeed is something new in encyclopaedias.

Will this modernity soon be outmoded? Time alone can tell. Some motor cars are so well designed that they hold their style for years. The *Britannica,* it seems to me, though up to date, is built along solid and permanent lines. Its standards of good taste are never out of style.

The earlier editions of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* were like the earlier curriculum of the university, chiefly confined to philosophy, history, and pure science. The fourteenth edition has spread like the curriculum of the university over a much wider range of knowledge. I can imagine some austere colleagues turning away with scorn from the extended space given to the article on carpets and rugs, with its magnificent reproductions in color; yet the modern universities in

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their courses in art give ample space to the history of the rug, and the Persian carpet is no less interesting in history than the Greek sculpture. Modern taste, by the way, even in the latter, appears in the volume when the Venus of Cyrene is given preference as a full-page illustration over the Venus of Milo.

But this encyclopaedia goes even further than the arts. It gives extended space to industrialism and to commerce, to banking and to trade. Most of the large business enterprises of the English-speaking world are listed under specific articles, replacing many of the forgotten Scotch worthies whose biographies covered so many columns of the earlier editions of the *Britannica.*

Most significant of all in this development of a standard reference for the whole English-speaking world is the recognition of the United States of America as a world force. It is even more significant in this international encyclopaedia than in one primarily developed for the American public alone. The contemporary social scheme in these states is given a surprising recognition as, for example, in the article "Harlem" by a leading representative of the Negro literary world. American books and newspapers are quoted everywhere. American authorities have written many of the articles. Automobile route-maps of the states under their respective headings indicate the supremacy of the motor car in American transportation. Etchings of the great centers of city life create a vivid impression of the stir and motion of American growth, such as must amaze the European reader. Indeed, there could be no better index of the place now filled by the United States in the mental horizon of Great Britain than this fourteenth edition of the *Britannica.* This recognition extends to the smallest detail. The article on auction bridge, for example, gives equal place to British and to American rules for the latest developments of the game.

In short, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* puts a girdle around the world, not in forty minutes, as Puck promised to do, or in twenty days, as the Zeppelin did, but in twenty-odd volumes. The twenty-four thousand pages present a vivid, definite sketch of the universe as we know it. They must become one of the chief sources of reference for hundreds of thousands of college and high school students who will consult its pages as a guide book before starting out on their own voyage of discovery.

They will probably not go to it, even with the vast weight of authority that it possesses, as did the readers of earlier generations to the *Britannica* of their day. The fourteenth edition will probably not so much settle questions as stimulate questioning, but this is in accord with the temper of the time, and particularly in accord with the temper of the student of today. Older students may regret the absence in the bibliographies of the standard works of the past. Closer inspection will suggest that the present edition has the substance rather than the appearance of authority, and if this edition has gone further into the vexed questions of our day than any other encyclopaedia thought wise, it will at least remain a more vivid picture of what the people of our time were thinking and saying. What Corbett thinks about architecture, for example, is a prophesy rather than a description, but it is a record of the Twentieth Century and one worth preservation. I think college students will be less likely to crib its pages for themes than they did in the past. I guess that they will think twice before they give as their own opinions some of the judgments in these articles, but that they will be stimulated to more active mental processes by the reading of its pages I have no doubt. In my own field of medieval literature, I am quite content that the article on "Chaucer" should refer in its modern bibliography only to the standard manuals, while sections such as that on "Race" by Fairchild, which are too modern for such manuals, receive a full presentation.

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My impressions would be incomplete if I omitted reference to some of the more serious aspects of the *Britannica.* As one would expect with Garvin's editorship, the *Encyclopaedia* stands strongly for peace and good feeling, and particularly for British-American understanding. The British tradition of fair play is given full sway here. The Irish Free State is just as freely treated as Northern Ireland. Leagues, treaties, alliances, armies, navies and wars are all dealt with from a standpoint of statesmanship that is in harmony with current feeling.

What is true of the world of politics is true also, as far as one can see, of the worlds of philosophy and religion. The *Britannica* is neither irreverent nor cynical. It is not a destructive, but a constructive instrument of civilization. One of the best statements of the aim of modern religion that I have ever read is at the end of Marett's article: "The quickening of the will to face life earnestly". Vast, perplexing, infinitely complicated is modern life, and one can no longer see it whole perhaps, but one can look at it wholesomely and steadily. This seems to the writer to be the ideal of the editors of the *Britannica.* This temper of scholarship, of fairness, of undismayed idealism, is a blend much needed in the world of thought. Disillusion and sophistication have had their day and have run their course. The students of the next age are tired of them. The *Britannica* is of the coming rather than of the passing generation. An excursion in its pages is invigorating. It is a visit to the heights.

Of the many mechanical devices adopted by the new edition, I need not speak. They will at once strike the reader of the earlier editions. Greater emphasis upon the casual glance of visual education in general, upon graphs of all kinds, will be noted at once. Less easily perceptible is the equalization of emphasis of an interest on the whole world rather than on the English-speaking world. The recognition of women as readers also is made as never before. Although American women's colleges are not referred to by Cubberley in his discussion of higher education in America, this omission is atoned for by many articles in the fields of primary interest to women. Dr. Josephine Baker's explicit directions on the correct way of bathing a baby seem at first sight strange material for the great *Britannica,* but in the policy of humanizing this is wholly natural and the page will probably be as much read as any other article. The great literature that has arisen in the last few years to make science intelligible to the reading woman will welcome the new *Britannica* as a powerful ally.

In one household at least, the fourteenth edition will replace the eleventh at the very focus of family activity, as an indispensable household aid. It will occupy a bookstand in the smallest room in the house, which is also the busiest. On top of the little stand, the household telephone will give access to the speech of men; while on the shelves below, the *Britannica* will wait to serve our need for the written word, as a great clearing house of civilized intercourse.

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A LETTER FROM ABROAD

by Rebecca West

Ethel Colburn Mayne's Life of Lady Byron—An apology for a mis-statement—How literary history becomes distorted—The religious mania which did not afflict Henry James—The fifteen years which Arnold Bennett did not spend in Dartmoor Prison—An analysis of the strange psychology of the Byron household—Byron-worship—A meeting with Colette.

Provence, France, September.

As I stood on the platform at St. Raphael, waiting for the train to come and take me up to Paris to see Emanie Sachs, I opened my *Continental Daily Mail* and read a paragraph which caught my attention very painfully. It related to the most popular book of the London summer season, which is *The Life of Lady Byron,* by Ethel Colburn Mayne, a distinguished woman of letters (in physique, by the way, the double of Elsie de Wolfe) who is not so well known in America as she ought to be. Ever since the *Yellow Book* she has done excellent work in the way of translation, short stories (she is responsible for one of the best contributions to that collection of mystery stories, *The Omnibus of Crime,* that Payson & Clarke have just brought out), and biography. The present volume is a pendant to her life of Byron, which is generally admitted to be the best yet written. This paragraph did not relate, sad to say, to the conspicuous success and merits of the book. It was such as wrings with sympathy the heart of any fellow author and sends to his lips a prayer that so it may never be with him.

In fact, it was a letter of apology from Miss Mayne, in which she expressed regret for a mis-statement she had made. In *The Life of Lady Byron* she had alleged that Marie (the daughter whom Medora Leigh, herself the child of Byron and his half-sister Augusta, incestuously conceived by her sister's husband) changed her name to Ada, lived in Paris in the constant performance of good works, founded the Ada Leigh Homes for Girls, and ultimately married the Archbishop of Ontario. This had struck me when I read it as a most singular example of how even the weariest river may wind somewhere safe to an archiepiscopal see.

But, alas, it was not true. Suddenly there appeared before Miss Mayne the angry descendants of the aged but still living Ada and the defunct Archbishop, armed with incontrovertible proofs that they were the result not of the confused illicitness of the Byron family but of the ordered legitimacies of various Manchester citizens. The embarrassment this situation has brought on the Archbishop's family is as nothing to the light it throws on the difficulties of the biographer. Miss Mayne is the most scrupulous of writers. It is not conceivable that she should have committed herself to a statement so bizarre, so likely to be untrue, without receiving what purported to be a full verification. In fact, somebody, sometime or other, must have lied.

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What a constant war is waged against the possibility of ascertaining the truth by the addiction of this eternal somebody to the pleasures of the lie! I myself received a salutary warning on the subject early in my career, at a time when I was sitting at the feet of a certain English writer, whose indubitable genius made me accept every word he said as gospel and blinded me to the fact that his creativeness cannot bear to let him go free when he stops work, but hands him over to its dark brother, mendacity. Because I knew that for many years he had been an intimate of Henry James, I once asked him what mood that great man had been in, so far as his personal life was concerned, when he wrote *The Sacred Fount*. For it had seemed to me that this extraordinary interpretation of English social life must have been due to contact with some charming personality, or set of personalities, which had excited the elderly Mr. James's admiration for our aristocracy (always rather excessive) to an orgy of imagination, during which he attributed to it a grace and subtlety as remote from its original theme as the Diabelli variations are from theirs. To my surprise my mentor answered, showing a slight, well-bred hesitation, "Well . . . it was just about that time . . . but you must never tell anybody . . . you promise you will never tell anybody?" I promised. "It was about that time," he continued "that poor Henry had the first of his really bad attacks." "What really bad attacks?" I asked. Over his moony countenance passed that decent and melancholy expression, combined with a peculiar look as if he would like to be able to twitch his ears in some significant direction, which some people wear when they speak of a friend who suffers from an affliction of a certain sort. *"Oh!"* I breathed; and plucked up my courage later to ask in a hushed voice, "What form did it take?" "Religious mania," he answered shortly. "Poor Henry . . . but you must never tell anybody. . . ."

I was dumbfounded; and indeed it would have been very interesting if Henry James's nature had revolted against the diet of the secular to which he had restricted it all his life long and had precipitated him into the most violent kind of those crises which William James, never having thwarted himself, was able to examine in detachment. "Poor creature!" I said; and remembering how much he had loved his house at Rye I asked, "Was he so bad that he had to leave home? Did they have to send him into an asylum?" "No," said the authority. "They were lucky enough at the very beginning to find a nurse who understood him perfectly. A Miss Gye. Rather a handsome woman, of the Spanish type. You know, heavy down on the upper lip. Oh, I've often met them walking in the streets of Rye. One could see them a long way off, because of her uniform. She wore a shoulder cape of thick blue stuff, with a scarlet lining that showed when she walked. Whenever I saw that scarlet I used to turn and run. I couldn't bear to see Henry . . . like that." He relapsed into silence, which I respected. "Funny thing," he said, at length, "do you know what soothed Henry more quickly than anything else, when he was like that?" I couldn't imagine. "Those ginger biscuits children eat, made in shapes like animals. Give him some of those, and he'd be as good as gold. Miss Gye found that out. She was the kind of woman who would."

* * *

I went home and, with tears standing in my eyes because of the sufferings of Henry James and the motherliness of Miss Gye, I inscribed these and many other details my mentor gave me in a diary I used to keep in those days; and set in the margin a solemn note that these pages were not to be published after my death until it was perfectly certain that no persons whom they might offend survived. There they might have remained to play the devil with literary history had I not happened, when I was sitting in my men-

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tor's room a week later, to emerge from a reverie, saying, "I wonder if Miss Gye could tell us if the lunacy of a genius presents any features that distinguish it from the lunacy of an ordinary man". To this my mentor disconcertingly replied, "What's that? Who is Miss Gye?" I gaped and said, "Why, Henry James's nurse". Blandly he enquired, "Which nurse? Do you mean one of those he had when he was dying?" "Why, no," I stammered. "The one who looked after him when he had religious mania." "When he had religious mania! My dear child!" exclaimed my astonished mentor. "Who on earth has been filling you up with this stuff? Henry James never had religious mania. He was one of the sanest human beings that the world has ever seen!" My gape must have been one of the widest the world has ever seen. "But it was you who told me he had religious mania," I stammered. "Me!" he exclaimed. "My dear child, you're dreaming! Believe me, I never told you any such story, and I should hate it," he added, with something of a heavy-father manner, "to be thought I ever had repeated any such gossip about an old and cherished friend."

I was beyond comment. It did occur to me as a solution of the mystery that perhaps he doubted my discretion and was trying to withdraw the confidence he had made in a moment of rashness, but I was relieved of that idea by the expression on his wife's face as she lifted her eyes from her embroidery and turned on him a prolonged and steady gaze. (They afterwards separated.) It also becomes charged with sinister import that Gye rhymes with Rye. There is such a thing as clang association. Yet who could have failed to believe the tale at the first telling? So much more real than most people is Miss Gye, with the heavy down on her upper lip, her cape with the scarlet lining, and her tender knowledgeableness about animal crackers and the afflicted, that I cannot help feeling she has attained a kind of reality. She may not have nursed Henry James through his religious mania, but she does occupy a post as kennelmaid on the slopes of the moon, to tend the chimera, the unicorn, and the new-born centaurs.

* * *

It was not of this war between the god of phantasy and the god of fact that St. Paul spoke when he said "In this war there is no discharge", but it might well have been. In Chicago, once, I came across an amateur of letters who was wedded to the delusion that Mr. Arnold Bennett had in his hot youth murdered the false friend who had stolen his mistress from him and had by consequence spent fifteen years in Dartmoor Prison. The mistake was due to the fascinating conversational style, at once so elliptical and yet so vivid, so like first-class tennis, of Mr. Thomas Beer. In describing the life of a literary man who had indeed thus complicated his early career, he had served a phrase which had been meant to convey that on the unfortunate's release from prison he had received some kindness from Mr. Bennett, but which had suffered in its tenth relative clause some disorder of its flight, so that it dropped inches outside the court. I had the greatest difficulty in convincing the Chicagoan that Mr. Arnold Bennett comes high in the class (creditably large, I think we may flatter ourselves) of authors who can be trusted to leave the death-rate as it was; and indeed it seemed almost a pity when I did, for he had evolved a perfectly corking theory that Mr. Bennett writes as he does about ordinary things with extraordinary fervor because of the glamour which the common round had had for him when he languished in jail.

With the world this way it seems shocking bad luck that a writer who has worked so nobly as Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne to free the objective reality of her theme from all such strands of chokeweed should have been let in for such a whale of a Miss Gye as the identification of Marie Leigh and the Archbishopess. Never was a biography less

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a mere skeleton of facts. It reproduces the characteristic rhythm and counter-rhythm of life in the way the persons of its story talk and talk and talk and weave a close-textured cloth of rationalization on the subject of their affairs, yet reveal by the vehemence of their expression, which does not completely synchronize with the sense of their words, and by the broad outlines of their doings, that they are enacting a psychic drama involving issues far profounder than they ever own with their lips; issues of vital importance to the race, such as are obscurely stated in the Greek myths.

It is all done not by speculation, nor even by interpretation, but by presentation of the right material. An example of the benefits of Miss Mayne's pre-Strachey method is the chapter that deals with the superficially useless and idiotic interview that took place between Lady Byron and Augusta Leigh at Reigate in 1851. It is impossible to make out what the two women intended to talk about ("we may not have it in our power, Augusta, to meet again in this life, and to do so might be the means of leaving to both of us a remembrance of deep though sad thankfulness"—and Augusta was "prepared to give and receive any explanations that concerned herself") or what good they could have imagined could come from such an incredibly deferred post-mortem; for it was over a quarter of a century since Byron had died at Missolonghi, nearly fifty years since he had loved them and destroyed them. Yet when they face each other, and Lady Byron flares up in rage, and Augusta huddles in a heap before her, we cannot help but perceive that we have no need to unwind the tangled skein of their argument to find out what they are at. For the moment they are figures of mythic dignity. In the one are incarnated those forces which fight against incest, and will not let life turn back on itself and abandon the task of extending its empire. In the other are incarnated those forces which are all for incest, and inertia, and doing with what one can find on one's own hearthstone, and making as sluggish and easy a passage as may be back to the nothingness out of which one came.

* * *

Miss Mayne's book has been attacked in certain quarters, as it was bound to be, because of its necessary accounts of Lord Byron's cruelty to his wife. For some reason that I have never been able to fathom, there are two persons who must never be spoken of candidly in English letters under pain of evoking a hornet's nest of hysterical outcries: one is Byron, the other is Tolstoy. This last loyalty is making the lives of reviewers rather hard just now, since both the earlier and the later *Diaries* of Countess Tolstoy have been brought out, which reveal her husband as a monster of hypocrisy—particularly as to sexual relations, which he denounced publicly as unclean and then exacted not spasmodically but regularly from his wife in a peculiarly unpleasant manner —and of inhuman callousness ("Sonya is suffering as much as ever," he writes cantankerously in his journal only a month after she had buried her favorite child, "and is unable to rise to a religious level. The reason is that she has confused all her spiritual powers with her animal love for her child."). And the first has hit Miss Mayne in some unexpected places, notably in *The Manchester Guardian,* which published a cold half-column declaring that though the book was well-written it was unpardonable to write any book on that particular subject. Yet oddly enough the biography, though it shrinks from setting down no detail of Lord Byron's extravagant brutalities to his wife, ends by showing something very different from the picture of black devil and white angel that was presented by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Nothing is more apparent when one has studied the life of Lady Byron than that it was only at moments that she was the incarnation of the forces which fight incest; and

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those passionate moments had their points of resemblance to the fervid temperance sermons of a preacher who has from time to time known an overwhelming desire to get drunk. Though she was martyred, there can be no doubt that she was delivered over to her martyrdom by a strain in herself which, though less positive than that of Lord Byron, was hardly less morbid. Anybody who had a normal reaction to the idea of incest would have left Lord Byron at any time throughout that amazing honeymoon, during which he plainly intimated that he was in love with his sister, and could not possibly have stayed with him throughout the subsequent visit to Augusta, during which he freely gave the grossest details of their relationship and acknowledged the paternity of Augusta's child. It is simply not conceivable that a sane woman with a good home and decent parents should not have retreated to them. Of course, it is possible that her incredibly protracted refusal to admit to herself that she knew what she was being told over and over again, and her equally amazing friendship with Augusta, who from her incoherent correspondence seems to have been a high grade moron (one of her children was imbecile), had a sentimental explanation. She may have been so infatuated with Byron that she was determined not to be prised apart from him until she was hewn off. But such a degree of infatuation itself requires an explanation. It is impossible to avoid suspecting that though Lady Byron's conscious accepted the ordinances of civilization, her unconscious had something of the same regressive kink as her husband's; and that this conflict between her conscious and her unconscious made her seek out an incestuous situation, thoroughly embroil herself in it, and then (as she had an extremely well-cultivated conscious) repudiate it.

* * *

That this is the real reason why she married Byron, bore her child in such madhouse intimacy with the deplorable Augusta, and then left him, is confirmed by her astonishing behavior when, thirteen years later, she again came in contact with incest. It horribly happened that Medora Leigh, although still a schoolgirl, had been got hold of by her older sister, Georgiana, and her sister's husband, Henry Trevanion, a scoundrel of unusual blackness, and induced to become his mistress, with the result that by the time she was fifteen she was expecting a child. The Trevanions had no money and the situation was catastrophic. Lady Byron very handsomely came to the rescue with money, but behaved in the oddest way conceivable for a woman who had expressed such loathing of incest. She did not inform Augusta, nor Augustas husband, Colonel Leigh, who though a ne'er-do-well had decent enough feelings on these subjects. Simply she supplied funds for Medora to go and have her child at Calais . . . with the Trevanions. Nor did she attempt to control the situation when Medora returned to England, still with the Trevanions, and lived with her mother, who was still in ignorance of the intrigue, in conditions such as made it inevitable that she should again be expecting a child.

Lady Byron appears to have done nothing whatsoever to protect the unfortunate child, of whom it is piteously reported that after she returned from France she seemed greatly changed and refused to go out in society, "though hitherto she had much enjoyed the public amusements and children's dances to which she had been taken from a very early age". All this led to Medora's eloping with Trevanion (at Georgiana's instigation) to France, where she twice again became a mother before she was twenty, and was subjected to every sort of cruelty at his hands. It is true that in 1840 Lady Byron again rescued Medora, in the last stages of weakness and misery; but it is significant that she did not do this till the association between Medora and Trevanion had been terminated—till, in fact, she was not interfering with incest.

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When one has read Miss Mayne's account one can no longer see the Byron marriage as an unequal yoking of saint and devil. Rather there seems about it a hideous fundamental suitability; both parties were dominated by the same idea. Only those whose attachment to Lord Byron was a neurotic fixation on a personification of cruelty and abnormality can possibly resent the publication of this book.

* * *

How curious are the proceedings of the human mind when they are making these personifications! A considerable part of Byron-worship is just such a perverse adoration of his evil characteristics. But another sort of Byron-worship regards him as the personification of that Defiance which he celebrated in his poetry—the revolt of the soul against its own development, and the affirmation of its desire to regress and disintegrate. As this is a state into which all human beings fall from time to time, it is not unnatural that they should admire a figure who can stand for themselves in that plight; and who can stand for it, moreover, with such gallantry. But to disguise the real nature of this Byron-worship and present it in self-gratulatory terms, its followers pretend that what they admire in him is his single-handed stand against social institutions of a cramping kind. Yet nothing is more clear than that he was no such revolutionary. He stood alone in nothing. Even his incest was no unique gesture. It is a practice that constantly springs up in families as mentally diseased as his. At the hour which, if the popular account of him were true, should have been his apotheosis, when Lady Byron had left him and the town was up in arms against him, he was utterly crushed and was heard, poor wretch, "weeping in his room".

* * *

I said to myself, as I stood on the platform at St. Raphael, that I must find out where St. Affrique might be. For it was in that small town in the South of France that Medora, strayed somehow there with an unidentified husband, lay down and died, when she was but thirty-five; and it might be that one could come on some traces of her still. To that end I moved back into the station to buy a railway time-table at the bookstall, but did not fulfill my intention because I collided in the doorway with a middle-aged woman. She had something the stance of a Spanish fighting bull, and I felt a nervous impulse, as I retreated rapidly before her, to make it quite clear that I had never been a matador and had, indeed, always felt a peculiar affection and regard for bulls. Her face had a suggestion about it of the muzzle of a very fierce animal; and her eyes were prolonged by blue lines till the proportion they bore to the rest of her features was queerly non-human. She had taken from her shoulders a wine-colored scarf of very rich crêpe-de-Chine to slip through the collar of her bulldog as a lead; and one could believe she would deal as practically with the most precious fabric in the world if there was need.

Nothing I am cataloguing sounds endearing. Yet I forgot about the time-table, and there was no one in the station who did not watch her and let the pretty girls go hang. It appeared afterwards that it was the novelist, Colette, a personality so strong that for her parallel one has to go outside life to great literature and cite the Wife of Bath. For thirty years she has been putting into infallible artistic form her gross, wise, limited, eternal views about life, at times leaving *The Well of Loneliness* beaten at the post, at times producing little candid pearls of innocence, since these too are aspects of the universe. It seemed odd that when one had just been thinking about Byron one should come on a modern instance of that same curious capacity, found in association with creative power, for being, even apart from the work of their creation, immeasurably more interesting than anybody else.

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THE PRINTED WORD

by Wilson Follett

ALTOGETHER FEMININE

From the flotsam of the morning mail I extract a financial circular entitled *Time—And What It Means in Achieving Investment Success* (the capitalization is its, not mine), which begins with these sentences:

> Buying securities for quick profits is a very dangerous form of "investing." More often it leads to "quick losses" rather than to "quick profits."

Farther along I read: "These people are the sort of speculators that 'pools' thrive on"; and the last sentence of all, about a different class of speculators, declares: "Their reward increases as 'time' goes on". It is impossible to read thus much without the instant surmise that the text was composed by no one of the honorables and venerables whose names are listed as sponsors for the investments advertised, but rather by one of their efficient lady secretaries. The conclusion may be erroneous in one example at random, but it will apply accurately to eleven cases in a chance dozen —the clue being, not the wholesome rectitude of the sentiments expressed, but the ample sugaring of quotation marks with which their expression is besprinkled.

So notoriously are women the quoting sex that the New York *World,* taking the fact for granted, recently inquired editorially why it is that women are so much given to the overuse of quotation marks in their writing. The *World* thereby precipitated one of those free-for-all discussions which will rage in the correspondence columns of any metropolitan (or other) journal until the editor commits suicide or a press of news preëmpts the space. Mr. William McFee pithily supplied a two-fold answer to the *World's* question: (a) women have "an unconscious feeling that they ought not to be writing at all and that a few quotes will disarm criticism", and (b) quotation marks are "regarded by many women as a sure sign of a sense of humor". The *World* itself eventually qualified its first assumption by discovering in the lavish use of inverted commas not so much the feminine as the amateur touch. The amateur writer of either sex, according to the *World,* uses quotation marks to convey that he could write ever so much more proficiently if he had the time and energy to take pains. "These are not the words he really meant to wear, but merely what came to hand as he grabbed a few things on his way out of the house." And the editorial writer went on to execute a neat parody of the amateur mannerism described:

> The "alibi" sign is the "quotation mark," if you will pardon such a "term." And women, being more "touchy" about such things than men are, "go in" for many more apologetic "flutterings" than men do. At least that is the way, with Mr. McFee's "kind help," we have "figured it out."

Thus the *World* partly retracts its retraction, reaffirming the original point. It is a point well taken, and one amply corroborated almost every time a non-professional woman writer takes up the pen.

Of the modern textbooks which have added their horrors to the process of learning to write respectably, probably none has caused more suffering to the young than a certain *Handbook of Composition* assembled by, I

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think, a Professor Woolley. Nevertheless, I find myself regarding this very manual, after many years, with something like affection; and the reason is solely the length and felicity of its list of rules—all purely negative rules—about the use of quotation marks. Do not use them (I cite from memory) for nicknames as familiar as real names; do not use them for familiar or proverbial expressions not constituting complete grammatical or logical sense; do not use them "for the undignified and inartistic purpose of labelling your own humor or irony"; do not use them for this and that and the other. It takes, as I recall it, a good part of the alphabet to list these prohibitions *seriatim*. And at the end of all, probably in the neighborhood of *q*, comes a crowning sentence which must surely be the most pungent ever set down for a technical pedagogic object: "Finally, do not use quotation marks for no reason at all".

There, implied to perfection, is the definition of the quotation mark feminine. It is the quotation mark used for no reason at all. *E.g.*, "Their reward increases as 'time' goes on". *E.g.*, "She is devoted to her 'men'" (Grace Niès Fletcher, in an article on the wives of aviators in *McCall's Magazine*). *E.g.*, "the quality that shoe manufacturers call 'airiness'" (Hildegarde Fillmore, *McCall's* Beauty Editor, in the same). *E.g.*, "One would naturally suppose that the floral decoration of a house would be far more appealing to a garden lover than to one who takes 'green things' for granted", and "the muddy mixture known to country painters as 'mongrel'", and "a lady 'of a certain age'", and "Whatever the color of your house may be, planting that enhances its own personality must be 'pictured' against it", and "a serpentine 'park' driveway" (Emily Post, author of *Etiquette: the Blue Book of Social Usage*, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*). *E.g.*, "the finest type of 'public-school' man", "all which is recognized as 'good form'", "the English hatred of 'making a fuss'", "her largeness of conception as to what may constitute a 'dance'", "Enter one of such schools and you will find pupils of from five to eight engrossed chiefly with the 'three aren't's'" (Corinne Lowe, in *Pictorial Review*). *E.g.*, "an expression of 'that individual touch' we so enjoy bestowing upon our handiwork", and "Here, again, the 'sampler idea' should be considered" (Ethelyn J. Guppy, in *Needlecraft Magazine*).

Of the national magazines especially devoted to the interests of women and largely written by them, I discover none which applies even a moderately civilized degree of editorial restraint in the matter of purposeless quotation marks. In other editorial details they differ as widely as more general periodicals of great popularity. The *Ladies' Home Journal*, a Curtis publication, is in most particulars vastly better edited than other monthlies of its kind, as *The Saturday Evening Post*, likewise a Curtis publication, is better edited than its competitors. One would have to do some watching to catch the *Journal* printing such grammar as "The domestic Orientals come in both large as well as scatter sizes", or such sentences as these two:

> Dainty, small, exquisitely groomed, with the well-modulated voice of the trained concert singer, you could not imagine her swinging a pioneer musket or using a hoe.

> Like all who met Charmaine, the girl's sheer sweetness and beauty combined with her shy modesty appealed to Madame very strongly she prophesied a great conquest for *la petite ingénue*, and only regretted that it was too late in the season for her presentation.

—three examples of a hatful from one issue of *McCall's*, the last given exactly as printed in a serial by the world-conquering Ethel M. Dell. It would be genuinely shocking, too, to meet in the *Ladies' Home Journal* such a locution as

> an eminently eligible youth whom she knew had come in an unattached fashion so as to be able to free-lance about the college

which occurs in a *Pictorial Review* story by

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Dorothy Speare without seeming very noticeable. But the femine quotation mark riots unchecked in the Curtis magazine as elsewhere. In all other particulars the ladies' monthlies parallel other monthlies, printing the same errata with a frequency corresponding to their various lack of editorial vigilance; but in this single essentially feminine matter the best is like the worst, and in all of them the ladies make their own regulations.

It is, for example, as well established as anything in printers' usage that you quote a word to mark its use *as a word,* without reference to the meaning. To illustrate:

(a) Men called her beautiful.
(b) "Beautiful" has different meanings to different men.

But in the article by Mrs. Post quoted above, lo, we find an exact reversal of this sensible and rather necessary distinction:

(a) It is a well-known American habit to call all sorts of things "formal" that are not formal at all. . . . When people speak of "formal dinners," "formal houses," "formal gardens," one has no way of knowing . . .

(b) But using formal in its proper sense . . .

—two adjoining passages in which the quotes are meticulously supplied where nothing calls for them and as religiously omitted where they have some real work to do.

Women also use quotation marks in a variety of other gratuitous ways not in the canon. Two of the most frequent are to label obvious and familiar nicknames and to point out mere fag-ends of phrase that have become household words. *McCall's* prints as the caption of a half-tone: "An au revoir to 'Eddie' Stinson" and begins a story: "Madison Adams Wiley, known to his friends as 'Fish' Wiley . . ." In one of those laboriously pointless headings which the modern editor runs with the titles of articles, presumably to attract readers while infuriating authors, the same magazine prints: "The charms that music has 'to soothe the savage breast' merge in this tinseled story of Tin Pan Alley". And the department of *Pictorial Review* called "Just Among Ourselves", conducted by Marion Lambert, no less typically yields: "We hope that you get more of 'this world's goods' *some* day, dear lady". But neither trick is peculiarly feminine. They would fall outside the area of this exhibit but for the incidental fact that it is undoubtedly the race of schoolmarms which has kept them alive.

Less important, but hardly less frequent, among the workings of feminine intuition in this mechanical affair of punctuation is the ecstatic exclamation point—also used for no reason at all. The feeling behind this mannerism seems to be a vague and perverse desire to render the commonplace less hopelessly trite by calling special attention to it—with the inevitable result that its triteness is emphasized. Marion Lambert, quoted above, writes: "Up to this time I have answered all letters of the kind—and there are a great many of them!—personally, by mail"; also, "None of them would ever be needed if youth were but one-half as wise as it thinks it is!" Mrs. Francis King, in *McCall's,* begins an expository article: "The very smallest garden may have a peony!" and an editorial department of the same magazine opens thus:

At no time in the year does the homemaker on McCall Street need help more than in the summer! At this time she feels the need of more money to spend on summer vacations, baby is more fretful, cooking and household tasks become burdensome and she has neither time nor patience to plan a party!

The effect of the exclamation point with non-exclamatory matter is almost invariably to add the simper of affectation to what would otherwise be merely pedestrian and painless.

A prolonged consideration convinces me that, amazing as the conclusion seems at first thought, the celebrated quality of femininity in written style is almost strictly limited to punctuation. Women — apparently without

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any teaching or encouragement except from each other—have evolved their own idiom in the quotation mark, the exclamation point, the dash, the underline. So instinctive is many a woman's use of these devices where no man would think of using them that one actually hears them constantly in her oral utterance. To them alone is chargeable a good half of what are widely thought of as affectedly feminine traits in writing—the coo, the gurgle, the simper. Feminine punctuation alone can make a statistical essay on insurance read like baby-talk.

For the rest, I affirm with sobriety that the reputedly feminine qualities of style are not feminine. They are qualities trumped up by men for women's adoption, and accepted by women ready-made, exactly as the Paris fashions used to be. And the proof is all over the continent, in the form of the advertisements addressed to women—advertisements of household articles, foods, cosmetics, rugs, drugs, motor cars, furniture, jewelry. These advertisements are written by men in the cleverest advertising agencies; and they are by long odds the most abysmally simpering, affected, effeminate printed expressions of our contemporary world. They represent principally a few men's notion of what it would be profitable to commerce to have women be like in an economic scheme so largely dependent on women's enormous purchasing power. If in the end women begin conspicuously to resemble the pattern thus drawn for them, and to say, do, and buy what is expected of them, it is hardly to be wondered at. But all that is a separate story, much too long and involved to tell in this place.

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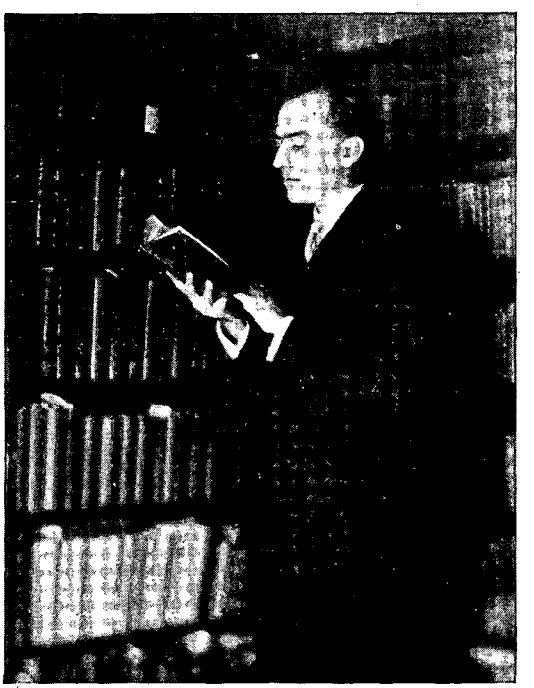
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF STUART SHERMAN.—In their two volume work *The Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman,* Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge have accomplished admirably that most difficult of tasks, the full-length portrait of a contemporary. And when the contemporary is as brilliant and vital a figure as Stuart Sherman, it necessarily follows that their book is the most important—and the most interesting—document on twentieth century American letters yet published.

Sherman entered deeply into the literary and intellectual currents of the day during his short but amazingly active career; his response to his times varied, but it was always vigorous; wherever he went he left his mark. The mass of material forced on his biographers must have been enormous, but they have displayed remarkable organizing ability, and furthermore have told the story with lucidity and charm. Minor faults are almost impossible to discover. It must be added, however, that the work has a major fault for which we are given no explanation: in spite of the frequent use of diaries, letters, and personal knowledge, Sherman's life is told almost entirely from the outside. There are long stretches when this does not matter, when we can find the man in his work. But to be told nothing of what went on in his mind during his two critical periods—namely, when he acquired a philosophy and when he changed it—leaves the reader baffled, and wondering whether essential material has not been omitted. As the authors say in their preface, "The emotional conflicts and the intellectual hesitations which appear in Sherman's career make a study of his life peculiarly interesting, and indeed essential to an understanding of his critical development". But never once do we see him in emotional conflict. We see him hesitating whether to accept this offer, whether to write that article, but never is there any *intellectual* hesitation. On one page he thinks or feels in a certain way; on a later page he has reversed himself. What went on in the meantime does not appear.

* * *

On the whole, Sherman's life makes sad reading, and not merely because of its abrupt conclusion. For whatever was the course of the unrevealed inner drama, it is abundantly clear that for all his brilliance, he was from



STUART SHERMAN
In his study at Urbana

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the beginning to the end a muddled man. He was highly gifted, he had many sound instincts, he was full of generous impulses, he was powerfully equipped with emotion and sensibility, but fundamentally he was unintelligent. That is the only way to account for the inconsistencies that lurked in his mind from the first, to grow greater as he progressed until in his last years inconsistency became his most conspicuous trait, baffling even his friends and obscuring his qualities. It becomes clear from a reading of his life that the well-known reversal which changed him from a champion of conservatism to a sympathetic explorer and interpreter of forces and individuals that he at first opposed, was not a reasoned alteration but merely the ousting of one bundle of emotions by another. His intellect never enabled him to sort out his ideas or find coherence in his conflicting emotions.

To many persons this shifting in Sherman's point of view made his position, in the words of his biographers, "essentially a median one; more nearly central, perhaps, than that of any of his contemporaries." And it is true that one can draw a diagram of forces and figures in which Sherman stands in the middle. Nevertheless this conception of Sherman's position is gravely misleading. It is usually taken to mean that he had absorbed all that was vital in his conservative teachers, and had then humanized this core of traditionalism by softening its rigidities and extending his sympathies to embrace the living impulses of his time. The difficulty with this picture is that some first principles were involved in Sherman's change, and in matters of first principles there is no such thing as a median position. At the end Sherman had forsaken most of the principles which with his early masters he considered essential, and was building his career around principles which he shared with all his former opponents. Even a cursory summary of his life such as we can make here should demonstrate this.

Sherman went through Williams and up to Harvard quite a splendid young man. He was attractive, versatile, energetic, full of poetry and passionately devoted to literature. Family responsibilities had matured him early. Both in high school and at Williams he had found his way to stimulating companions and to teachers who admirably guided his expanding love for letters. In his last college year he had decided to make the teaching of literature his career. A scholarship provided him with the opportunity for three years of graduate study at Harvard.

* * *

During his second year at Harvard, 1904-05, when he was twenty-three, occurred the principal event, it is hardly too much to say, of Sherman's mental life: his meeting with Irving Babbitt, one of the first intellectual forces of our time and probably the country's greatest teacher. "Sherman followed him with growing excitement and with increasingly enthusiastic discipleship. . . . The main course of his thinking for several years was largely determined by Professor Babbitt's influence. . . . Up to this time his chief interest at Harvard had been in the drama, but (now) he was vastly more interested in the general criticism of literary tendencies and ideas in accordance with Professor Babbitt's standards. . . . Babbitt's influence was reinforced by that of Mr. Paul E. More, his friend and ally, to whose essays he frequently directed his classes and whom he invited Sherman to meet at his house."

We quote here from the biography to reinforce and illustrate the charge which we made above. Almost no attempt is made to get at what went on in Sherman's mind during this crucial period of two years when he covered more ground intellectually than at any other period of his life and had his whole outlook given the direction that was to predominate for a dozen years and mark him forever. The episode receives only three and one-half pages out of eight hundred. It

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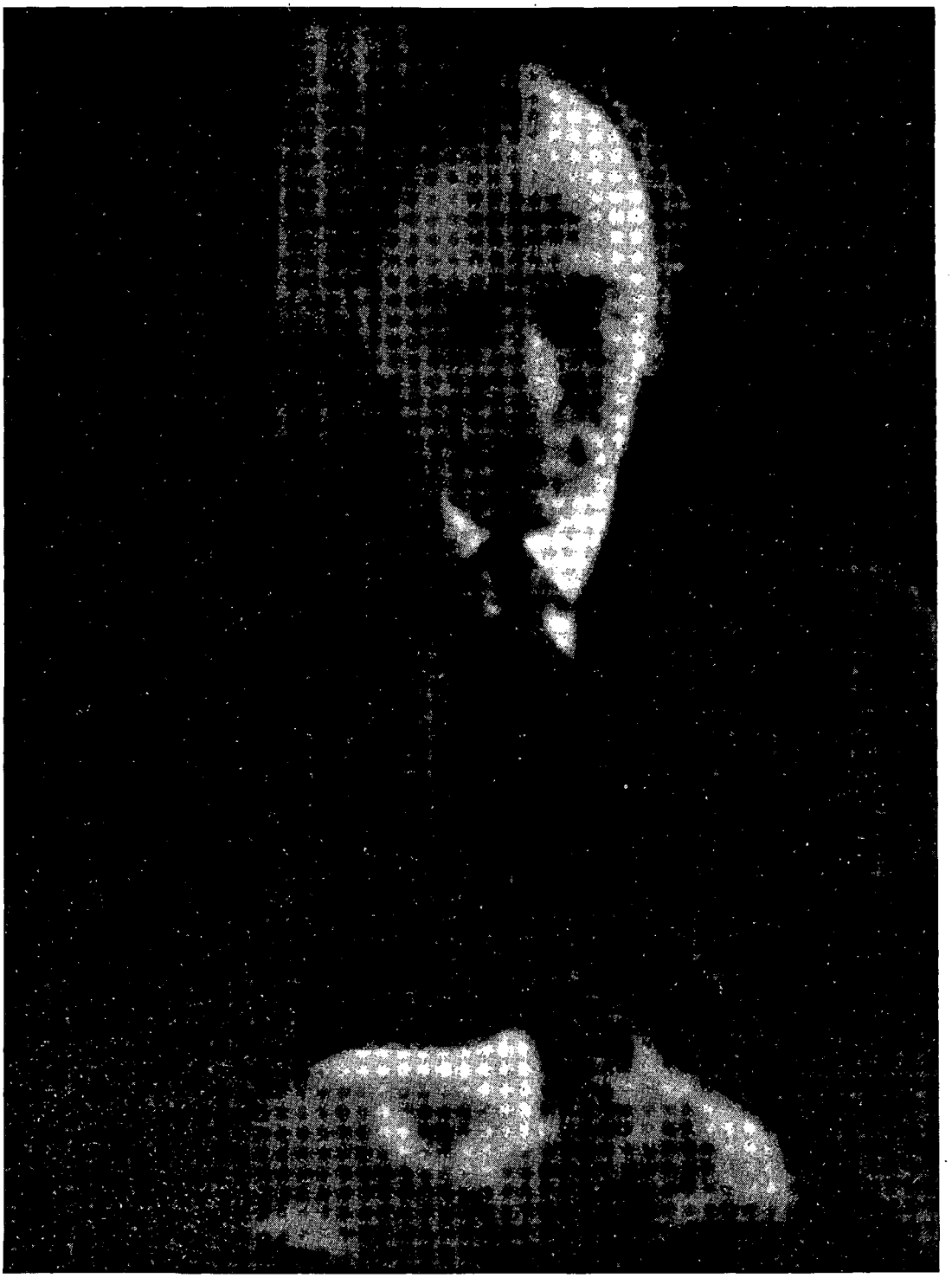

STUART SHERMAN

A photograph by Doris Ulmann

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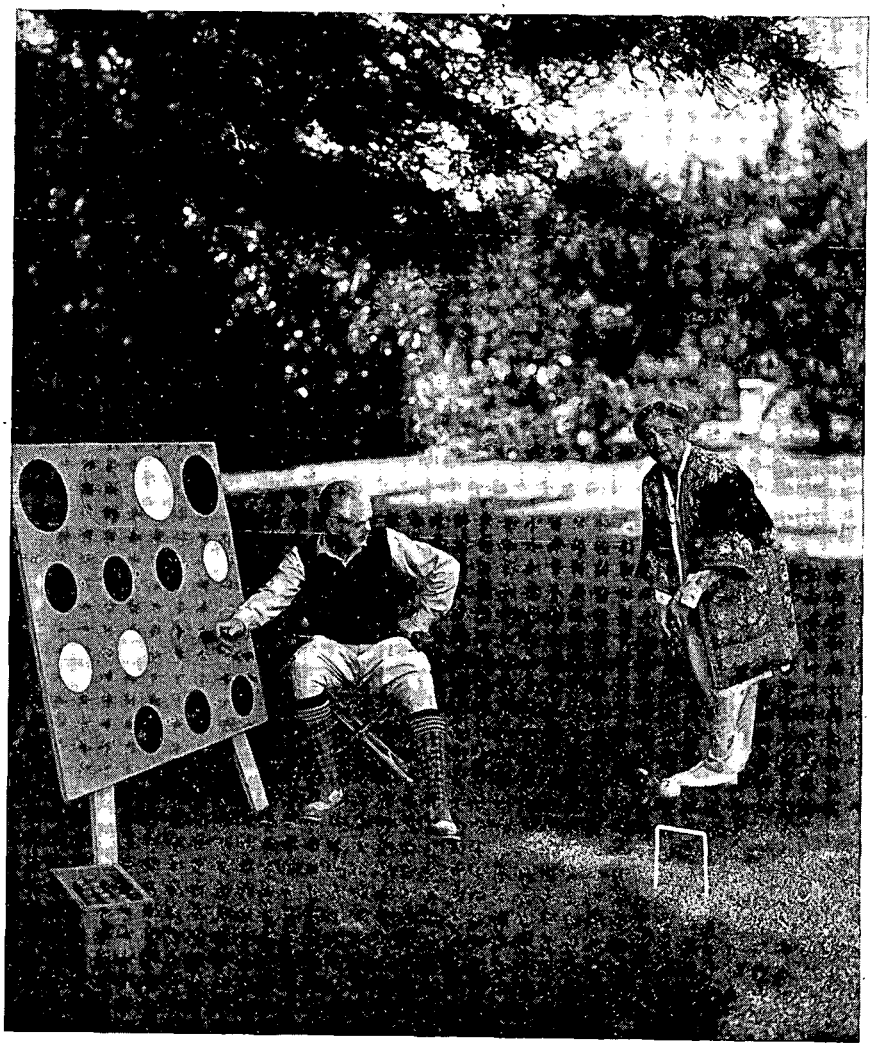
is true that Mr. Woodbridge, the author of this section of the biography, approached it under two difficulties: he is hostile to Professor Babbitt's teachings, and he had (it appears) left Harvard before Sherman came under his influence. But it is unbelievable that more could not have been done to provide the illumination the reader has a right to expect in so important a matter.

It should not be inferred that nothing of value on the early relations of Sherman with Professor Babbitt is presented in the book. There are two extremely interesting quotations from Sherman's notes: one a record of a tilt with his teacher on the merits of Walter Pater—a prophetic divergence!; the other, written at some later period, one of those extremely clever portraits mingling gentle caricature with keen appreciation which Sherman made at one time or another of most of his Harvard teachers. This latter we quote, as being the only description known to us of



KATHLEEN AND CHARLES NORRIS

On the croquet-lawn of their home in Saratoga, California. Mrs. Norris has recently published two books, "Mother and Son" and "Red Silence"

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a man whose quiet influence during thirty years of teaching has had and will increasingly have a profound effect on the central current of American cultural life:

"I knew Professor Babbitt as a graduate teacher in the History of Literary Criticism and in his Rousseau and His Influence. At that time he had very small classes—meeting around a table. He came in with a bag bursting full of books, and took out a handful of notes which he arranged around him.—Began to sway in his chair, then leaped out upon one of them and poured a barrage of criticism upon some doctrine or some line of poetry,—'to cast o'er erring words and deeds a heavenly show'—Buddha, Aristotle, Plato, Horace, Dante, Montaigne, Pascal, Milton, etc.—etc.

"He deluged you with wisdom of the world; his thoughts were unpacked and poured out so fast you couldn't keep up with them. You didn't know what he was talking about, but you felt that he was extremely in earnest, that it was tremendously important, that some time it would count; that he was uttering dogmatically things that cut into your beliefs, disposed derisively of what you adored, driving you into a reconstruction of your entire intellectual system. He was at you day after day like a battering ram, knocking down your illusions. He was building up a system of ideas.

"You never felt for a moment that he was a pedagogue teaching pupils. You felt that he was a Coleridge, a Carlyle, a Buddha, pouring out the full-stuffed cornucopia of the world upon your head. You were no longer in the elementary class. You were with a man who was seeking through literature for illustrations of his philosophy of life. You were dealing with questions on the answer to which the welfare of nations and civilization depended. He himself seemed to know the right answer and was building a thoroughfare of ideas from the Greeks to our own day.

"You went out of the room laden down with general ideas that he had made seem

CARLETON BEALS

On the way to a rebel encampment in Nicaragua. Mr. Beals was the only journalist to interview Sandino. His novel, "Destroying Victor", is the study of the upheaval caused by a belated romance in the life of a university professor

tremendously important. . . . He related for you a multitude of separate and apparently disconnected tendencies to the great central currents of thought. You carried away also a sense of the need for immense reading. He had given you theses about literature, about life, which you would spend a lifetime in verifying."

* * *

Following Harvard came eighteen years of teaching for Stuart Sherman, all but the first of them spent at the University of Illinois. His academic career advanced rapidly. He was a full professor by the time he was thirty, and chairman of the department soon after. He must have been a marvellous teacher: his fine personal qualities, his infectious enthusiasm for literature, his ability to relate litera-

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HELENE MULLINS

Author of two books lately published, "Earthbound and Other Poems" and a novel, "Convent Girl"

ture to broad currents of ideas, his inexhaustible energy and patience, provided a rare combination of qualities. He seems at the same time to have been an able administrator.

In the meantime, beginning in 1908, Sherman was taking part in the larger intellectual life of his time through frequent contributions to the *Nation* and its mate the New York *Evening Post*. Book reviews and editorials streamed from his pen. After a year the longer essays began—the first one coming about thus:

"In May came a telegram from the editor announcing that George Meredith had died and asking for an article immediately. Sherman was getting ready for a class. He rushed over to the university, wrote 'George Meredith is dead' on the blackboard, and for once cut a lecture to write an essay. In a short time he produced the first of those brilliant pieces of literary analysis which gave notice that a

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critic of importance had arrived on the scene."

For ten years Sherman was a frequent contributor to the *Nation*. He was acclaimed as a powerful recruit by the older men in the conservative tradition, particularly by Paul E. More, whose editorship of the *Nation* from 1909 to 1914 raised to new heights that most distinguished of modern weeklies. As the biographers say, "Mr. More never failed in generosity toward Sherman and never tired in private conversation of proclaiming him one of the greatest critics and the most brilliant writer in America". But behind the scenes Mr. More often found it necessary to admonish his young friend when he detected opinions that seemed to him inconsistent with Sherman's main position. As BOOKMAN readers know from the Sherman-More correspondence in the September issue, the first divergence between the men centered about the question of democracy.

Sherman seems to have gone democratic at about the same time that the nation went Democratic. At least it was in 1912 that Mr. More first wrote to chide him on the subject. The point at issue was not of political doctrine, but of attitude. Sherman was inclining toward a vague expansive acceptance of the feeling that the great heart of the people is marvellously sound and infinitely educable. State universities in particular took his fancy and won from him this sort of description: "They would dignify the entire range of human conduct by discovering for all the people and by making prevail from the lowest to the loftiest the right and excellent form of every activity".

Beginning with popular education his thinking ran increasingly along these unrestrictedly democratic lines, in marked contrast to the convictions of his masters and in marked incongruity with the rest of his own tendency. Before long he was talking about "the religion of democracy", which was to "bring the whole body of humanity into a harmonized and satisfactory life and fruitful relationships". This brought from Mr. More the injunction "Don't get slushy", and the reminder that "human nature is a strange mixture, and the one thing it cannot stand is too much flattery; the sure way to turn democracy from a blessing to a curse is to puff it up with conceit and call it heroic and curse those who criticize it. I do not like to see a man of your ability and insight, deliberately taking up the job of whitewashing; and you'll never carry it off without bartering your soul for popularity".

What is to account for this development in Sherman's mind? We incline to think that much of the cause lies with the circumstances which took him to the University of Illinois, where he came under the influence of President James, a man "possessed with the dream of creating, with the aid of the common man,

GRAHAM GREENE

Mr. Greene's first novel, "The Man Within", a study of cowardice leading to courage and sacrifice, was one of the remarkable successes of the British publishing season last spring, and is now being widely read in this country. Mr. Greene, by the way, is a nephew of Robert Louis Stevenson

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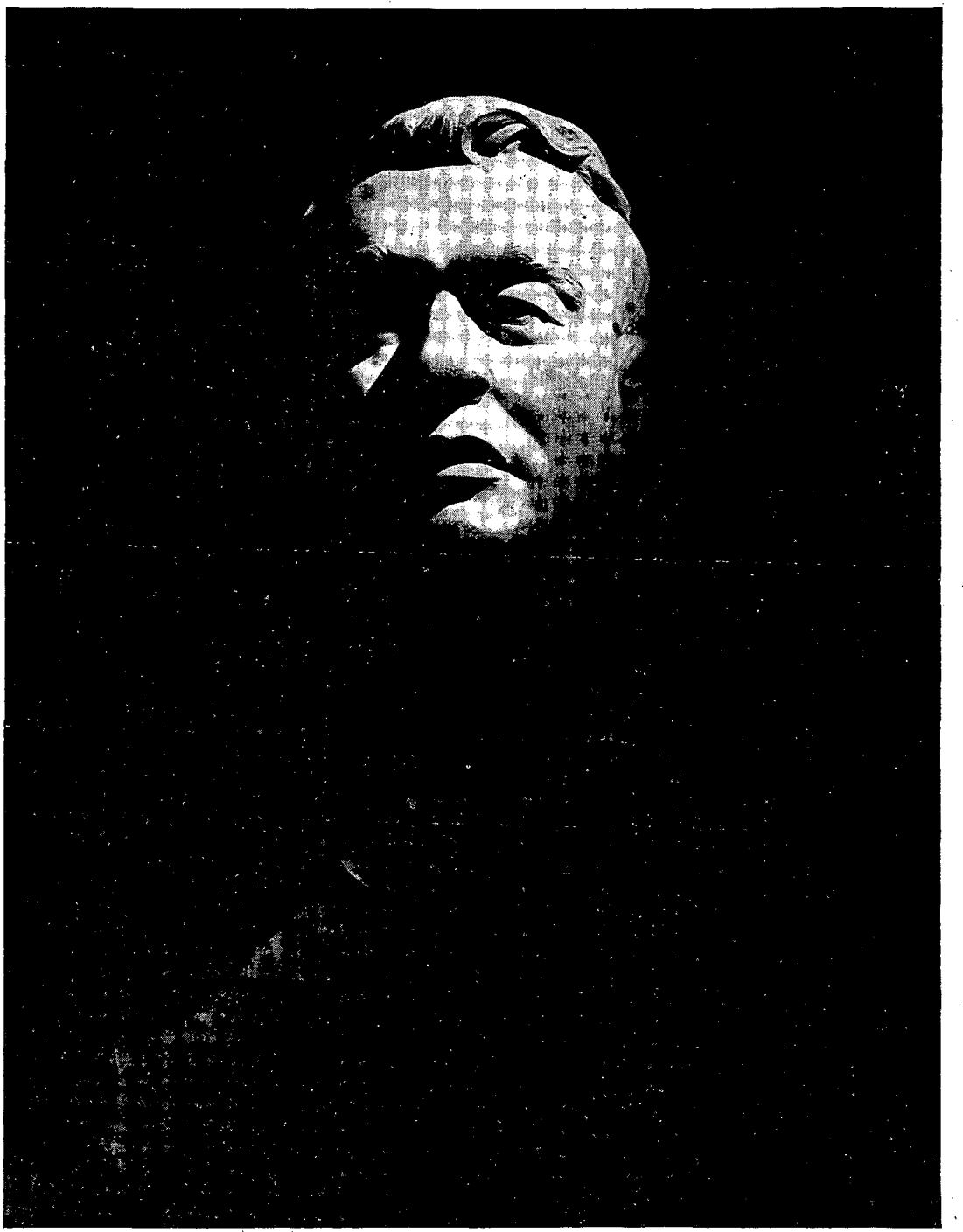

VACHEL LINDSAY

Bust by Adrian Voisin, Paris. Photograph by Raymond Georg, Springfield, Ill.

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an institution which would not only serve his common needs but provide him with standards of intellectual excellence and justify the democratic faith. By the sheer earnestness of his conviction he infected others with his enthusiasm, and by his practical sagacity in dealing with men he soon gave to his conception a tangible measure of reality". Sherman seems to have been extremely responsive to any enthusiasm going on around him. Certainly some powerful attraction must have kept him so long in Urbana against repeated fine opportunities elsewhere and against the urgent advice of all his friends, as well as his wife. In 1915 he was on the verge of accepting a perfect offer from Amherst when President James dropped in for a chat—and Sherman remained at Urbana, giving as his reason his "unwillingness to desert the firing line and the chance to make himself useful in the democratic experiment". The reader understands Mr. More's sharp letter of reproof, with the remark, "frankly, I have a strong conviction that you need to get out of Urbana".

* * *

But we are anticipating. It was only later that the significance of this turn in Sherman's thinking became apparent. Until after the war the main force of his work lay in the brilliant application of the point of view he had learned from Irving Babbitt and Paul E. More, carrying into the enemy's camp their warfare against naturalism and deliquescent romanticism. With the publication of *On Contemporary Literature* at the end of 1917 he became the recognized spokesman for tradition and authority against the "liberating" and "innovating" efforts of the latest generation. The effectiveness of his campaign may be judged from the shrieks, hoots and curses which greeted his book in the radical magazines and in some of the newspapers, notably in Chicago, where the new men occupied most of the reviewing media. The Chicago outburst, characterized by unanimous, simultaneous and extreme virulence, makes very amusing reading in retrospect. Several records in this kind of criticism must have been hung up during the onslaught, which went on for weeks.

Participants in the Chicago attack have explained that factors aside from the book itself entered into the reception of *On Contemporary Literature.* The cause most frequently given is the review of Mencken's *A Book of Prefaces* which Sherman published in the *Nation* of November 29, 1917—just a month before his own book appeared—under the title "Beautifying American Literature". The review might well explain any amount of rage among Mencken's friends and disciples: it was one of the most completely devastating slatings of a book and of a man ever penned. The fiendish cleverness of the piece, its withering sarcasm and passionate scorn, its un-

KATHARINE BRUSH

Interpreter of collegians and bright lights. "Night Club", a collection of her short stories, has just been issued

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GILBERT SELDES

After years of criticism of fiction (and of plays and movies and clowns and caricatures and jazz), Mr. Seldes has just delivered his own first novel, "The Wings of the Eagle", to the mercy of the critics

answerable logic and compelling wit, made it a consummate masterpiece of diatribe. Mencken in thirty years' steady practice at the art has never come near it. The charge was brought that Sherman had violated ethics by emphasizing, in war-time, Mencken's German sympathies and inspiration. This, Mencken and his friends are supposed to have decided, proved Sherman a swine to be killed off at all costs. But the facts on reinvestigation do not support this charge; on the contrary they indicate that Mencken and his friends were mad because Mencken and his ideas had been used to wipe up the floor.

Sherman's biographers do not mention this last aspect of the Chicago affair, but they are led by the acrimonious tone of the occasion to overstep the bounds of taste in several places. For instance, after saying that Sherman was unwilling to engage in a controversy with Burton Rascoe on a plane of mud-slinging, they do their hero no service by publishing a letter in which he calls Mr. Rascoe dishonest. Sherman's reason for the charge, furthermore, was silly to simple-mindedness. It is difficult to excuse Sherman for thus, even in the heat of disputation, considering his opponents insincere and corrupt. But it is impossible to excuse his biographers for doing the same thing in calm retrospect. They call Mary Colum and Francis Hackett insincere, Burton Rascoe and Ernest Boyd unscrupulous, Lloyd Morris shifty, and so on. They should demobilize.

RUTH SUCKOW AND FERNER NUHN

A snapshot taken in Santa Fé, shortly after their recent marriage. Mr. Nuhn is a frequent contributor to The American Mercury, and Miss Suckow has just added "Dora" to her list of admirable novels of life in the Middle-West

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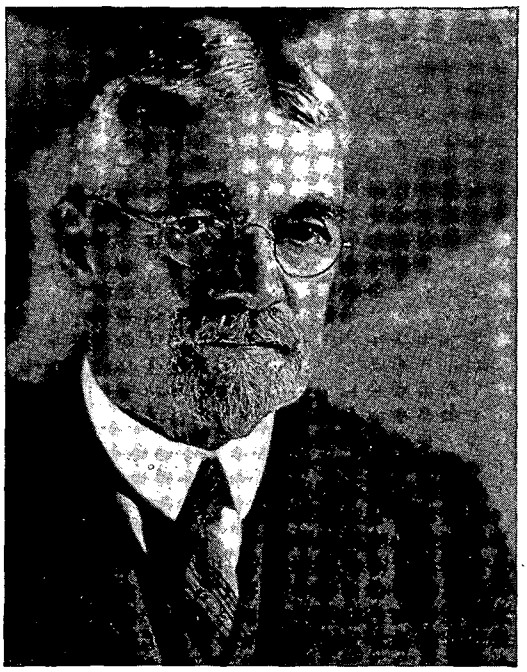
This encounter was really an historic occasion in American letters and thought. On the one side, for a number of years Irving Babbitt and Paul E. More had brought supreme qualities of intellect, scholarship, and literary skill to the perennial task of restating the case for tradition in literature, morals, politics and philosophy. The result was a series of powerful books providing almost a new basis for the traditionalist cause, but one related at every point to the earlier American traditionalists, to the main stream of European culture, and to the great classical traditions of both the West and the East. In Stuart Sherman these men had found a young disciple and champion whose gifts, while not qualifying him to advance their work along all of the extremely broad front on which they were engaged, yet enabled him to make immediate and effective application of their views in their own country and among the writers of the day.

On the other side, the disruptive, anti-



F. H. HOOPER
American Editor of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"

J. L. GARVIN
Editor-in-Chief of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"

authoritarian, anti-traditional tendencies, which America had for the most part resisted even when in the 'nineties they took England by storm after their successful tour of the continent, had from the beginning of the century been gathering strength. As the century got into its teens the new forces found a vigorous, infectious spokesman in H. L. Mencken, who had spent his youth soaking up all the prevalent forms of the heretical doctrines—Huxleyan agnosticism and science-worship, Pater's estheticism with trimmings by Wilde, the hedonism and routine mockery of Anatole France, the inverted sentimentality of Nietzsche, Ibsen, and the other shrunken giants of fifty years ago, and so on. To all this Mencken had added a bohemian individualism from various sources (given aristocratic airs by talk of Federalism, the civilized mi-

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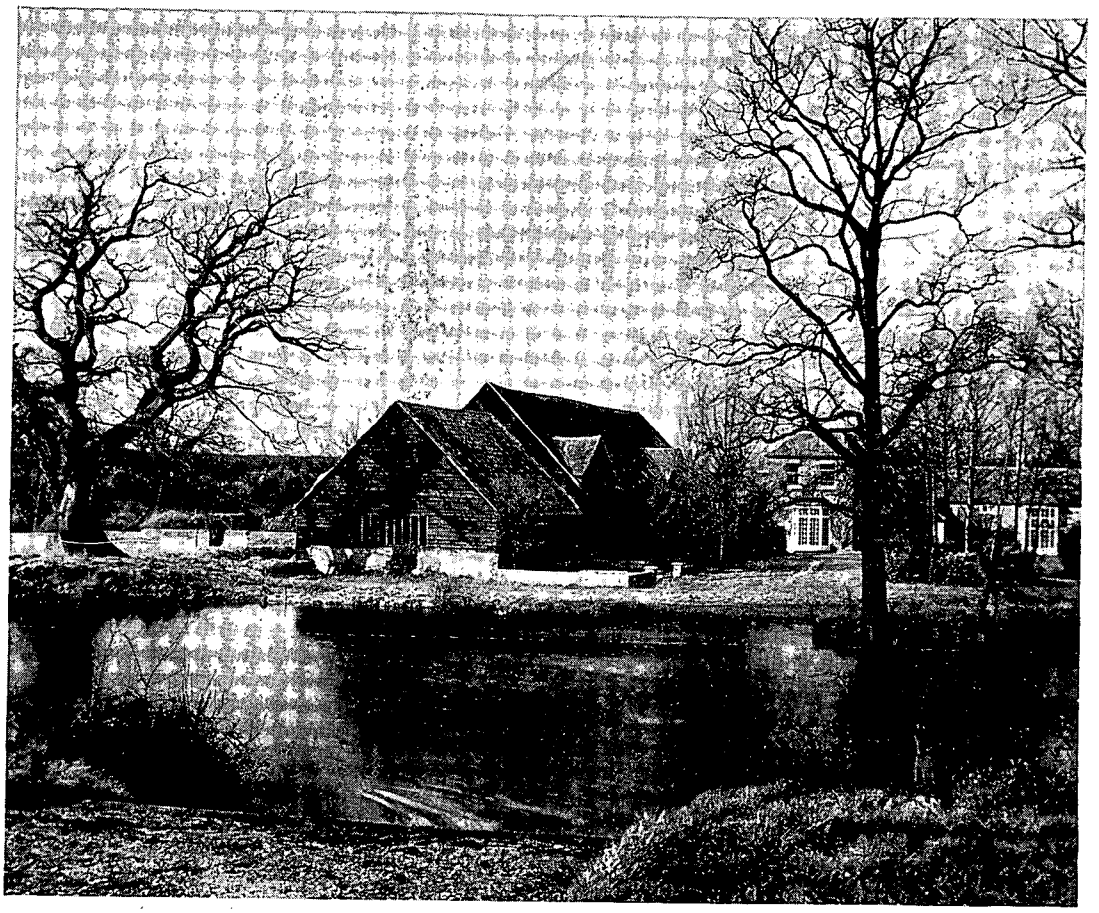

AN HISTORIC HOUSE

"Gregories", in Beaconsfield, now the home of J. L. Garvin, Editor-in-Chief of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," was once part of the estate of Edmund Burke. It lies some miles from London on the Oxford Road. The house was the old farm-house of the estate, and three hundred years ago was the home of Edmund Waller, the Royalist poet

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norities, etc.), a smart up-to-dateness, and a talent for the violent buffoonery of American provincial journalism. To many this rich mixture proved irresistible.

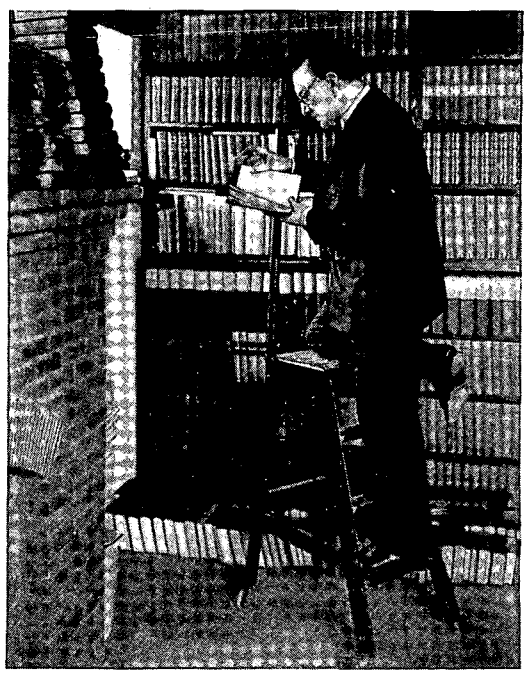
These two antagonistic tendencies developed side by side for years without clashing: the new men were restricted to shady magazines, fleeting-tendency journals, and infrequent books which remained outside channels of discussion. But in Mencken had arrived a personality who could not be overlooked. And in Sherman the traditionalists had a representative so sensitive to the forceful figures of his day that he must have his say on them. The two men, who had been born a few months apart, had entered upon literary criticism within a few weeks of each other in 1908, and now at the end of 1917 published almost simultaneously their first significant books. The result was the episode which we have recounted. The old had met the new in open conflict, and the fight was on.

* * *

In this first encounter it may fairly be said that Sherman carried off the honors. But his victory was short lived. Before many months had passed it became apparent that Sherman had lost his bearings and was caught in the onrushing flood. It bent him, twisted him, probably brought on his death. The older men had fallen silent, and now their young champion was gone. The new forces swept in unchecked, almost uncriticized. The result was—the 'twenties, America's belated decade corresponding to (and deriving from) the 'seventies and 'eighties in France and the 'nineties in England; a decade now running out in spirit as well as in time.

His altered opinion of his first masters and of his major activity, criticism, will illustrate the extent of his change. 1920 is the first year when the new Sherman declares himself clearly in print. In that year he wrote an article on Mr. More which contained, to be sure, much fine appreciation, but which ended by begging his subject to come down and be one of the people—displaying a complete misapprehension of all that Mr. More stands for. In 1922 he joins Van Wyck Brooks in berating "the elder critics in the academic tradition" who have "in general not dealt sympathetically, or even curiously" with the new phenomena. "They look with a mingling of disdain and abhorrence on our impious younger world".

In 1921 criticism had ceased to be for him an act of judgment: "the mission of the ideal critic is one of mediation and reconciliation". The defense of traditions has gone by the board: "The mission of the man of letters is to be at the point where, through the brazen dome of our habits and customs, breaks the thin radiance of new truth. His last and highest function . . . is to promulgate the new law in despite of the old one". A few months later he describes Mr. More's views as wilful and arrogant. He can say in 1922 "the most



J. L. GARVIN AT HIS BOOK SHELVES

The library at "Gregories", in the foreground of the larger picture on the opposite page, was the coach-house in Edmund Burke's day

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EDMUND WILSON

Photographed in his office at The New Republic. His first novel, "I Thought of Daisy", and first volume of poems, "Poets, Farewell!", have recently appeared

hopeful aspect of American literature today is its widespread pessimism", though his book of 1917 was mainly an onslaught on the roots of that particular pessimism.

By 1924 this relaxation of his earlier sternness had progressed so far as to give the impression of a man going to pieces. He fills his notebooks with the reflections of a floundering, moonstruck adolescent. He feels he has not yet begun to "live". The esthetic attitude grows on him until life interests him "no longer as 'moral conduct' but as dramatic spectacle. How immensely more interesting under the latter than under the former aspect!" Two years earlier he could sneer at the Crocean brand of art-for-art's-sake, but in 1924 Croce and his American echo Joel Spingarn appear on a "list of people to whom one has done injustice in speech or in thought"—a list which also includes Dewey, Veblen, Lewisohn, Villard, and Mencken!

His aim in criticism and in life is now to

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"go to all living things gently, listening for the wonder of the breath and the heart beat. . . . I have learned that patient search usually discovers some refreshing virtue wherever there has been some unusual display of energy . . . and where there is power there is virtue". As he takes over his job of literary editor on the New York *Herald Tribune* he has so far lost his grip on reality that he can say: "What is to be our business as officials at this Olympic?—Fair play, cheer the race, fair decisions, good crowd, get up enthusiasm—cheer leaders". *Officials* as cheer leaders! One wishes one were confronted by nothing more serious than a mixed metaphor.

The *Herald Tribune* offer came just at the moment when he was reaching out for "power" and "life", and accelerated the process of disintegration. His aim at his new post, he said, "was to interest the *Tribune's* 'masses' in books". To this worthy task he devoted his last two years, slaving with the concentrated energy of a Sainte-Beuve. When one thinks of a man of Sherman's gifts burying himself for three or four days in an author's books, then spending two or three days writing, rewriting, and correcting his weekly article—and emerging with, for instance, a discussion of a play of Don Marquis which compares it with the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, one can only declare that such a critical waste was never before seen. Approaching the newer authors in a spirit of sympathy for the first time, much of his work necessarily consisted in repeating what the earlier champions for the same men had said years before.

* * *

The literary life of the metropolis had the appeal for him of Broadway for a stage-struck school-girl. Lunches, teas, dinners, banquets, parties were allowed to take up a huge amount of his time. In 1917 when he had spent half of a sabbatical year in New York his chief pleasure had been to listen to the conversation of Mr. More, Professor Trent, Henry Holt, and their friends at the Century Club—rich talk which he reported with keen appreciation and amiable caricature in "An Imaginary Conversation with Mr. P. E. More". In 1925 his luncheon companion at the Century is Sherwood Anderson, suffering from a hangover; Sherman reports his conversation thus: "He tells me that his wife *hopes* he is the sort of person I painted him. He is doing a new book on the relations of people to houses—what houses do to people and what people do to houses. Sometimes, he says, a room is made sour by the appearance in it of a person. He thinks Dreiser has kept himself 'sweet' ".

* * *

We must mention again the failure of this biography of Messrs. Zeitlin and Woodbridge to illuminate the major crises in Stuart Sherman's life. One would conclude from their book that to change from a master of the art of teaching into a frantic journalist, from a crusader for order into an enthusiastic drifter with the current, involved no more mental experience than doffing summer clothes for winter. We hear of no doubts, sudden illuminations, discussions, heart-searchings, heart-burnings, as Sherman threw over long-cherished ideas or cut himself off from friends of a dozen years. It is difficult to believe that so copious a diarist and correspondent left no intimate records of his period of sharp transition; it is still harder to believe that he took none of his intimates into his confidence in conversation. The only alternative to thinking that vital material has been omitted from the biography seems to be that Sherman was completely unaware of what was happening to him, which in a person of his mental agility would make him a split personality to the point of being psychopathic.

Assuming that Sherman's metamorphosis happened along fairly normal lines, how is it to be accounted for? We suggest five factors which probably had their part, two inherent

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G. B. S. SNAPS HIS COMPANY

Mr. Shaw photographing the members of the Birmingham Repertory Company who had gathered at Malvern to celebrate the first Shaw Festival by a production of his new play, "The Apple Cart"

in his character and three external. Of the personal factors, one was an inveterate provinciality. After finding a way of life and of literature in his twenties, he did not build up a background for it by study of the classics or even by relating it to similar tendencies in other modern literatures. In the second place, he seems to have had a strong tendency to gravitate to opinions with which he could secure a large following; it was his nature to strive to figure as a leader.

* * *

Of the outside elements in Sherman's veering, perhaps the most important was the war. We have spoken above of the yearnings toward an uncritical democracy which took hold of him under the spell of President James of the University of Illinois. This tendency was violently increased by our entry into the war (Sherman was, of course, a strong Wilson man): it threw him into a perfect fever of Americanism, and for one thing set him exploring "the American tradition". Naturally, in his state, he fell foul of the curse of the American tradition, that even at its best it is almost inextricably interwoven with the romantic, individualistic, egalitarian notions of the period of the nation's formation, as well as with the "radical" aspect of Puritanism. Accepted uncritically, these elements in the American heritage are a powerful dissolvent of tradition proper.

Another factor in Sherman's change was undoubtedly his isolation. An emotional rather than a philosophical critic, he needed the support of firmer if less brilliant allies. But the older men fell silent, and Sherman was left quite alone. It was at this point that our fifth suggested cause began to operate: that Sherman's critics did their work well. By sheer force of repeating their dogmas—that the professor is cut off from life, that vital energy is in itself admirable, that sympathy is superior to judgment, that esthetics is superior to morals, etc.—they probably strongly influenced Sherman, always susceptible to enthusiasm, in their direction.

* * *

What would have become of Sherman had he lived? His biographers and his friends speak always of a great new "synthesis" toward which he was working and would presently have achieved. We doubt it. He would, we think, have become an increasingly important figure in the contemporary world of letters, but he would have made no more contributions to American criticism. His individual pronouncements would have found larger and larger audiences, but they would not have sprung from any central position of importance. Rather they would have been reflections (often anticipations) of the best "liberal" thought of the country, given charm and brilliance by their passage through a richly sensitive nature marvellously endowed with the gift of words.

Let us be concrete. Sherman would have accepted an invitation to head a monthly book-selecting company, and would have made it the most successful. He would have

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A POSTER FOR THE FIRST SHAW FESTIVAL

continued to reject offers of the presidencies of colleges, but he would have accepted the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly,* relinquishing it later when he was offered an ambassadorship by the next Democratic president. He would have got Sinclair Lewis and Ernest Hemingway into the National Institute, and Joel Spingarn and Ellery Sedgwick into the Academy. His History of American Literature would have been the most popular for twenty years. . . . Sometimes he would have had doubts, and when he saw quotations from his *Nation* work or looked into *On Contemporary Literature* he would have had to push away strange feelings. But on the whole he would have reached old age after a happy, triumphant career. . . . On the deaths of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, Sherman's would have been the most eloquent tributes.

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BOOKS TO DELIGHT OUR YOUNGEST

by Helen Ferris

I HAVE been trying to imagine what it would be like to come suddenly upon the new books for boys and girls, knowing nothing of what has been going on during the past ten years of the publishing of them, to burst without warning upon their amazing variety, their colorfulness and their picturesqueness. It would be a truly bewildering experience and I can think of no other which would so quickly convey an idea of the changes which have been going on in our own minds about children. For these new books for boys and girls are eloquent of our growing respect for the individuality of the young. They are eloquent of our increased understanding of what boys and girls really do like. They bespeak our deepening recognition of the right of boys and girls to have a good time with their books, and our belief that they will respond to the finest if we make that finest interesting and readily available to them.

Not that mediocre books for young readers are not being published. They are—plenty of them; more now than ever before, because there are more printing presses at work and more publishers. But the fact remains that more fine books for boys and girls are published today than ever before. More really distinguished writers and artists are turning their creative energies to books for the young. And to those to whom the development of a certain boy and a certain girl is of greatest moment, the range of choice in the excellent new books which you may give them is wide.

In fact, because it is so wide in this Fall's books alone, it is not my purpose here to attempt a comparative survey of the current season in boys' and girls' books, but rather to mention briefly twenty of those for youngest readers which seem to me to give an indication of the splendid publishing now being done in this field. I hope that you will seize an early opportunity to examine these books —and the many others—for yourselves. For no words can adequately convey the colorfulness and the picturesqueness and the solid worth of the best of the new books for boys and girls. You must see them.

Picture books for the youngest are fun. Here is everything in the world in which small children are interested—and books and stories from and about all parts of the world. Here is *A Monkey Tale,* by Hamilton Williamson, with pictures in color and black and white by the much-loved Berta and Elmer Hader (Doubleday, Doran. $.75). This story of Jocko the Monk was unhesitatingly picked out by small Francis the other night, when I displayed my wares to him. When he left, he still had it in his hand. "I am Jocko the Monk. I make my bow to you. I wave my tail and I screech." Francis and I were both relieved when Jocko screeched just in time to escape the "most horible old croc". Here, too, is *Karoo the Kangaroo* (Coward-McCann. $1.50), written and illustrated by Kurt Weise, the German artist who is already so strongly entrenched in the affections

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of our children—and in the admiration as well, of those who appreciate lovely pictures. Karoo is the life story of a kangaroo, written by Mr. Weise from his own experience when, as prisoner in an Australian camp, he was presented with a baby kangaroo for a pet. It is a story with a quality of realism which all children love.

The Story of Woofin-Poofin, written and illustrated by Marguerite Buller (McBride. $2.00), is especially outstanding for its pictures. The book is about a china dog with a fine curly tail which he kept "most neatly arranged" there in the shop of "M. Moss, Antiques". And here they all are, Woofin-Poofin and Mr. Moss and Emily, his daughter. The color-work in this book is extremely well done.

The Runaway Sardine, told and decorated by Emma L. Brock (Knopf. $2.00), is also a flat picture book which lures you with its color and the charm of its illustrations. Its author-artist with her quick sense of the pic-

From "Hitty: Her First Hundred Years", by Rachel Field and Dorothy Lathrop. (Macmillan.)

From "The Funny Thing", by Wunda Gag. (Coward-McCann.)

turesque and the dramatic will lift any child up and set him down in Brittany, with new and jolly neighbors.

Another picture story book most alluring in its color is *The Magic Flutes,* written by Josef Kozisek and illustrated by Rudolf Mates (Longmans, Green. $3.50). This book was discovered by the publisher at a Czecho-Slovakian fair. As you would expect, Czecho-Slovakia's gay colors are in the pictures by Rudolf Mates—one of Europe's most beloved illustrators for children, whose name happily appears on the title page of a number of this season's books for boys and girls. Look for it.

The Funny Thing, by Wanda Gag (Coward-McCann. $1.50), is the work of an artist of distinction. Two years ago Wanda Gag was known to art lovers as an artist whose work was already placed in the Metropolitan Museum. Last year she published *Millions of Cats* and straightway belonged to children everywhere. *The Funny Thing* has the same quaint charm.

Sally's A. B. C., by Dugald Stewart Walker (Harcourt, Brace. $3.00), is an alphabet book which was inspired by an old sampler. It is an instance of what can be accomplished when author-artist and publisher coöperate to produce a book of artistic completeness. Delicately done, it is one of this year's most exquisite books for small children.

The Play Book of Pirates, by Susan Meriwether (Harpers. $2.00), is the latest title in the list of the intriguing Harper play books, so aptly named. For here is a story to read.

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Drawing by Vera Brock, from "The Tangle-Coated Horse". (Longmans, Green.)

Here is paper scenery to set up and make into a theatre. Here are paper figures—that stand up!—of the story's characters. These Harper play books are most ingenious and with them children can dramatize to their heart's content.

A Busy Day, by Beatrice Tobias (Dutton. $2.00), is the colorful presentation in picture and verse of just that—a busy day. Written and illustrated by a sixteen-year-old girl, it has a spontaneous quality that is certain to appeal to children, especially those whose thirst is never appeased for stories which tell about the same things they, themselves, do each hour. *Pelle's New Suit,* by Elsa Beskow (Harpers. $1.25), is a Swedish picture book which also makes vivid certain every-day concerns of children. It is the story of a coat, from the sheep-shearing to the making of a suit. If you are not already acquainted with the work of this Swedish author, ask to see Elsa Beskow's other books when you go to look at *Pelle's New Suit.* And *Noisy Nora,* by Hugh Lofting (Stokes. $1.25), is undoubtedly a book of everyday concern! Its title gives hint of that. Although this book will not take its place beside adored *Doctor Doolittle,* children are sure to like it immensely.

Miki, written and illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham (Doubleday, Doran. $2.00), is the story of a little boy who heard his father talking about Hungary and who managed to get there himself. Maud and Miska Petersham have brought to this book all the brightness of atmosphere and character of illustration for which they have long been known. The story itself was first told to their own small son, chiefly about Mr. Petersham's own boyhood experiences in Hungary—adventures with Sari, the goose, with Matyi, the shepherd's dog, stories of the gypsy camp on the road to Budapest. And because of the manner of its inception, there is about it the intimate touch of verity to which children so quickly respond.

For children a little older, for those, say, from eight on, no book will appeal more widely than *Hitty: Her First Hundred Years,* by Rachel Field and Dorothy Lathrop, (Macmillan. $2.50). Rachel Field's stories for boys and girls are distinguished not only for their literary quality but for the drama of their content. Dorothy Lathrop is an artist whose decorations and illustrations are to be found in some of our loveliest books for boys and girls. And in a very special way, Miss Field and Miss Lathrop made this book together. For *Hitty* is a doll which they found in an old antique shop. Together they worked out the story of Hitty's hundred years of life. Written against a rich historical background, full of excitement and action, *Hitty* is a book which will, I predict, appeal to boys as well as girls. That is, it will if we give them a chance at it!

Dhan Gopal Mukerji's *Chief of the Herd* (Dutton. $2.50) is another outstanding book

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of the year for boys and girls. In its pages, life in the jungle is re-created by a man whose stories are known for the delicacy of their touch and the sensitiveness of their perception. In the jungle, Sirdar is born. In the jungle he grows up, learns to live and eventually becomes leader of his herd. It is a book to place beside *Gay Neck,* for which Mr. Mukerji was awarded the Newberry medal for the best boys' and girls' book of the year 1927. And for boys and girls who enjoy animal stories there could be no better choice.

Tal, by Paul Fenimore Cooper (Morrow. $2.50), brings a new writer to the ranks of those who are doing distinguished writing for boys and girls. *Tal* is the story of a little boy with a love of adventure. In the sixteen stories of this book—told to Tal by old Noom-zor-Noon in order to open the Golden Door—there is the magic of travel in far lands, and the glamour and the adventure of it.

This year, as last, some of the loveliest of the books for boys and girls between eight and twelve years of age are the volumes of folk and fairy tales. And of the many which are to be found on this season's list, four seem to me to be especially fine: *The Long Bright Land,* by Edith Howes; *The Tangle-Coated Horse,* by Ella Young; *Italian Fairy Tales,* by Capuana; and *Three and the Moon,* by Jacques Dorey.

The Long Bright Land: Fairy Tales from Southern Seas (Little, Brown. $2.50) is beautifully illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. The book itself is a collection of stories of the New Zealand Maoris, splendidly told. *The Tangle-Coated Horse* is illustrated by Vera Brock (Longmans, Green. $3.50) and is a book which is a delight from the moment you see its red and silver paper jacket. The stories in this book are from the Fionn Saga and are suffused with an exquisite and eerie atmosphere. The author's *The Wonder-Smith and His Son* quickly won recognition the year it was published.

Italian Tales is translated by Dorothy Emmrich (Dutton. $2.50). And with Margaret Freeman's illustrations, it is one of the jolliest books imaginable. You feel the gaiety of it when you pick it up. When you look at the pictures inside, you are not let down. The translator has done an admirable piece of work in conveying the feeling of the country where the stories originated.

Three and the Moon (Knopf. $3.50) is a book which will inevitably become known for the distinctive work of its artist, Boris Artzybasheff. To the decoration of these imaginative stories, laid in Brittany, Mr. Artzybasheff has contributed a beauty of design which makes this book genuinely distinguished.

A book which no one should miss who is interested in making the world of art and craftsmanship real to his children is *The Goldsmith of Florence,* by Katherine Gibson (Macmillan. $5.00). Miss Gibson is the story-teller in the Cleveland Museum of Art. During her story-telling hours, children asked her so many questions about the objects which entered into her stories, about the tapestry and the armor and the rest—that she embarked upon a research which would answer those questions as they and she wished them answered. Returning from her visits to libraries and also to living craftsmen, she found her young audience so fascinated with what she had to tell them that she planned this book. Here is the colorful story of the craftsmen of all ages. Here are pictures of the beautiful things which they have made. It is a book which is certain to be widely read.

Another book to which an eminent artist has contributed is *Rootabaga Country* (Harcourt, Brace. $3.00). For this collection of twenty-eight stories from Carl Sandburg's *Rootabaga Stories* and *Rootabaga Pigeons,* Peggy Bacon has made delightfully humorous illustrations. It was a fortunate day for our children when Peggy Bacon turned to the illustrating of their books. No artist could have caught more aptly the spirit of Carl Sandburg's stories than she.

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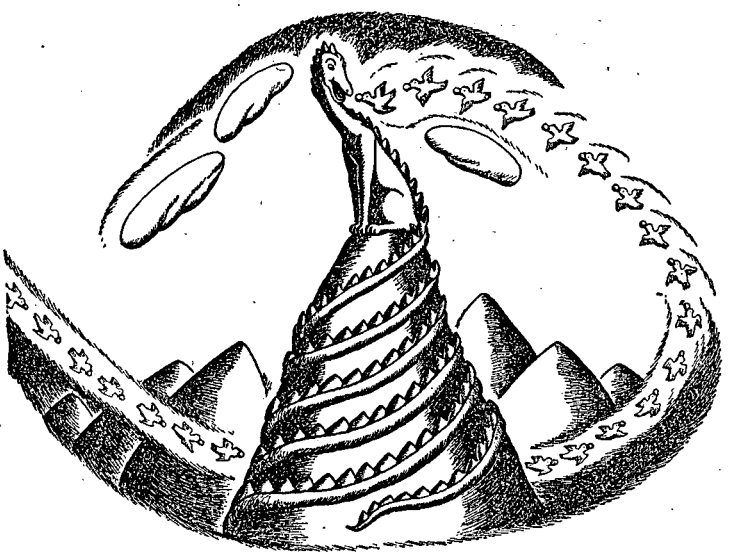
For children of ten and over, *The Kingdom and the Power and the Glory* (Knopf. $2.50), stories from the Old Testament, edited, selected and illustrated by James Daugherty, is excellently done and beautifully decorated.

And so it goes. Artists who have won high recognition are being called upon to decorate and illustrate books for boys and girls which authors of distinction have written. And while the books done by these creative artists by no means make up the majority of those published for young readers, nevertheless the number of them is so appreciable as to give decided encouragement to those interested in this part of the world of reading.

A colorful presentation of the field of contemporary boys' and girls' books will be found in Anne Carroll Moore's *Three Owls: Second Book* (Coward-McCann. $3.00). In this volume are included trenchant evaluations of current books, reproductions of the outstanding work of illustrators and delightful essays on boys' and girls' reading. Bertha Mahony's and Elinor Whitney's *Realms of Gold in Children's Books* (Doubleday, Doran. $5.00) is also invaluable to anyone eager to acquaint himself with books published for boys and girls. *Realms of Gold,* written as it is from Miss Mahony's and Miss Whitney's long experience in the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Boston, is a guide-post of very real usefulness to mothers and fathers—to anyone, in fact, who is vitally concerned with this question of books for our youngest.



From "The Funny Thing". (Coward-McCann.)

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FICTION

THE EMBEZZLERS *by Valentine Kataev* (DIAL PRESS. $2.50)

WHAT with propaganda, counter-propaganda and counter-counter-propaganda it has always been pretty difficult to believe anything definitely about Soviet Russia. If any one statement, however, has seemed incontrovertible it was this: Bolshevism and humor don't lie down together. It is not necessary for one to take sides either for or against Bolshevism to feel something a little disconcerting about a people who can be thrilled by a drama dealing with the capture of a locomotive from the Whites; or whose idea of abandonment is a ferocious debate on the minimum wage problem. Take up any collection of modern Russian stories and you will be struck by their solemnity. It is a seriousness which is in part due to the fact that the Russians have recently lived through some trying experiences; but some of it seems consciously induced, as if there were something indecent in the mere notion of a people with a mission indulging in a smile.

That is why *The Embezzlers* is something of a pleasant shock. It is the first humorous novel to come out of Soviet Russia, the first real indication that Communists, who are otherwise quite worthy people, are able to laugh at themselves. And, by the same token, this satire, at once rueful and hilarious, on Communist Russia is the most effective piece of propaganda the Communists have yet devised. Any American who reads *The Embezzlers* is going to finish it with a fellow-feeling for the Russians; it will make him feel perfectly at home. In the first place, its errant pair of heroes are more or less intoxicated from the first page to the last; in the second place, they are enabled to make their voyages by virtue of defrauding the government (even though unintentionally); in the third place their ideals and ambitions are the thoroughly understandable ones summed up in such concepts as cabarets, champagne, low-necked ladies—as Philip Stephanovitch puts it, rather incoherently, "Château Yquem . . . cherry brandy . . . some herring and cucumber . . . life is wonderful . . . twelve thousand on account . . . a villa in Finland . . . wine . . . women . . . lots of pleasure. . . ."

It is no collection of sober-sided Marxians all engaged in listening to popular lectures on atheism that we meet in these pages, but a gorgeous assemblage of ridiculous and fallible human beings, grafters, confidence men, provincial rumrunners, befeathered gold-diggers and tipsy bureaucrats. As we journey up and down the land with the unforgettable Philip Stephanovitch and Ivan, his bewildered Sancho Panza, "having a look around", as Philip would put it, we gradually realize that Russia is not really very unlike America. Especially in its absurdities is it like America. When meek little Ivan stands up on the bridge spanning the Neva and hurls his energetic proletarian curses at the statues of the Czars, the effect is quite Bill-Thompsonish. The cabarets in Leningrad are run by the same sort of highwaymen that flourish in our night clubs; the same graft, political bunkum, preposterous flag-waving exist there as here. People seem to be interested mainly in booze and a good time, in silly conversation, in fleecing one's neighbor: it is all quite homelike.

Quite in the Russian manner, I have hastened to appraise *The Embezzlers* first in its character as propaganda; but it is amazingly

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fine literature as well. Despite some crude satiric touches that remind one irresistibly of the comic papers (Philip's rolling-pin wife, for example), the book remains with one as a genuinely delightful piece of humor. It abounds in extremely deft satiric touches but, more essentially, it is pervaded with a hearty comic genius. With hardly a let-up the farce which is nevertheless more than farce carries us along from Moscow to Leningrad, from Leningrad to the provinces, from the provinces to Kharkov, from Kharkov back to Moscow. It is the author's delight in panorama and the broad accidents of picaresque adventure which has made English readers compare him favorably with Gogol. There is no doubt that Kataev derives from the author of *Dead Souls;* but he has plenty of qualities all his own, particularly an unsentimental wit and a hearty coarseness that are foreign to his rather pious master. However, Kataev's literary antecedents are of no importance beside the fact that in *The Embezzlers* he has written a delightful book—one with an undeniable touch of genius.

CHAPTER THE LAST *by Knut Hamsun* (KNOPF. $3.00)

THE reader of Knut Hamsun's most recent production will notice at once that its setting and, to a degree, its theme are those of Thomas Mann's masterpiece, *The Magic Mountain*. With the exception of the peasant-hero (Hamsun's latest modification of his Isak of *Growth of the Soil*) all the characters are either patients or officials in a large mountain sanitarium; and both Mann and Hamsun are interested in observing the effects of physical and mental disease on the human soul. Here the resemblance ends; for Mann is endeavoring to shadow forth the whole temper of pre-war Europe and also to interpret a complicated metaphysic of Time; whereas Hamsun's book is much simpler and less ambitious, though not less successful. He reverts in *Chapter the Last* to one of his favorite themes: the opposition between the peasant-soul and the citizen-soul, an opposition which, with him, always ends in the defeat of the latter in favor of what is direct and primitive. In this novel we watch the gradual change in the temperament of a superficially cultivated young business-woman as she turns inevitably to the good brute of the neighboring *saeter*. The story is enriched by a number of remarkable character-studies of her fellow patients—all doomed, Hamsun would imply, not merely by their illnesses but by their turning away from the simplicities of the soil and the elements.

Chapter the Last is rather more loosely constructed than any of Hamsun's previous narratives; but the qualities of large humanity, shrewd humor and profound perception are here in the degree to which he has accustomed us. At this date there is little more to be said about one who is so indubitably a great writer than he cannot sink below the level of almost continuous beauty and honesty. The least chapter in this relatively unpretentious novel puts to shame almost all contemporary American writing.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

CORA *by Ruth Suckow* (KNOPF. $2.50)

BORN to a poverty to which she cannot reconcile herself, Cora Schwietert struggles for independence through work. She achieves a certain amount of success: overcomes the business world's prejudices against women, makes money. Instead of bringing happiness, this success only begets new problems. Fundamentally romantic, Cora would like to marry, but the men she meets are her inferiors. Their jobs are not so good as hers. Nevertheless she succumbs to an attractive suitor whom she encounters while on a vacation outing in Yellowstone Park. She gives up her work and for the first time in her life, mistress of her own home, knows real happiness.

Unfortunately her house is built upon

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sand. Her husband, whom she still loves, turns out to be ne'er-do-well, loses his job, and, frightened by his wife's pregnancy, deserts her. After the birth of her child Cora returns to her family and renews the old round of work. Having known, however briefly, better things, she is no longer satisfied with money-making as the end of life; and the book closes with her accepting the attentions of a wealthy married man.

As a study of the deadening effect of poverty, conflict between security and conventional success as opposed to happiness, evolution from romanticism to cynicism in an individual, *Cora* has all the elements of an important novel. The motivation, the events in the heroine's life and their effect, are convincing. But the characterization is thin. Cora herself lacks warmth; one would like to sympathize with her but one cannot. Intellectually the author has made her point: she has outlined an authentic, pitiable life; emotionally she has not convinced us. It is as if she were engrossed with the scene and the action to the comparative exclusion of the characters. Only old Mr. Schwietert stands out as a truly human being. Had Miss Suckow done as well for his daughter, her book would be worth reading for its character portrayal as well as its admirable theme.

BLACK ROSES *by Francis Brett Young* (HARPERS. $2.50)

COLORFULLY endowed with a much-travelled expatriate Englishman for father and a Neapolitan peasant-woman for mother, an artistic temperament and a library consisting almost exclusively of French pornography, Mr. Brett Young's hero, Paul, nevertheless fails to develop into a particularly interesting character. Intent on becoming a painter, he comes to Naples, where he earns a dubious living by making fake antique parchment boxes. Cristine, housekeeper of the old palazzo in which Paul has a room, falls in love with him. Many years older than he, she is the reluctant mistress of the owner of the house—a startling creature whom Mr. Young describes with complete absence of restraint: "Twice in one week Paul had opened his door to find this enormous bottle-green figure charging down on him, with head lowered, arms swinging, and red eyes staring out with a buffalo fierceness beneath his craggy brows". To make things still more alarming, this boorish fellow carries a sack either "sagging empty or bulging with sinister fulness", answers all salutations with a "bull's snort", and rushes about making his nailed boots ring on the flags of the courtyard.

Paul, after an initial feeling of desire, is repelled by Cristine's affection, and despises himself for accepting the parchments which she steals for him. In the end, however, he falls in love with her; but almost simultaneously a cholera epidemic sweeps over Naples, and in the ensuing confusion Cristine dies.

Black Roses lives up to its title: it is exotic, melodramatic, extravagant, sentimental. Cristine is a plausible and touching character; but Paul's love for her seems insufficiently motivated. Mr. Brett Young is skilful in creating a decadent atmosphere; there is something contagious in his relish for decayed palaces and rubbishy art shops; but he hoists himself by his own petard in that his men and women (except for Cristine's baboonish master) pale into insignificance against the very purple background which he manufactures for them.

RIVER HOUSE *by Stark Young* (SCRIBNER'S. $2.50)

River House is a rather long-drawn-out study of the conflict between the Old South and the New. The former is represented by Major Dandridge, aided and abetted by his aged and virginal sisters, Miss Rose and Miss Ellen, together with an old family friend who rejoices in the name of Major Bobo; the latter, by Major Dandridge's son John.

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John, who has been working in a bank in St. Louis, marries and brings his bride home for their honeymoon. Thrown into a milieu where nothing ever happens and where conversation concerns itself only with past glories and anecdotes which everyone has heard a thousand times, he becomes more and more dissatisfied. (His wife plays a purely negative rôle throughout.) Finally he leaves, the immediate cause being a quarrel with his father, the fundamental reason his inability to adapt himself to the moribund life of his elders.

Mr. Young is no partisan in this conflict: he shows the charm of the quiet eventless Southern existence as well as its tedium. But its charm is not very robust, and the dialogue (there is a great deal) often becomes wearisome. The characters are stilted and do not seem made of flesh and blood; a soporific old-rose glow spreads over everything. Kind and gentle, but otherwise limited, the Dandridges have none of the crispness of Ellen Glasgow's Littlepages. Perhaps the very blurring of their outlines makes them truer to the types they are supposed to represent, but, along with John, one is not sorry to leave them.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

THE WINGS OF THE EAGLE *by Gilbert Seldes* (LITTLE, BROWN. $2.50)

MR. SELDES in his first novel is most successful in evoking pity for his chief character, Stephen Lodor. A Polish immigrant, Lodor has been the leading spirit in establishing a colony of farmers near Philadelphia during the eighteen-nineties. The man has a simple faith in the goodness of men, a simple belief in the existence of a beneficient order in Nature: in short, he is a passionate humanitarian and like many of that ilk not subtle or realistic in his thoughts or astute in his practice. He is, if we accept the author's figure, an eagle when he lives in his dreams of human fellowship, but when he is obliged to walk in the world of ignoble and mean facts, the world of race-hatred and hard times and lust, his wings drag and get soiled, he stumbles and gets befuddled. There are moments when his illusions break —when his baby is still-born, when his neighbors show their spite by not breaking a road through the snow to his house—that are very moving in their pathos.

There is however a lack of substance in all the three leading characters—in Lodor's lover, Anne, who "was determined that what she herself did should not be wholly dreary and ignoble", and who seeks fulfilment in love, not in communal visions; and in Anne's husband, Arthur Gordon, a clever manager of people, who appeals to their better motives and converts their responses to his own advantage. Lodor, Anne and Gordon are plausible in the reading, but do not live as one looks back at the book. This failure is intangible, for Mr. Seldes has written too deftly, has elaborated his design too carefully, has kept his reader too awake to his story to allow anyone to spot easily where he has failed to endow his people with life that will persist in the memory. Can it be that he himself was never completely inside their skins? His external treatment is skilful, but one misses a warmth of apprehension of the three main characters. In my judgment, Mr. Seldes is not wholly sympathetic with his present material. I have laid stress on this, because otherwise *The Wings of the Eagle* has many good points, and this complete externality seems to account for a certain sense of disappointment it gives. Sometime I should like to see the author employ his gifts for subtle design, bright conversation, and ironic situation on a comedy of New York manners.

THE MEDDLERS *by Jonathan Leonard* (VIKING. $2.50)

The Meddlers is written with more assurance than Mr. Leonard's first novel, *Back to*

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Stay. To say that Mr. Leonard writes with assurance is high praise in view of the hardness of the undertaking he has given himself. For *The Meddlers* is a novel of ideas, many of its scenes are melodramatic, and its chief character is of heroic build. In these respects it is like a novel by Dostoevski, and Mr. Leonard, like the Russian, is successful in arousing the reader's wonder at his hero, in boldly sweeping the reader into melodrama and in providing real ideas and strong intellectual viewpoints in his characters' conversation. The comparison must not be pushed: Mr. Leonard is not metaphysical but he is philosophic in a common-sense sort of way.

The general theme of his novel is the cursed meddlesomeness of the human tribe. Lack of sincerity, lack of tolerance, lack of independence, lack of knowledge, do not prevent human beings from everlastingly interfering with each other's lives: in its most respectable dress this interference is called reform and the prime examples of meddlers in Mr. Leonard's novels are Social Service Uplifters. His strange hero, Carolus Elston, recognizes intensely the need of the world for reform on a grand scale, but he also recognizes with equal burning clarity that all existing reformers are inadequate. He goes one step further and realizes that he himself is unequal to the necessity for world-reform. Then he shoots himself. Thereafter the book depicts the influence of the dead young man upon his associates and particularly upon Louise Wilberton. Mr. Leonard does not write thesis novels and nothing is solved in the end. What is brought home is a powerful picture of human wilfulness, too strong for even the bravest and most intelligent reformer to alter and yet inviting the most heroic efforts to overcome it. There is singularly little *parti pris* in the author's attitude. Like the reader, he appears to be struck with wonder at the struggles of Carolus Elston and his friends, and with wonder at the obdurate way in which mankind defeats all efforts to raise itself.

I should say that Mr. Leonard is a novelist in his bones. His sense of language is fresh, his sense of form preserves him from didacticism and his sense of character is highly imaginative. It looks as though the process of evaluating him will be slow, but I am confident that it will none the less eventually place him high among the American novelists of our times.

GORHAM B. MUNSON

NICKY SON OF EGG *by Gerald Bullett* (KNOPF. $2.50)

WITH *Nicky Son of Egg* Gerald Bullett completes the arc of ordinary life that he began so gallantly in *The History of Egg Pandervil*. Though this second book is concerned primarily with Nicky, it is still Egg to whom we succumb whole-heartedly—Egg the extraordinary ordinary, the distinguished undistinguished. Egg lives in his son and through him, and because of this a profounder aspect of his being is given, a plumbing of the depths, as it were, of love and friendship. Nicky's career is short enough—a sturdy boyhood, a great love, two happy years of farming, then the war and its disastrous blotting out of peace and beauty; yet it is long enough to give Egg, the fond father, his deep draught of happiness and the cruel wrench of blind chance. Mr. Bullett's characterizations are charmingly handled. His prose is even mellower than it was in *The History of Egg Pandervil*. The result is a readable and touching book that saddens because of its indicated suggestion of the deplorable passing of all quiet and peaceful things.

BORGIA *by Zona Gale* (KNOPF. $2.50)

Borgia is a case history and yet Zona Gale has lifted it to a theme of surprising proportions. Marfa Manchester, sensitive, self-centered, is the victim of an obsession that threatens to destroy her life, an obsession that she is continually destroying her friends. She takes a

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man to a house where he catches diphtheria and dies. She tells a girl-friend to stir the fire and a spark blinds the girl. In both big and little ways these accidents continue to happen until Marfa, convinced that she is some terrible but unconscious Borgia, withdraws almost completely into herself, shuns most of all the people she loves, and is practically on the road to a species of insanity. How she is liberated from this obsession and brought again into the world of living men and women by the man whom she loves forms the major theme of Miss Gale's novel. It is an unusual situation and Miss Gale, mature as ever in her acute observation, makes the most of it, drawing a portrait that will not be easily forgotten by the reader. It is surprising to note with what few strokes Miss Gale can suggest a complete characterization. Indeed, her talent at times suggests the work of the great Japanese artists who confined themselves to the essential lines and so produced a greater illusion of reality than that suggested by over-drawn pictures. *Borgia* is to be placed among the finer achievements of Miss Gale, and, remembering her past work, that is a lot to say.

HERBERT GORMAN

STRANGER FIDELITIES *by Mathilde Eiker* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

THE SCENT of the rose leaf hangs about everything, to which Mathilde Eiker puts her hand—the pressed rose leaf which brought reminiscent tears to the eyes of our romantic grandmothers. They would have rejoiced to hear an American soldier tell a French girl that her eyes were like "shy violets in the cool woods of my homeland". But, though it is difficult for us hard-boiled moderns to believe any banker member of the A.E.F. could use language of this chaste horticultural pattern, Miss Eiker has this time produced a novel which has a convincing, lovable and loving French heroine.

Marie-Hélène before the war had made the usual *mariage de convenance* with a man of her own race. During the war she loved and lived with an American. He made an almost unbelievable slip of the tongue on their meeting after the Armistice by suggesting that she stay with him just one more night before he returned to the States. She fled from him to the husband who had just returned from the front. When the husband died, she married an elderly, rich American colonel, with whom she scrupulously kept her bargain and with whom she was not unhappy. After his death she re-found in her own country the lover, now the father of an American family. Again she lived with him, and again she let him go home, hoping that again he would return to her.

Miss Eiker's title is very true, for the Frenchwoman, married twice to husbands not of her heart's choice, was yet faithful always to her code, which might be commended to the attention of nations which pretend to despise it.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book from an American standpoint deals with Marie-Hélène's reactions to her American environment, to the people in small towns on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts; women idle and searching a thrill and men busy and seeking comfort. The novel is a decided advance on Miss Eiker's earlier novels, and shows a sympathetic understanding of one much-maligned type of European character.

MONEY FOR LOVE *by Josephine Herbst* (COWARD-MCCANN. $2.50)

THIS is the type of book that makes one wish with a fanatic's fervor for some law to protect the novel form. You cannot write a novel without incident—not even if you are Eugene O'Neill. You cannot write a poem without feeling or fine phrasing. You cannot write an essay without an idea. But all you need for a novel apparently is a so-called slice of life. Miss Herbst has given us one

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cut from a joint that under no circumstances could have been succulent, and she has served it with a very watery sauce.

Harriet Everist, a second-rate actress, has had a humiliating affair with Bruce Jones who, when the book opens, has made a success as a playwright. Unable to hold her lover, quite recover from her hurt or land a job on Broadway, she fastens the tentacles of her pride—or is it her instinct for self-preservation?—on Joseph Roberts, a widower who lost his wife under circumstances damaging to complete ease of conscience. Joseph wishes to go abroad to resume his study of medicine, and Harriet decides to secure him by the double knot of matrimony and financial obligation. She tells him that Jones has offered her five thousand dollars, whereas she intends to get it by what amounts to blackmail. The story opens with her lie and ends with her sailing as Joseph's wife and the possessor of one thousand of Jones's dollars, plus some more money extracted from an all-too-altruistic aunt. The aunt is the only relief in a sordid story, even though one feels that she will inevitably end in the poorhouse as a result of over-confidence in the strength of family affection.

NORAH MEADE

NEW YORK *by Nat J. Ferber* (COVICI-FRIEDE. $2.50)

IN *New York* a literary editor has taken time off from the reading of other people's novels to write a good piece of fiction himself. Mr. Ferber established clearly enough in his first novel, *The Sidewalks of New York*, his knowledge of the city; he has written a fascinating chapter in its growth to its present mammoth proportions in his second. His book takes us back a generation and brings us down to the present. It is a history of the city's growth, and also a history of a large number of the city's fortunes, a history, too, of the astonishing growth in numbers and power of the Jewish population.

Its pages are crowded with recognizable characters, some of them walking about wearing their own names, others thinly disguised. The most renowned manufacturer of America's favorite comestible, the hot dog, is introduced; one of the city's shrewdest and most successful criminal lawyers is given a damning paragraph; and the framework of the book itself is the life-story of a Jewish boy who won his start in life by selling a runty calf that belonged to someone else and eventually built thousands and thousands of the houses that have turned the city's outlying districts into beehives and gold mines. When the novel reaches the present, dozens of people whose names are in the papers nearly every day are mentioned, and in spite of all this, the book is saved from being no more than a piece of journalism by the excellent character-drawing and by the author's surprising insight into the real estate situation on and about Manhattan Island.

Julius Midas, the central character, is thoroughly well-done, human, likable and amusing, and there are many other figures in the book of whom the same things might be said. Without being in the least pretentious or "literary", Mr. Ferber has written an altogether interesting addition to the list of New York novels. His book is fiction with a definite historical value.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

JACK SPRAT *by Isabel Campbell* (COWARD-MCCANN. $2.00)

THE JACK SPRAT of this innocuous tale is an improvident and irresponsible gentleman who supports his family intermittently by giving mandolin lessons. At the first lash of his wife's tongue, he is apt to saunter out the front door—not to return for weeks, possibly years. It is this habit which makes life so difficult for Mamma Jule and her daughters. Barbara, the elder, inherits a slice of her father's artistic temperament but manages to land safely in the arms of a solid citizen.

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Rosemary, however, comes to grief as a result of her arrogance and recklessness, combined with her mother's vitality. The shock is too much for Mamma Jule, whose sudden death is made happy by the presence of her worthless but beloved vagabond, Papa.

Miss Campbell has a gift for the kind of detail which delighted the Dutch genre painters. She describes very neatly and precisely the stiff parlors of the early nineteen-hundreds and all the small particulars of middle-class family life. But her characters, with the exception of Papa, are flat and a little dull.

LOVE STORY *by Thelma Woodhill* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $2.50)

DESPITE its surface detachment and its cool wit, this is no book for the squeamish. It takes strong nerves to watch, unmoved, a lamb led to the slaughter. Obviously Miss Woodhill had Latin derivations in mind when she named her innocent and defenceless heroine Agnes. The girl is victim to a dominating, ambitious mother whose thwarted energies have been warped into religious hysteria. Martha Barnet, believing that the flesh is impure, shelters her daughter from all contact with life. In the end, Agnes, with her ignorance intact, is handed over to a gross sensualist whose millions have blinded Martha to the horror of the sacrifice.

This is a ticklish theme, and Miss Woodhill has done well with it. Too shrewd to make the mother an unmitigated Gorgon, she has given Martha Barnet human and appealing traits. By emphasizing the girl's timid passivity, she even compels belief in the incredible innocence of Agnes. Her whole book moves logically and relentlessly towards the hideous climax of the wedding night. It is true that the novel lacks emotional scope, that it is, perhaps, too consciously deliberate in pattern. In addition to present accomplishment, however, one may expect good things of an author who had the ironic daring to call such a tale *Love Story*.

THE EVERLASTING HARPERS *by Mildred Wasson* (COWARD-MCCANN. $2.00)

TO ONE of those remote Maine villages, dominated by the odors of the local sardine factory, Jerry Harper brings a girl whom he had met on shipboard, and lightly loved in Paris. Margot is up against it. She has to forget her Park Avenue background, to overcome the prejudices of those local aristocrats, her husband's family, to stiffen Jerry's fibre and convince him that the aforesaid factory is something more than an inherited encumbrance. She has, likewise, to combat the spite of the girl whom Jerry had jilted and who is decidedly the villain of the piece.

It is to Mrs. Wasson's credit that she irons out the difficulties in Margot's path without straining one's credulity overmuch. Hers is a comedy of adjustment. It is by no means high comedy, but nevertheless *The Everlasting Harpers* portrays rather deftly the clash, the interplay and the final reconciliation of varying viewpoints. The Harper aunts, so sharply differentiated and yet so alike in their pride of family and place, are delightful, full-flavored characters. Unfortunately, the whole book is bathed in a mild wash of sentimentality and is destitute of that distinction of style which marked the work of another, and better, Maine writer—Sarah Orne Jewett.

EDITH H. WALTON

SINGERMANN *by Myron Brinig* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.50)

THERE is so much fine, strong humanity in this book that one reads it with a pleasure provided by few novels of the season. The Singermanns—father and mother, six sons, a daughter—lead lusty, full-blooded lives, and their stories are told in a luscious growth of prose. They are immigrants who settled in Minneapolis and later in Butte, Montana, and are, in custom and thought, Europeans, Roumanian Jews.

We thus have a microcosm of American

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life in the Middle West and Far West viewed from a new angle. The story of the Singermann family itself becomes fresh because of the new environment and influences which enter into it. Each member of the family somehow, sooner or later, comes into conflict with American psychology and manners. And each one has somehow to make his peace, in his own way, with American life.

CATHERINE FOSTER *by H. E. Bates* (VIKING. $2.50)

THE AUTHOR of that excellent book of stories, *Day's End,* has given us here a fine and beautiful novel. Emotionally, it stands comparison with the work of the foremost writers. It has delicacy, warmth, and a style the grace of which is more than surface perfection. Its characters are clearly and truly drawn, if a bit unsubstantial; its drama poignant, if not essentially contemporary or fresh.

The story of Catherine Foster is, roughly, that of Emma Bovary refined, brightened, and made less tragic. Catherine marries a dull prosaic and unimaginative man whom she cannot love, and meets another man (her husband's brother) whom she can and does love very much. When her lover fails her, she feels all of Emma's pain and sorrow. Unlike Emma she returns to her husband, resigning herself to "obscurity" and an "impassioned memory" instead of to death—or life. But it is a beautiful novel—Catherine blossoms delicately and wilts like a flower.

F. CLINTON SIMPSON

IN PRINCETON TOWN *by Day Edgar* (SCRIBNER'S. $2.00)

PIGSKIN *by Charles W. Ferguson* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

Two widely separated aspects of American university life are presented in these novels. Day Edgar's stories of undergraduate life at Princeton are genial and superbly convincing. They were originally written for periodical publication, but appear here in altered form. Mr. Edgar has removed from one or two of them the studied "happy endings" which some magazines evidently continue to demand, and substituted conclusions more consistent with the probabilities. The result is that these tales, notable before because of their realism, are completely satisfactory here. No one at present equals Mr. Edgar in the portrayal of college life. He never errs by adding to his atmosphere that spurious sort of color known as "collegiate". He never finds it necessary to import extra-collegiate circumstances to provide a plot. His stories are completely faithful and recognizable and very entertaining. The college world of Day Edgar is a world in miniature, which he reproduces with sympathy and an accurate sense of human comedy.

Charles W. Ferguson's *Pigskin* is a very ill-natured book. Mr. Ferguson is firmly determined upon exposure in the manner of Sinclair Lewis. We may readily concede that, in the corruption and chicanery of the financial side of university administration, there is plenty of matter for exposure. In fact, Mr. Ferguson has made out a very good case. But he fails to capture or convince us. He lacks Mr. Lewis's genius for caricature and his aptitude for the selection of the exact and revelatory detail. He muddles his book rather badly when he tries to excite artificial interest in the story by dragging in a tepid romance and a "critical" football game.

MARGARET WALLACE

CONVENT GIRL *by Helene Mullins* (HARPERS. $2.50)

MISS MULLINS'S verse has met with more than the usual consideration accorded to young poets, and though *Convent Girl,* her first prose work, will not place her at once in the foremost ranks of young novelists, it is well above the average in treatment and style. The theme is Christina Gilly's school years in a

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convent, and one point of Miss Mullins's individuality is that she has preserved the almost entirely subjective outlook of a child. Into autobiographical works dealing with childhood, few authors do not infuse, consciously or unconsciously, a certain measure of adult experience and knowledge. Miss Mullins has almost eliminated these elements and as she records Christina's emotional reactions to disappointment and disillusion, she refrains from the *sotto voce* comments of the grown-up, interjects no sophisticated asides, flicks no satire into the text.

Without being actually condemnatory of conventual systems of education, the book makes a disconcerting impression, and the reason is not difficult to discover. The grave outlook of a child is devoid of any sense of irony or satire; and the child's conclusions, drawn from its clear-seeing frankness, are often liable to be more disconcerting than the bitterest polemic. The ability to reproduce such clearness of vision is a rare accomplishment in itself, and when the story is presented, as this one is, in calm, well balanced prose, free of all flamboyant sentimentality and flashy brittleness, the author may rest assured that she has created a firm foundation for future work.

EDMUND KENNEDY

FAMILY GROUP *by Diana Patrick* (DUTTON. $2.50)

THE HARLYN family lives and moves in the English manufacturing city of Bradingford. In this dingy atmosphere they develop their exotic selves: Irene the beauty, Rosalind the singer, Bayard the poet, Meredith the gallant, and Patrick the faun. They stand united as members of the family, and yet each finds waiting for him, undeterred by poverty, a secret, more personal life. Suddenly Stephen Harlyn, their father, inherits a large fortune and a place in Cornwall, and opportunity smiles on his gifted children.

With this reversal of the Harlyn fortunes, the first part of the book ends, and with it a quite delightful piece of writing. One feels instinctively that the author is a born story-teller, and shares her sympathy for her characters. If the tale so far is not first-rate, it is not pretentious, and it may be read with pleasure and satisfaction.

But to go on. The Harlyns are now established in Cornwall. They are rich, but wealth is not all. They are not happy. Rosalind, who has spent two years studying music in Italy, returns to find Dame Care sitting on the marble doorstep. It becomes her task to remove the old lady.

Alas for the promise of the opening chapters! With growing alarm and astonishment, the reader peruses the final pages, containing an automobile accident (nobly motivated), a rescue from drowning (ditto), the death of one boyhood friend for another, reunited lovers—in general, sunshine breaking through the clouds. Enough of this.

EVELYN PAGE

A GALLERY OF WOMEN *by Theodore Dreiser* (LIVERIGHT. TWO VOLS. $5.00)

FOURTEEN years ago Stuart Sherman sharply arraigned Theodore Dreiser's naturalism because he failed to accept what every one of the novelist's books declares: that while technically Dreiser is a realist, spiritually he is representative of the romantic Victorian infected with a belief in "chemisms" and natural selection. The man is by race, time-spirit, and inclination an incurable sentimentalist and pagan, but a pagan as far removed from the brittle Twentieth-Century type as Shelley is from Hart Crane. To Dreiser life is still an improvisation to be observed with mingled awe and sadness; the meanest man who breathes can challenge wonder because he is an insoluble mystery. Having read Rousseau at twenty-six, Dreiser is today as much that Frenchman's disciple as he is Balzac's or Zola's.

His latest book—a gallery where for over

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six years he has been hanging portraits of women he has known or heard about from friends—is testimony to the above thesis. It has little value to the thinker. The one idea on which he strings the stories is a favorite with him: that we are, because of our chemical constituents, the pardonable creatures of vagrom temperaments. And if the idea be comparatively feeble, what can be said for the style, calculated as usual to set the academic's teeth on edge? The seeker will find here no parade colors, no flashing humor, but one epigram. Dozens of lesser men, by refraining from abusing the patience of grammar and by opening their ears to sounds, could fashion better sentences. Yet Dreiser's very clumsiness is an earnest of his peculiar greatness, for we come to realize that his carelessness and absence of manner arise from a profound artistic sincerity, from a concentration upon his subjects. He does not disport himself; he makes us talk and think and feel with these women—most of them unusual, three seemingly commonplace—over whom he broods tenderly. His is not a highly intellectual analysis, not a deeply lyrical compassion, but a healthy, burgher-like sympathy given to those who, for some reason, he believes have been made to bear the burdens of frustration and misunderstanding.

A Gallery of Women is not Dreiser's most important book; that was published in 1925. It is, however, a further revelation of his groping instinct to know all and forgive all, to apprehend if not to unriddle personality. Such stories as "Spaff" and "Ida Hauchawort" convince us that no American writer has equal capacity to reflect the variegated emotional patterns of our current civilization.

GRANT C. KNIGHT

THE METHODIST FAUN *by Anne Parrish* (HARPERS. $2.50)

ALL the persons in all Miss Parrish's books pose, and she sets down their posing without pity. She has no more than a transient compassion for the universal attempt to bridge the discrepancy between the disappointments of reality and the richer life that, by some cruel irony, is always within the reach of imagination.

Since Miss Parrish writes well and sharply, and since it is always a relief to read, on a holiday from one's own self-dramatization, of people who pose more ridiculously and with less success, she will always have a wide audience. But Cathleen, who wasn't really very smart or intellectual, Martha, who brightened her wedding by having "I Love You Truly" sung and putting favors in the wedding cake, and young Mr. Hunter, who miraculously, although the son of a small town photographer, dreamed of being an artist, deserve a kinder chronicler. If Miss Parrish will lay aside her contempt of all her fellows for the time it takes to write one book, she will produce a novel of unbearable poignancy and great value.

THERE IS ANOTHER HEAVEN *by Robert Nathan* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $2.00)

THREE men meet at the crossing of the River Jordan—a boy who had too much mothering on earth, a man who never had enough, and Mr. Lewis, *né* Levy.

On the whole Heaven is not very satisfactory. The over-mothered boy is reunited to a gay and tremulous woman who has discovered after death that it is quite decent to love her husband, and who is impatient at the demands of the boy she had pampered to fill the empty life her shame created on earth. The professor who idealized his young mother finds a woman incapable of any love whatever, so childish that she can be cruel to Elizabeth, dead at four-going-on-five, when the child makes a friend of her lonely son. And Mr. Lewis, who rejected the shy, inarticulate love of his own people because they were "out of everything", finds no one to love him at all.

This is a sort of preliminary heaven, a

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heaven created to gratify limited and thwarted desires. In the last pages, Mr. Nathan's three heroes are about to swim back over Jordan, grimly determined to make themselves characters complete enough to be worthy of another Heaven.

BIRDS GOT TO FLY *by Ruth Blodgett* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $2.50)

THE ADJUSTMENT of the child of divorced parents to her position as wife of a man whose family is close-bound by iron tradition.

SOBER FEAST *by Barbara Blackburn* (LITTLE, BROWN. $2.50)

AN EXCELLENT book about an intelligent English family, all marked individualists, all deeply attached to each other. By her ability to tell her love story with humor, tenderness and tragedy, Miss Blackburn lifts her book completely out of the category of middle-class family chronicles.

THREE DAUGHTERS *by Jane Dashwood* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $2.50)

THREE gay and pretty girls grow up, marry and find life less enchanting than they had foreseen. The first part of the book is delightfully funny, and the sisters are so intelligent that it seems improbable that life would bear down on them so heavily in their later middle age.

THE SLEEPING FURY *by Martin Armstrong* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $2.50)

A CONVENTIONAL novel in which the factitious obstacle—the objection of a clerical father to his daughter's marriage to an illegitimate child—is redeemed by good characterization and well-conveyed emotions.

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ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

FORM AND STYLE IN AMERICAN PROSE *by Gorham B. Munson* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

AFTER some preliminaries on the meaning of style Mr. Munson proceeds to examine various kinds of prose as used in criticism, philosophy, fiction, humor and satire, drama, autobiography, experimentation. Large slices of the authors discussed are reproduced, ranging from Poe and T. S. Eliot to Waldo Frank and Gertrude Stein.

The purpose and achievement of the book remain doubtful, since the reader, for all Mr. Munson's ardor and general busyness, may not share the author's confidence that progress is being made. It is not clear what sort of person can profit from these extension lectures, for the technical analysis of rhythm is rudimentary and not turned to much account, and the critical commentary is an odd mixture of subtlety and platitude. If a professor had written a good many of these pages, Mr. Munson, as reviewer, would surely have taken his head off. And one might expect a treatise on style to be free from such modernistic jargon as "the functioning of the vocabularian body into which his thought and feeling have dipped themselves and become fused with the words"; it is the author's thesis that "style is a perfect register of content".

Mr. Munson's apparatus is often more cumbersome than helpful, but he can throw out abundant suggestive judgments on the way to a flat conclusion. He is interested in more ideas than he has taken time to think out. One's uncertainty about his destination is not removed in the final chapter, where he sets forth his mundane and celestial hierarchy of prose writers. Would it be possible to cram more erroneous ideas and implications into a few lines than we find here?—

> Consider the prose of four masters, Sir Thomas Malory, Sir Thomas Browne, Daniel Defoe, and Charles Lamb, and you should be able to disengage the qualities of Minor Prose. It is rhetorical; it is based on the assumption that the reader is not on a level with the writer and seeks therefore to persuade him; it evokes a state of feeling. But you are not provoked to reflect.

Nor is one's restiveness soothed by the addition to the list of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

As representatives of Major Prose, Mr. Munson takes Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Swift, Arnold, Henry Adams and Thoreau; these men provoke reflection. One wonders what reflection (apart from historical interest) More's prose awakens in a modern reader, one wonders in fact how intimately Mr. Munson is acquainted with a number of the authors who are so neatly arranged. What few fruitful seeds may be discerned in the theory of classification seem to be killed when it is applied.

One is, as I said, often stimulated by Mr. Munson's incidental criticisms, one is aware that his heart is in the right place, but his head is too easily turned by winds of doctrine. The prophet of the moment is Mr. A. R. Orage, whose erratic influence is mingled with that of Aristotle, Messrs. Babbitt, More and Eliot and other sober guides. Mr. Munson is serious, intelligent, sensitive. When (like the Rotarians) he "has his feet on the ground", when easy fluency and tangential enthusiasms are curbed by some solid discipline and more meditation, Mr. Munson will fulfil more adequately the expectations aroused by parts of his earlier writings.

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BLAKE AND MODERN THOUGHT *by Denis Saurat* (DIAL PRESS. $4.00)

COMMENTARIES on the gospel according to Blake continue to multiply, and members of the cult have found valuable help in the works of Mr. Damon and others. M. Saurat, who is best known for his learned, challenging and somewhat erratic book on Milton, has produced an analysis of Blake's main ideas and myths which is as lucid as any exposition of the prophet is likely to be, and may be commended to both novices and initiates. The handsome book is enriched with eight of Blake's drawings.

M. Saurat arranges his matter thus:

"Liberalism: the rebellion against the God of the Old Testament, against the moral law, against the abstract intellect;

"Nationalism: the idealization of our own race to an entirely extravagant extent;

"Idealism: replacing God by Man as a Creator, or identifying Man with God."

Such headings, for Blake, are doubtless legitimate, though liberalism in Blake's own century, as at other times, owed a good deal to the abstract intellect. The most important part of the book is the tracing of much of Blake's metaphysic to its sources, and M. Saurat's remarkable knowledge of occultist writings, Neo-Platonic, Indian, Jewish, illuminates many a dark place. The conclusion, which begins with the statement that "Blake's ideas, considered as a whole, are perfectly coherent and reasonable", is less satisfying. Here, as often, the claims of enthusiasm are not quite borne out by the critic's own findings, and one has recollections of the mountain in labor. Blake appears as a forerunner of Nietzsche and Proust. One reads with some uneasiness that he often achieved a synthesis of reason, imagination, passion and instinct, whereas Milton was concerned only with reason and passion, and Hugo, "intellectually the most advanced of Blake's successors, could only bring three into his synthesis, namely, reason, imagination and instinct".

Blake is a conspicuous instance of the way in which our age has unduly exalted artists of intermittent or fragmentary vision and imperfect control, such as Donne, Melville, Mr. O'Neill. If one end of Blake's fiery rainbow is lost in heaven, the other end—on M. Saurat's showing—rests near Hyde Park. Further, while some critics of our day are accused of mixing poetry with ethics, the bulk of Blakean commentary is privileged—Blake being a rebel—to devote itself to ethical and other non-esthetic matters. One may or may not accept a demonstration that the ideas of the prophetic books are perfectly coherent and reasonable; it has not, I think, been demonstrated that those books, except in rare patches, are poetry.

CRITICISM IN THE MAKING *by Louis Cazamian* (MACMILLAN. $2.00)

PROFESSOR CAZAMIAN'S book is composed of lectures delivered, from 1924 to 1929, before academic audiences, chiefly at the Rice Institute and the University of Toronto. The first three, on "the aim and method of higher literary studies", should be read by all teachers, especially teachers of graduate students. We are accustomed to protests, often unintelligent, against Gradgrind scholarship on the one hand and mushy estheticism on the other; M. Cazamian, as scholar and man of letters, is qualified to speak, and his plea for the rooting of graduate study in literary criticism, in the disciplined enjoyment of great writing, is sane and stimulating. His picture of the eager critical ardor of "not only the best, but the majority" of American students will hardly meet with instant recognition by American professors, who incline to the less roseate view of another French observer, M. Dimnet. However, the much-belabored professor, who is always slipping into the slough of despond, should be heartened by a distinguished professor's faith in students and his high conception of the art of teaching.

In the discourses which constitute the re-

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maining two thirds of the book M. Cazamian surveys with philosophic and cosmopolitan eye some main aspects of the modern movement. He has the critical virtue of starting more questions than he settles. His mind is academic in the good sense of the word, refined and stabilized by tradition but flexible and responsive to any fresh and genuine artistic manifestation. He finds that "the method of discontinuity" (or stream-of-consciousness) has justified itself as an esthetic experiment and "is certainly truer to fact than was the naïvely continuous tradition of the past", but he sees evidence (in 1924) of the shaping of "a new age of rationality, equilibrium, and order—a classical age". The classical character of M. Cazamian's classicism is not always apparent. In his last three lectures the critic traces parallel developments in modern French and English literature, and, from the increasing inter-relations of the two literatures and peoples, looks forward to a supra-national European culture.

PRACTICAL CRITICISM *by I. A. Richards* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $4.00)

HAVING spent some time and energy in the assimilation of Mr. Richards's earlier work, and having listened to him expounding the poems of Mr. Eliot, I instinctively or metaphorically reached for a wet towel as I opened his latest volume. But Mr. Richards lures one on this time by opening with a critical game which, by the way, he described on the occasion referred to. To his "expensively educated" Cambridge class he submitted, in groups of four, poems by Christina Rossetti, Donne, "Woodbine Willie" (the late G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, who generously gave his lambish poems to the slaughter), Miss Millay, Mr. Noyes, and others. In ignorance of the authorship students after careful study set down their opinions. The copious citations from those verdicts, Mr. Richards's running comments, and the two-hundred pages of analysis, combine to make as truly educational a book as one could wish to read. It is at once stimulating and humbling, for there can hardly be anyone—student, teacher, critic, even poet—whose withers are not sometimes wrung.

Mr. Richards is that rare combination, a learned, keen, and sensitive critic of poetry, and an acute psychologist and logician. Instead of the cloudy generalities which so often serve for criticism of poetry we have fundamental brain-work, detailed analysis, precise expression. We learn, among other things, that the critical reading of poetry is an arduous discipline; that four poems are too many for a week's reading; that very few educated readers really understand poetry; that very many admire by tradition and exhibit the wildest variety of reactions, or none at all, before an anonymous poem; that these reactions are largely colored by sentimentality, matters of doctrine, obsolete critical dogmas, "stock responses"; that an educated group is far more ignorant of poetry than it is supposed to be, deficient even in general experience, immature; that vagueness in the use of language, of critical terms, is an endless source of, and result of, vague feeling and thinking; that it is less important to like "good" poetry and dislike "bad" than to be able to use them both as a means of ordering our minds. . . . But the book is far more than a report on a laboratory experiment; it is a treatise, constantly suggestive and astringent, on the difficult art of reading.

DOUGLAS BUSH

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BIOGRAPHY

THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS *by Herbert Gorman* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $5.00)

AMONG the fictionized "debunking" biographies that threaten to overwhelm every second-hand bookstore in the country, Mr. Gorman's life of Dumas stands out like a solid oak plank. He has actually been at considerable pains to investigate and to try to understand the period which he discusses; he is fair as well as readable; and he treats his subject as a human being, not as a rather regrettable species of insect-pest.

It must be admitted, of course, that there was richness in the ground to start with. It would be hard to write a dull life of the great Alexander, though some biographers have almost succeeded in that preposterous task. The vain, good-humored, indefatigable colossus who poured forth novels, plays, articles, memoirs and hackwork like a river, was a genuine revolutionist in the field of the French theatre and a comic-opera one on the barricades of '30, who built his own Monte Cristo, loved so well, so much and so indiscriminately, let himself be eaten out of house and home by a pack of sycophants and somehow, by some means, in the middle of all the clamor and the women and the good cooking, the duns and the princes, the fantastic dream, produced a score or so of books which are still being read to pieces all over the world—there is enough here to furnish a dozen lives of writers with color and gusto—the set changes but the great performance goes on, one transformation-scene follows another, at the last it descends to shoddiness for a while—a loose old man misbehaves without dignity, begins to outlive himself. But even so, there is still a wick in the socket, the flicker of an unquenchable vitality, and when death comes at last, strangely quiet, it is as if some force of nature had gone from the world.

For Dumas's early years and for his first struggles and first successes in Paris, Mr. Gorman has drawn very largely on Dumas's own memoirs and he has been very wise in doing so. Alexander Dumas was always his own best witness, pro or con—though hardly his most accurate one. Mr. Gorman has done his best to reconcile the fables with the reality and in his drawings upon the six large volumes of memoirs he has been very skilful indeed. I do not mean to imply, in any sense, that his has been merely an editorial task. *The Incredible Marquis* is genuine biography. It stands below *Elizabeth and Essex,* which may fairly represent one type of biography, on the one hand—and one cannot fairly compare it with such a book as the Beveridge life of Lincoln, on the other. But, for all that, it stands a good deal above most American biographies of the year.

There are some minor inaccuracies in the book which Mr. Gorman will doubtless correct in subsequent editions. But they are few enough, compared with Alexander's own. And on the vexed question of how much Dumas owed to his collaborators and the truth of the so-called "fiction-factory", it seems to me that Mr. Gorman has been exceedingly just. The proof of the pudding was in the eating, and Maquet and the others produced nothing of any importance when they worked alone, while Dumas was always Dumas. It is strange that so easy, almost casual, a style should be so difficult to forge. But it is so. I have read half a dozen "continuations" of the Musketeers—and not one of them has the life of a shadow. I suppose, in his time, Dumas must have broken every

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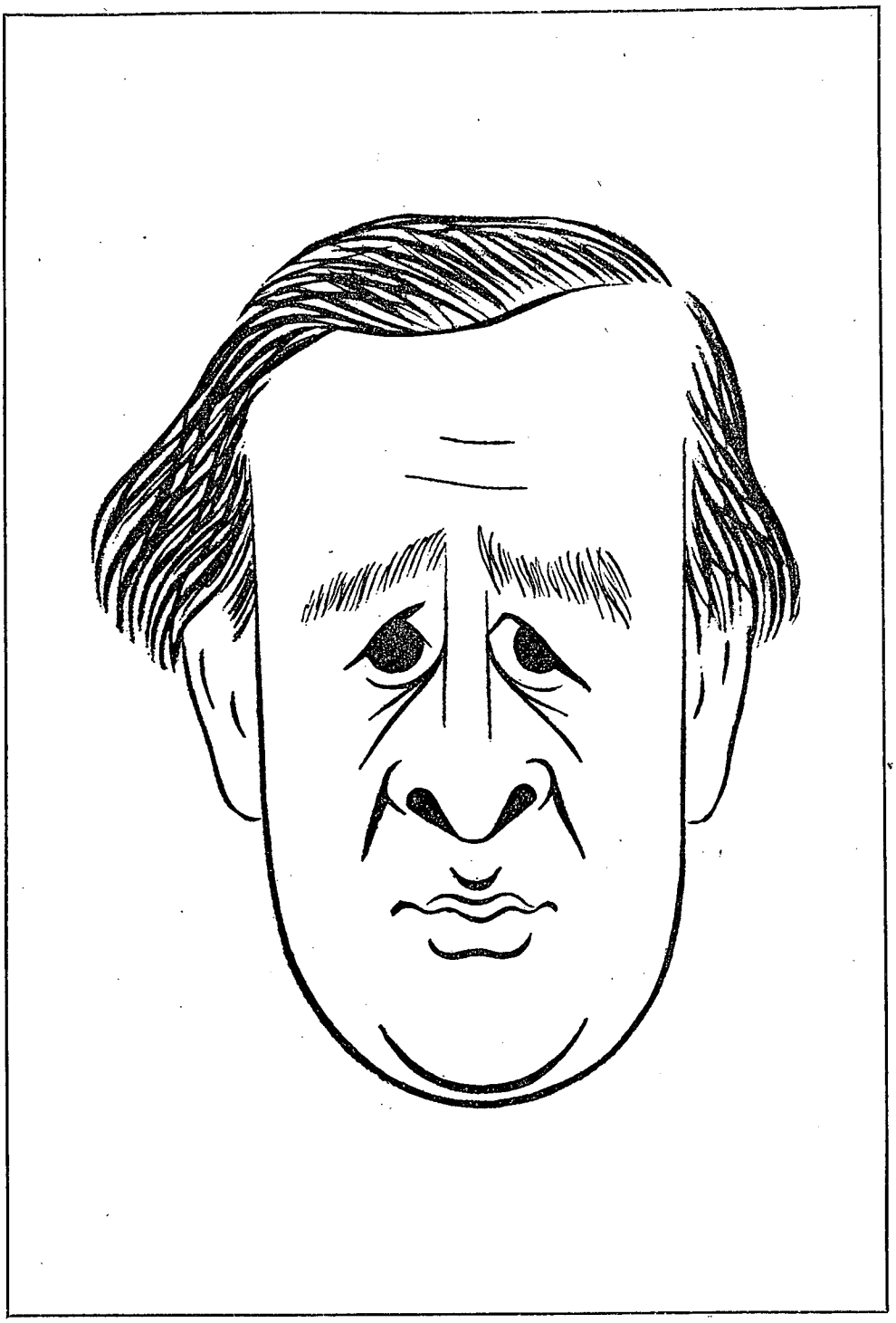

EMIL LUDWIG

Caricature by Eva Herrmann

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rule ever set down by critics of literature. But he is still alive, as Mr. Gorman's admirable biography so clearly shows. And how pleased he would be about it—how he would laugh, in whatever extravagant heaven he might inhabit, while Hugo looked on suspiciously from a neighboring cloud!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

JEFFERSON DAVIS, HIS RISE AND FALL *by Allen Tate* (MINTON, BALCH. $3.50)

ALLEN TATE writes as a spiritual descendent of the Southern Confederacy and this accounts for an occasional truculence in his manner, a high-handed way with the reader at times, an open display of partiality rather than that cloak of impartiality that the pure historian aspires to don. "The Confederacy," he notes, "came within a hair of success; its entire history is a mosaic of tremendous *ifs*. *If* any one set of unfavorable circumstances had been warded off, the South would doubtless have won". By seeing all the *ifs* on the Southern side, Mr. Tate helps to correct the official Northern version of the Civil War. Of course, the history of the North in that struggle is also a mosaic of tremendous *ifs*.

Mr. Tate's portrait of Jefferson Davis is ably drawn. "The man could understand people intellectually, by a comparison of their ideas with his own; but not emotionally. He seemed to lack emotional subtlety; while of every logical and intellectual subtlety he was the master . . . he would expect ideas to settle the course of events, and not quite grasp the necessity of cajoling men into sharing his desires." His subject being an intellectual in war-politics, Mr. Tate is naturally led to outline Southern political philosophy, and this makes his book more than a biography. It becomes, in fact, a reservoir of living ideas about the destiny of the South today.

The South, he asserts, was the deeply conservative party, standing by the Constitution, not the Government. Unfortunately, according to Mr. Tate, the South did adopt the psychology of rebellion and, furthermore, too many of its leaders were emotionally bound to the Union. The anti-democratic genius of the Lower South, a nation in the true sense, was not followed. Its natural development would have been frankly agrarian, aristocratic, imperial; its culture would have been humanistic. In fact, it was a European society, and the North, standing for democracy and science, standing for "Americanization", crushed it almost out of existence. The Civil War, Mr. Tate declares, was in reality a war between Europe and America. This, it seems to me, is an excellent thesis, and *Jefferson Davis, His Rise and Fall* presents it in well-written honest prose.

GORHAM B. MUNSON

TU FU: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE POET *by Florence Ayscough* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $5.00)

ANY translation of Chinese verse is fearfully inadequate. It would be hard to judge the merit of, say, Edna St. Vincent Millay from a rendering of her poetry which omitted all of the technique and preserved only the ideas and imagery. So it is with *Tu Fu* when in addition the adornment of allusion is lost upon the Western reader. Miss Ayscough has done a fine piece of work in attempting to interpret a whole period of Chinese history through the life and writings of an important poet. The only difficulty with the result is a certain monotony. The intellectual content of the poems is simple and there is naturally a good deal of repetition, reflections upon the extravagance of the court, the indecision of the emperor, the sad, unsettled state of China. It is the subtle shades in the handling of these ideas that makes the poems of such importance to the Chinese, and this element hardly carries over into English. What one does get is a series of delicately painted landscapes and some very moving figures. The poem comparing the poet to an old horse left at the roadside by advancing troops is a jewel:

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Now let loose to pasture, far away under cold skies
Wild geese of autumn keep you company.
At sunset none stable you, crows peck at your sores.

It is interesting to find so much realistic detail used in verse, even sordid touches which might be thought to be a modern resource. The Chinese knew more about poetry in the Eighth Century than we do now.

Aside from the poems, the biographical plan is a happy one. It humanizes the poet and helps to destroy the notion of preciosity often attached to Chinese poetry. It shows him an upright man of studious tastes, forced into political life, braving the anger of the emperor, when a prisoner, longing for his wife and children—a loyal friend and a patriotic citizen. *Tu Fu* is a valuable document in interpretation of the East and one awaits the second volume with interest.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE MEREDITH *by Robert Esmonde Sencourt* (SCRIBNER'S. $3.50)

MR. SENCOURT'S enthusiasm for Meredith is infectious. It is both the strength and the weakness of his book. His evident admiration for his subject carries him along and enlivens his pages while it also leads him to gloss over any of Meredith's actions which do not seem to fit the heroic rôle for which the biographer has cast him. It might be admitted a little more plainly that he treated his first wife with shocking egotism and a narrow uncharitableness. It might also be admitted that some of his novels are pretty dull reading. But Mr. Sencourt has a genuine gift for characterization and a very much alive figure emerges from his hands. One gets a feeling of noble largeness about the man, of gusto, of shouts of merriment and robust appetites. Surely this fellow had an awfully good time living! A question is born, shapes itself, grows. What was it these Victorian titans had that is denied to us? The answer seems to be that they had a future, a future that was alive. With us the future is either an aching void or a strange and not very happy nightmare of mechanical rhythms. The Victorian future was all roses and Utopias. What wonder they went tramping over hill and dale in the sunrise and came brushing the dew from their beards to eat huge breakfasts and write massive three-volume novels and long poems full of English springtime?

Meredith's poetry is particularly well handled, and it is time it got more credit, for it is full of the real stuff. Mr. Sencourt's biographical style is halfway between the old and the new methods. His protagonist is a great figure, a splendid figure, whose place is among the heroes in Valhalla.

H. R. HAYS

ALAS, QUEEN ANNE *by Beatrice Curtis Brown* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $4.00)

MARLBOROUGH, THE PORTRAIT OF A CONQUEROR *by Donald Barr Chidsey* (JOHN DAY. $3.50)

THERE is hardly a duller monarch or a less articulate individual in the whole range of English history than good Queen Anne. The last of a glittering line of Stuart princes, Anne herself had no personality from which her age could borrow its color. She was a plump, pop-eyed, unattractive little girl, clinging to her Protestant faith and waiting for a religious martyrdom which never came. She was an obese and unattractive old woman, sitting helplessly by and waiting for death, while her succession was irrevocably fixed upon Hanoverian George. She lived very much alone in her extravagant court at the Cockpit, with only the spurious friendship of Sarah Jennings Churchill and the abortive little romance with Mulgrave to lighten her days. She died alone and unfriended, and as nearly unmourned as is possible to queens. The facts of Queen Anne's life are much too scanty to provide a full and interesting biography. Beatrice Curtis Brown has drawn liberally upon her imagination to fill in the

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gaps; but the end appears to justify the means. What she has writen is indubitably not history—but it is a coherent and interesting narrative in which the spirit of the facts remains inviolate.

In striking contrast to the figure of the bewildered queen is this portrait of her great contemporary, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. If blankness and stupidity made Anne a difficult figure for biography, mere excess of color renders Marlborough equally so. He was everything in superlative—a great lover, a distinguished courtier and diplomat, an expert duellist, and perhaps the greatest general and the blackest traitor England has ever had. Mr. Chidsey's biography is an excellent piece of work, if only because he has moulded these diverse and blinding attributes into a comprehensible portrait. In no sense is this biography a contribution to scholarship. It is drawn largely from secondary sources and is marred, in part, by evidences of hasty editing. But it is written in a competent journalistic style with a good deal of dramatic vigor. Save that the events it records are great and true, it might be a commendable work of fiction. Certainly no more dazzling "success story" than that of young Jack Churchill has ever been told. He began without money or influence. He suffered, in the course of his life, disgrace, dishonor, and imprisonment. He died the richest man in three kingdoms, an undisputed military genius, hung with titles and orders.

Mr. Chidsey has incorporated into his story of Marlborough's rise a vast panorama of military and diplomatic history, but he has retained in his narrative the charm and clarity one expects from a much simpler subject. The account of the great continental campaigns, which might have been dry-as-dust strategy, are presented as dramatic and almost personal struggles—the logic of Marlborough against the logic of Villeroi at Blenheim, the wit of Marlborough against the wit of Villars at Bouchain. Mean and traitorous and peccant the Great Duke may have been, but it is impossible not to admire him. Mr. Chidsey very cleverly wrings from his reader the last ounce of grudging admiration.

EMERSON, THE WISEST AMERICAN

by Phillips Russell (BRENTANO. $5.00)

IN this biography of Emerson, Phillips Russell has re-created not only a man, but his perfect and native setting—a tiny civilization which endured hardly more than a moment in our national life, but which contained the roots of what may one day become a beloved American legend. If one could do so before, one cannot after reading Mr. Russell's biography imagine Emerson without Concord, or Concord without Emerson. The neighbors of Emerson were a proud and simple people, on excellent terms, for the most part, with themselves and with God. They were a very self-sufficient lot. "In Concord . . . people go a-fishing and know the taste of their meat. They cut their own whippletree in the woodlot; they know something practically of the sun and east wind, of the underpinning and roofing of the house, and the pan and mixture of the soils."

They were an earthy people, aristocratic with the aristocracy of self-esteem, democratic with the democracy of plain and independent speech.

Emerson was one of them, and yet not perfectly so. He walked among them a little aloof. Levity, he felt, was unbecoming to him, and he was incapable of stepping out of character. None of his friends would have dreamed of slapping him on the back. Vices and weaknesses he had none, except one which he called "my cardinal vice of intellectual dissipation—sinful strolling from book to book". Yet perhaps by virtue of his very aloofness, Emerson managed to unite in himself and to express in his work most of the qualities typical of his little world—its Nordic, Protestant, Calvinist heritage, its visionary imagination and its practical wisdom, its pithy, expressive speech.

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In this book we see Emerson as his neighbors saw him—as a careful citizen who kept his fences in repair. We see him as his contemporaries of a larger world than Concord saw him—as sage, teacher and prophet. In addition, we are favored with rare glimpses into the soul of the man. We see him waging a long struggle against the repressed and artificial intellectuality which had swathed his childhood and youth, digesting the teaching of books, and turning from them to the teaching of life, or, as he would have said, Nature. We see him losing his rigid creed of individualism and self-sufficiency in the growing realization of his own very human loneliness, coming to the conclusion that "The study of books is sickly, and the garden and a family, mother, son, and brother, are a balsam. There is health in table talk and nursery play. We must wear old shoes and have aunts and cousins". We see Emerson's whole system of thought developing from his life and character and environment. Surely, there is no better way to write the biography of a thinker. Mr. Russell has added nothing new, in the way of factual material, to what we already know of Emerson; but he has integrated the facts into a memorable form.

MARGARET WALLACE

CARRY NATION *by Herbert Asbury* (KNOPF. $3.00)

AMERICA has always been rich in unbalanced fanatics and Carry A. Nation was not the least of them. This Hatchet of the Lord who went about smashing up saloons, snatching cigarettes out of the mouths of amazed young bucks and lecturing young ladies who ventured to osculate their swains in the public ways was a phenomenon peculiar to evangelical democracy. Her strength was in her angry convictions and supreme fearlessness. How much she may have been responsible for letting loose the obnoxious swarm of prohibition zealots over this fair Republic is a question. Anyway, as a prime example of what drives wild-eyed young men to Europe for the rest of their natural lives she was without rival. Mr. Herbert Asbury has done all that could be done with her life and anybody who desires a closer acquaintance with the actual Carry may secure it through the pages of this lively book, wherein nothing is set down in malice or ridicule. Mr. Asbury regards Carry Nation as a freak of civilization and he sets out to explain her through her own divagations. The result is a very good book that alternately amuses and depresses the reader. The comic side of Carry was patent; the depressive side is evident in the very possibility of her existence. Whether or not she was important enough to warrant a biography has been a matter of some argument among critics. It seems to me, however, that any individuality that the public has crystallized into a myth possesses enough revelatory betrayals of the civilization wherein that individuality had birth to vindicate extensive treatment. Carry was militant; there are many Carry Nations living today (some of them in trousers) who are not militant but who share her viewpoint to a great extent. When we have become civilized enough to laugh these people away and out of court we shall have achieved a maturity at last. Lord, Lord, how long the day is coming!

HERBERT GORMAN

LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS *by Comte Louis de Lichtervelde* (CENTURY. $4.00)

AS THE American translators of this book inform us, this is a political rather than a personal biography. It is important for it tells authoritatively and dispassionately the story of Belgium's greatest king. Leopold II has been variously maligned as the rake of Europe and the ravager of the Congo blacks. It is easy to see why he was misunderstood. He had his own aims to pursue, and he was great enough to prefer calumny to failure of his grand plans.

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King Leopold saw what the narrow, conservative little Belgium of his time did not foresee—that his country needed a colony. Asia and America were not to be had either for the asking or the taking. There remained the almost untouched continent of Africa. Under the guise of scientist and religious humanitarian he gained an entry there. He consolidated himself with the consent of Europe, including England, which rejected Stanley whom he used. Stanley prosecuted at Leopold's personal expense the explorations he had begun himself. To give some idea of King Leopold's patriotic altruism, it is well to quote from the narrative itself:

> To find funds, to satisfy creditors, to try to make sceptical financiers share his ardent faith in the future of the colony, such was his real life in the beautiful setting of the monarchy. And all this for whom? For a prudent, hard-working, upright country, which as a whole did not want a policy of expansion and whom it was necessary to enrich against its will, with all the tricks which others would have used in trimming it.

We get here the background of Belgian politics, against which Leopold stands out in history as "neither a figurehead nor a hawk". When he died, he gave to Belgium the colony which he had won with his intelligence and his own money. And, when he died, it took another great Belgian, Cardinal Mercier, to realize his full worth and to speak a fitting epitaph at a time when others had only ill to speak of him. Cardinal Mercier issued to the Catholics an ultimatum countersigned by the entire episcopate, part of which ran thus:

> The priests have celebrated mass, the faithful have prayed, have taken communion for the repose of the soul of the great King that Belgium has just lost and whose glory, contrary to the fate of most human reputations, will grow as years permit us to appreciate better the immense services rendered to civilization by his genius and perseverance. . . . *Nolite condemnare et non condemnabini.*

The Cardinal and the King are both dead, and this book is one worthy proof that neither need fear the judgment of enlightened posterity.

NORAH MEADE

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A VARIED SHELF

QUEEN ELIZABETH *by Katherine Anthony* (KNOPF. $4.00)

MISS ANTHONY'S *Queen Elizabeth* is so good a book that one instinctively wishes it might have been better. Its very virtues make explicit its shortcomings. Unlike Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* (which concerned itself with an aspect of Gloriana's reign) Miss Anthony attempted to circumscribe the whole life of Queen Elizabeth and to do it in about two hundred and fifty pages. Such a task of compression is impossible and the reader feels this before he is half-way through the book. The biographer moves too swiftly; there is facet after facet of the Queen's life that should have been examined more closely; the final effect is that of a "portrait" with biographical digressions rather than a full-length biography. Yet what there is of Elizabeth is excellently done. The portrait is there and it is complete enough. The prose is serviceable, although it is far from the quality of Mr. Strachey's book, and the color of a period is suggested. Elizabeth, however, continues to be a mystery. Lytton Strachey did not solve that mystery and neither does Miss Anthony. As a matter of fact, it is probably impossible of solution. Whether the Queen was or was not a virgin, whether Seymour did or did not twist her mind so far as sex goes, whether Elizabeth was or was not as astute as the flowering Time-Spirit of her age of discovery and literary phenomena would seem to reveal her, these things are still dark and undecipherable. As far as Miss Anthony goes she creates what would seem to be an authentic figure, although it is manifest that some of her convictions are based on assumptions bulwarked by few facts. Her book is lucid, rather cold, tightly knit, and scholarly in aspect; but it does not close the subject. A vitalized biography of Queen Elizabeth with a superb re-creation of the Elizabethan era is still to be awaited.

HERBERT GORMAN

SCHLUMP: THE STORY OF A GERMAN SOLDIER *Anonymous* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $2.50)

THIS addition to the flood of novels about the World War is like Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* and Renn's *War,* in that it is an account of the life of a common soldier in the German army. The resemblance does not got much further, for *Schlump* has not the emotional intensity of the Remarque book, nor is it so concentrated an essence of the horrors of war; it differs from Renn's story in that it contains humor and women, which means that it seems a better balanced, more rounded picture than is to be found in *War*. The anonymous hero of *Schlump* is different from Remarque's high-strung, nerve-worn unknown soldier and different from Renn's duty-ridden non-commissioned officer. Schlump is more of a good-natured rascal, whose chief pleasure from the war comes not from heroic deeds at the front, but from running a village in occupied territory. Here he does not get along badly, and the French girls he finds very agreeable.

This is not to say that Schlump manages to get through the war without finding it more than a matter of featherbeds and vin rouge, for there are a few bits in the book that approach, if they do not equal, that unforgettable passage in *All Quiet* when the two enemies are lying together in a shell-hole, one of them slowly and horribly dying before the eyes of his slayer. There is the

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episode of Eger, a neighbor of Schlump's, who sees an artilleryman of his own army and goes out of his head when he remembers how the German gunners have fired into columns of their own wounded by mistake.

Schlump is not a passionate plea for pacifism, as many war books have been lately, but neither is it any glorification of war. Its principal character is hardly uplifted by his experiences; he turns profiteer the moment the opportunity offers. There are deliciously humorous passages in the book, particularly one quite broad story about a bear-hunt, and it is altogether a highly readable account of a soldier's life. Whether it will find its thousands of readers depends really more upon the life of the vogue for war books than upon its intrinsic merit, for it has both validity and interest.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

LAMIEL *by Stendhal* (BRENTANO. $2.50)

Lamiel is Stendhal's last work. He was engaged in writing it when he died, and it was then not more than half finished. The original French edition appeared in 1889, nearly fifty years after the author's death. Here, for the first time, it is translated into English—an event of great interest to students of the novel and, one hopes, to others as well. For, in spite of the painful jolt of reaching the end of the present volume and finding the amazing tale concluded on a bare page or two, *Lamiel* gave every promise, in its first chapters, of having been as fine a novel as Stendhal ever wrote, and one unique in the history of his work.

It was unusual for Stendhal to select a woman as a principal character for a novel —but Lamiel is a thoroughly unusual woman, endowed with Fabrice's sense of high adventure, his eagerness for a surpassing love, his cool, slightly naïve intelligence. But still Lamiel is a woman, as fascinating as the unforgettable Duchess of Sanseverina in *The Chartreuse of Parma.* If in Lamiel Stendhal threatened to swell the list of his immortal heroines, he made an even more notable addition to his gallery of grotesques. Dr. Sansfin appears already full-grown as one of the most talented exercises anywhere in the portraiture of the horrible. While no activity of the reader's imagination can make *Lamiel,* as it stands, anything other than a fragment, it is surely a fragment to weep over, like *Kubla Khan.* Regrettably, there is no villain but death to set beside the "tradesperson from Porlock".

A VICTORIAN VILLAGE *by Lizette Woodworth Reese* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $3.00)

HERE is a volume of slight but flavorous reminiscences which revive the faintly romantic past. The Victorian village of Miss Reese's recollection is the town of Waverly on the York Road near Baltimore. The scenes are those of her childhood, tinged with the particular, bright fancies of childish memory, sharpened by the passage of years into an almost poetic vein. She recalls the circumstances of her autobiographic narrative simply, and has set them down just as they flowed tranquilly through her own mind—the Civil War as it impressed her early years, the funeral procession of Lincoln, the village doctor, the orchard, the church entertainments at Christmas, all these and many more. The book is almost, but not quite, a lament for the past, for the leisured and mellow ways whose passing left life somehow more detached and less human.

MARGARET WALLACE

CLASS OF 1902 *by Ernst Glaeser* (VIKING. $2.50)

Class of 1902 must be taken as a record of, and perhaps an apology for, its generation, rather than as a "war book" in the ordinary sense—or as a quite satisfactorily rounded esthetic experience. In this last respect it differs fundamentally from *The Magic Moun-*

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tain, though in several other respects—and this is said with admiration—it resembles that great work. Parts of it, such as where Glaeser dramatizes for us the ideas and forces at work in Germany before the War, give us a sense of creation, and are obviously the work of the imagination. Other parts, including almost the entire narrative of the events of the War as it appeared behind the lines, are excellent examples of reporting.

Glaeser tells the story of the War years and the years just before the War as they appeared to the generation too young to take part in the actual fighting. In particular, he tells the story of a boy's tragic experiences in a stifling middle-class environment in which he feels nothing but confusion of ideals and hostility in the adult world. The combination of his contempt for his father, his precocious curiosity and his unstable temperament, results in many painful experiences.

As a consequence he becomes a creature all feelings, with no confidence in himself, and an abnormal interest in sex—a somewhat pathological specimen, in short.

F. CLINTON SIMPSON

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE, LIFE MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARAY ASSOCIATION, IN COÖPERATION WITH THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF AMERICA

The semi-annual turnover for 1929 is now complete, with the addition of six new titles to the list of novels in demand and the corresponding elimination of six which have had their period of popularity. The average life of a work of fiction in these lists is approximately half a year. No title appearing this month had come into public favor as recently as last April's compilation. With general books the life average is materially longer. *John Brown's Body* is the only title appearing in the general score this month, however, which has retained its right to a place here for more than seven months; it first appeared in the January lists. The shift in the character of the general lists comes at a different season from that in novel. Five of this month's titles general are holdovers from away last Spring. —F. P. S.

NOVELS

1. ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT	*Erich Maria Remarque*	LITTLE, BROWN
2. SCARLET SISTER MARY	*Julia Peterkin*	BOBBS-MERRILL
3. ROPER'S ROW *	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
4. THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY *	*Ellen Glasgow*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
5. DODSWORTH	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT, BRACE
6. DARK HESTER	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
7. THE BISHOP MURDER CASE	*S. S. Van Dine*	SCRIBNER'S
8. THE GALAXY *	*Susan Ertz*	APPLETON
9. SIX MRS. GREENES *	*Lorna Rea*	HARPERS
10. THE LISTENING POST *	*G. S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
11. BLAIR'S ATTIC *	*Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman Lincoln*	COWARD-MCCANN
12. YOUNG MRS. GREELEY	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

GENERAL

1. HENRY THE EIGHTH	*Francis Hackett*	LIVERIGHT
2. THE ART OF THINKING	*Ernest Dimnet*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
3. A PREFACE TO MORALS	*Walter Lippmann*	MACMILLAN
4. THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY	*Will Durant*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
5. THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP	*Joan Lowell*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
6. ELIZABETH AND ESSEX	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT, BRACE
7. MID-CHANNEL	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	HARPERS
8. SALT WATER TAFFY *	*Corey Ford*	PUTNAM
9. JOHN BROWN'S BODY	*Stephen Vincent Benét*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
10. RASPUTIN	*René Fülöp-Miller*	VIKING
11. HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR	*George A. Dorsey*	HARPERS
12. THE MAGIC ISLAND	*William B. Seabrook*	HARCOURT, BRACE

* *This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.*

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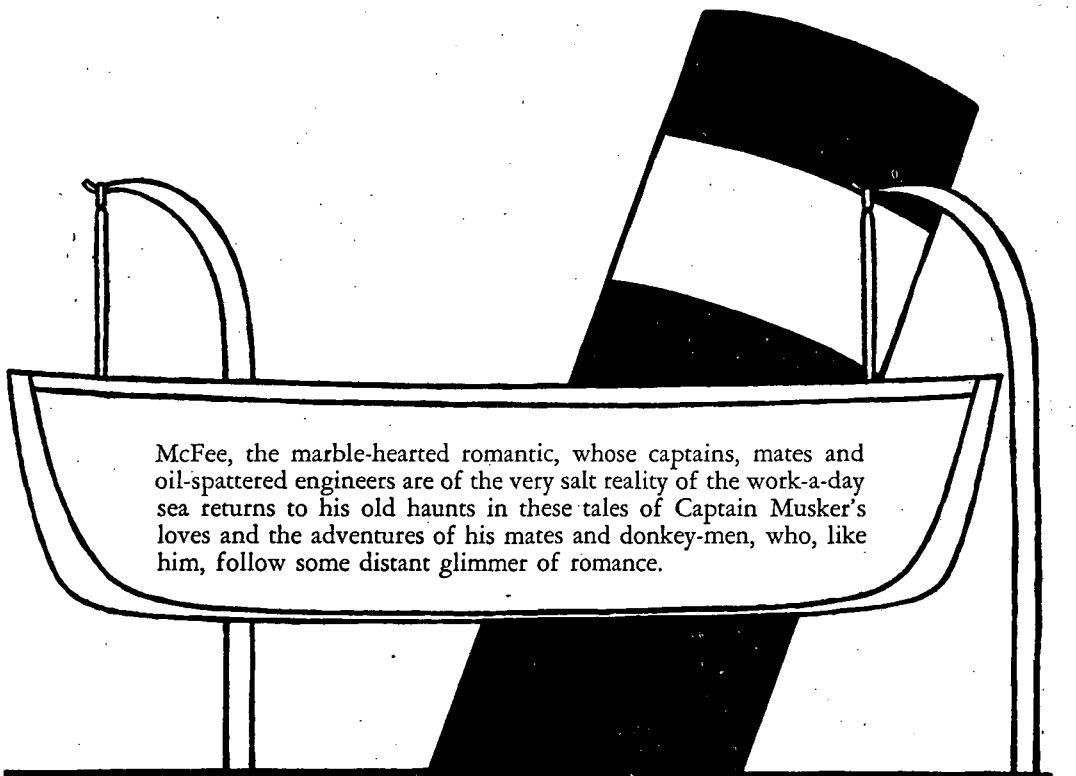

McFee, the marble-hearted romantic, whose captains, mates and oil-spattered engineers are of the very salt reality of the work-a-day sea returns to his old haunts in these tales of Captain Musker's loves and the adventures of his mates and donkey-men, who, like him, follow some distant glimmer of romance.

SAILORS OF FORTUNE

by WILLIAM McFEE

$2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Herr Baedeker and Some Others

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PARADOXICALLY, the formal guide book is becoming more and less of a necessity in the scheme of travel. Less because of the vast amount of digested information in the form of pamphlets provided by the great companies and the tourist agencies. Once, for the grand tour, a dozen guide books, dealing with the various countries to be visited, were an inevitable part of the baggage—or luggage, if, on your first trip abroad, your vocabulary has become highly articulate with "lift", and "booking-office", and "guard", to the exclusion of American terms. Today, two or three guide books will be found enough; but to try to dispense with these will be a serious mistake.

The guide book as an institution is of very ancient origin. In the Second Century Pausanias wrote a guide to Athens. The pilgrims to the Holy Land in the Middle Ages wrote lengthy descriptions designed to provide information for future travellers. In the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, recorded minutely their experiences journeying by land and sea. But the systematic guide book, from which the personal element is entirely eliminated, dates from the early years of the last Century.

When the young and relatively obscure Mr. Thackeray sent his Kicklebury family to the Rhine to "high hat" not only the natives but also other English families making the journey, they undoubtedly carried with them a copy of Murray's guide. For Murray's books, which still maintain their popularity in England, were the earliest types of systematic guide books. An early *Punch* cartoon pictured an Englishman, aggrieved by what he believed to be a Continental overcharge, protesting: *"Je paye,* but *je* write to the *Times"*. The same Englishman was very likely in the habit of making meticulous notes of expenses and conditions of travel, and forwarding them to Murray for incorporation in later editions.

Murray's books were the immediate precursors of the familiar red-bound volumes that have made the name Baedeker a synonym for "guide book" throughout the world. The first Baedeker resulted from an arrangement made about 1825 between Murray and Karl Baedeker, then head of the famous German publishing house, by which the latter undertook to adapt for German use a guide to the Rhine issued by Murray. The success of that venture encouraged Baedeker to embark independently in the work. In 1839 he published the second volume, *Belgium and Holland,* which was followed in 1842 by *Germany and Vienna,* in 1844 by *Switzerland,* and in 1859 by *Paris.* He carried the idea farther by issuing the books in English and French as well as in German.

In the days, some twenty-five years ago, when the cleverly sugar-coated travel books of A. M. and C. N. Williamson—and how the youth of today would stare at the archaic motor-car lore of that astonishing "best seller", *The Lightning Conductor*—were in the full flood of popularity, one of them, *The Princess Passes,* was flavored with an imaginary episode designed to illustrate the power of the old guide book star. A German traveller who gives his name as Karl arrives at an Italian hotel and asks for the cheapest room and drinks the least expensive wines. When paying his bill he finds one or two slight overcharges and protests. The land-

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lord's manner is brusque. A moment later he is seen running up and down the courtyard waving his hands in despair, and shouting: "I shall lose my star! I shall lose my star!" For it seems that he has learned that the unobtrusive Herr Karl is in reality the great Herr Karl Baedeker, and he sees the end of his hotel's prosperity.

For the early books Herr Baedeker certainly drew mainly upon his own travel and observation. But with the growth of the organization a system, based upon wide collaboration, naturally came into existence. In the years preceding the War, with the Baedeker in full swing, German, French, and English editors were associated with the central publishing house at Leipzig. An Englishman was responsible for the books dealing with the British Empire, the British possessions and the United States; a Frenchman for the works on France and the countries of Southern Europe. Under the direction of these editors there was a corps of trained agents continually travelling and making notes for new and revised editions. For Baedeker's *United States and Canada* the English editor himself travelled over thirty-five thousand miles in conveyances of every description.

A memorable case illustrating the power of the guide book was that of the over-sharp Oriental who, to his cost, brought and won suit against the publishers. One of the editions of Baedeker's, *Palestine and Syria,* in referring to Howard's Hotel in Joppa, stated that it was kept by one "Awwad, an Arab", and, after giving the rates, added a note, "Bargaining advisable". The proprietor sued Herr Baedeker, saying that he was not an Arab but a British subject born in Malta; that describing him as an Arab was an implication that he was tricky; and that that implication was aggravated by the added note.

The case was tried in England and a verdict for fifty pounds damages and costs awarded the plaintiff. The amount was paid, the obnoxious description, together with all mention of Howard's hotels at Jerusalem as well as Joppa, disappeared from Baedeker. The Oriental's triumph was brief. In a short time Baedeker received a letter from a much chastened Awwad, entreating that the mention of the hotel be restored, with any qualification that the publisher saw fit, and offering the return of the damages and cost. The terms were refused; the name of Howard's never again appeared; and proprietor and hostelry disappeared from the hotel world.

If, in the scheme of Germany's rehabilitation into an amicable family of nations, certain institutions were to be given precedence, my own vote would be for the red-bound guide books of Herr Baedeker, the typographically admirable page of the English reprints issued by Baron Tauchnitz, and, as the idea is entirely fanciful, a certain brown brew associated with the city of Munich. All these institutions represent the German virtues in epitome—German thoroughness, efficiency, and resource. These virtues are by no means exclusively German. Among guide books Baedeker is conspicuous as being the model. There are excellent English guide books—Murray's, for example. There are excellent French guide books, and the American traveller with a knowledge of the French language might wisely improve that knowledge and acquire a greater familiarity with terms and phrases incidental to travel by choosing a French guide book as a companion. The most complete of all guide books is, I believe, of American authorship. That is Terry's *Japanese Empire,* and there is also a Terry's *Mexico.* Terry, following the method of the German, out-Baedekers Baedeker. His fault is that he is too exhaustive, too comprehensive, too encyclopedic.

Here at hand are two new Baedekers and a new Murray. The red covers gleam with a red and gold freshness that, when they are lined upon the shelf, brings them out in sharp contrast to their older brothers or sisters, grown dull through handling and the

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years. Girdling the brown paper wrappers of the Baedekers are paper bands, suggesting the *vient de paraître* bands of French publishing, announcing "Just Out. 1929". The books are Baedeker's *Egypt and the Sudan* (Scribner's, $10), Baedeker's *Austria* (Scribner's, $5.50), and Murray's *A Handbook for Travellers in India, Burma, and Ceylon* (Scribner's, $12).

How the original Baedeker or the original Murray would stare if confronted with these new books bearing their names! What a changed world from the pre-war world of the earlier editions they illustrate! New conditions of travel; new opportunities, with the earth becoming a network by air, by rail and by water; great hotels replacing the inn of yesteryear; but also new exactions, and, alas for most of us, new prices. The old guide books advised passports, and gave detailed directions as to how to go about the business of obtaining them, but the present writer had to make his twenty-fifth Atlantic crossing in war time to learn what a passport looked like.

While on the subject of the passport there is a bit of information that this new Baedeker's *Egypt* fails to supply. If you land at Alexandria on a ship that is stopping for some days at that port, and use those days for travel inland before rejoining your vessel, your passport is taken away from you at the dock and held there to await your return. At least that has been my experience twice in the last five years. Of course the passport will be duly handed back again at the foot of the gangplank, but the situation involves the rather trying sensation of a highly important separation, and a natural worry lest anything happen to a particular Oriental official. Another little point to be found in no guide book: Americans on a Mediterranean cruise that touches at many ports of different nationalities and currencies should take with them a supply of one-dollar bills for petty exchange. Then the inevitable "gypping" at the hands of the money changers who invade the ship cannot be serious, and the excess of useless currency will be kept down to a minimum.

This is the eighth edition of Baedeker's *Egypt*. The first, which appeared in 1878, was based on the manuscript of Georg Ebers, the novelist and Egyptologist. Naturally with the amazing discoveries of recent years the eighth edition differs widely from any that preceded it. For example, the excavations of Howard Carter in the Valley of the Kings in November, 1922, bringing to light the Tomb of Tutankhamen and its accompanying treasures, was perhaps in historical importance second only to the discovery of the Rosetta Stone by a soldier of Napoleon in 1799.

The changes in Europe and the development of the Baedeker system are illustrated in the *Austria*, tracing its ancestry through twelve editions to the original *Southern Germany and the Austrian Empire* of 1868, and to the later edition of 1896, when *Austria-Hungary* first appeared as a separate volume. The glory of the Hapsburgs has vanished from the earth. By way of compensation is the fact that by air and rail the journey between London and Vienna may be accomplished in less than a day; and that in the little republic of 32,368 square miles and 6,534,000 inhabitants, there are now, besides the railways and steamboats, some 220 motor-post services run by the post office.

Murray's *India, Burma, and Ceylon* is the thirteenth in its direct line. The original handbook for travellers was published in three volumes, for the Bombay, Madras, and Bengal Presidencies, the first part appearing in 1859, twenty-three years elapsing before the publication of the third volume. In 1883 a fourth volume, dealing with the Punjab and North-West India, was added. In 1892 the handbook was first issued as a single volume. Since then there has been a revision every two or three years. The present edition is the first to include particulars of the new air route to India, which was instituted on

(CONTINUED ON PAGE XXXVII)

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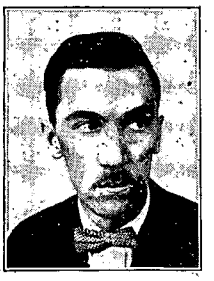
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2. Royal Cortissoz, leading American art critic. In "The Field of Art," each month in SCRIBNER'S, some of his best work has appeared.

3. Alexander Dana Noyes, financial authority and economist, financial editor of the *New York Times*, author of many books. He discusses "The Financial Situation" each month in SCRIBNER'S

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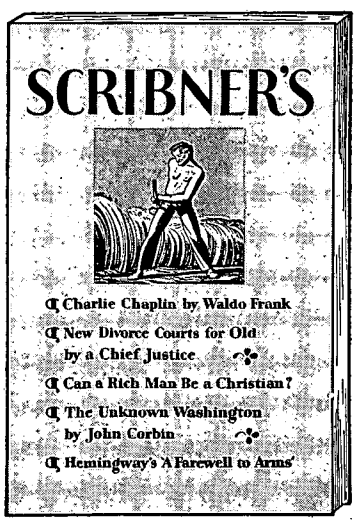

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NOTES ON NEW BOOKS—(*Continued*)

embezzles $100,000 and dies in State's Prison.

Years later Cora Potts has transformed herself into the rich Mrs. Genevieve Potter of Corinth, a capital city. She has made a couple of million in "Whiteine", a bleach for dark skins. She is poised, smart, elegantly turned out. The War comes, and with it her opportunity to reach her goal—social position. She marries Captain Neal Carver, of one of Corinth's old and impoverished families.

Unquestionably, all who read of Cora Potts will remember her.

THE WOMAN OF IT *by Clare Ogden Davis* (SEARS. $2.50)

THE woman in politics, wealthy, witty and wise, sweeps her way into the Governor's chair of a State whose identity is studiously veiled. The forces of corruption are mustered against her by unscrupulous Klansmen, but her position remains unassailable, until of a sudden love opens the way to her political undoing. The tale runs smoothly and swiftly to a happily dramatic ending in which one is left to guess whether Della Lawrence has learned that woman's place is in the home, or if she will return triumphantly to the political battlefield.

DON'T CALL ME CLEVER *by Lawrence Drake* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $2.50)

NATHAN and Al Laskob are the two outstanding characters in this Jewish novel. Nathan is a fierce and egoistic Marxist; Al is that well-known type of business man, good-hearted, petty, harsh and a trifle shady in his dealings with his family and commercial associates alike.

Nathan imagines that he is in love with Becky Simenoff, a weak creature with masochistic tendencies. Later he meets Beatrice Briggs, a more Americanized type in whom he fancies he has found the ideal woman. But his quarrelsome spirit violates even his social relations, with the result that he becomes dissatisfied with himself.

Al is involved in crooked enterprises with Frank O'Brien and comes within an inch of jail, but Nathan manages to shield him by a piece of shrewd trickery.

Lawrence Drake tells his tale mainly in dialogue. There is very little description in "Don't Call Me Clever", and one is thankful for the fact, owing to the author's skill in handling Jewish idiom. It is a good book, but we might easily have been spared much of the bickering between the brothers without loss to the general dramatic effect.

DOMESTIC ANIMAL *by Eric Hatch* (SEARS. $2.00)

CABOT CABOT, wealthy gadabout, newly divorced via Paris, promptly falls in love the next week. Against a constantly shifting background from New York to Bar Harbor and Newport, this new love progresses amid his many misadventures with his crony, Bill. It is unbelievable that any two people could wiggle in and out of trouble so rapidly, but their tribulations result in a good deal of fun for the reader and happily no disaster to themselves.

THE INCREDIBLE YEAR *by Faith Baldwin* (DODD, MEAD. $2.00)

JOHN MONTGOMERY, wealthy owner of lumber camps, had reared his daughter Julie in the seclusion of his farm in northern New York. She knew all about the backwoods but nothing at all about cities and people. At his death he indicated a desire for her to spend a year in New York City with the Desmonds, a sophisticated young couple. The book describes her year there and her reactions.

NIGHT CLUB *by Katharine Brush* (MINTON, BALCH. $2.00).

THE hero is brave and modest and stern; the heroine is beautiful, gallant, and frank to the point of indiscretion (or beyond); the villain is Circumstance, aided by some small lapse in one of the fundamental qualities of either of the other characters; and the ending, if sad, is flowered over by a splendid affirmation, which the tempests of life may bend but will never break. The formula has the infallibility of age and experience. For all the years of its use, only

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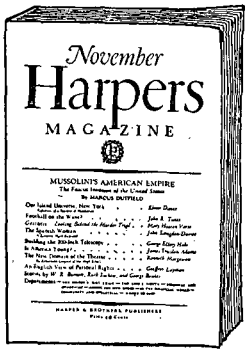

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Elmer Davis—who knows his New York as well as any man living—tells some new things about it in "New York—Our Island Universe". John R. Tunis asks—and answers—the question, "Is Football on the Wane?" And there are stories by Ruth Suckow, W. R. Burnett, and George Bowles.

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two elements are here transposed—the gallantry and the modesty. Following this formula, in ten of her eleven stories, Miss Brush has deployed her figures admirably. The last tale, on the other hand, which gives the volume its title, is a skit at the expense of those who read "True" stories—in other words, those who, unsophisticated as they are, want to read of life unfalsified. Naturally, readers of *Night Club* will be much amused by this.

CHRONICLES OF A GIGOLO *by Julian Swift* (LIVERIGHT. $2.00)

A SOUNDLY constructed story this, which begins as the life-history of a gigolo, the sort of personal confession which is a social document—gigolos, in Europe, being as numerous as they are. Before one has a chance to grow tired of the trade-secrets of a professional dancing partner, the book turns into a tender, tragic love-story. Julian, the gigolo, is well-drawn; not at all "hard-boiled", as one might possibly expect. He is a decent boy and when he falls in love—desperately, hopelessly in love—he becomes a very appealing figure, with something of nobility. It is a much better book than the sensational title indicates.

EILEEN OF THE TREES *by H. de Vere Stacpoole* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

YOUNG Patrick Spence, heir to Compton Fleury, nephew of the great Lord Trevessa, plays the gallant by rescuing Eileen from her drab job as nursemaid in London. All would have gone well had the evil-minded world not decided that it was expedient to separate the two youngsters. Thereupon Pat determines that he must have her at all costs and the trouble begins. A pleasing tale of adolescent love.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO *by Arthur Somers Roche* (SEARS. $2.00)

ANOTHER society romance by this popular magazine writer, in which the hero rescues a girl from starvation and takes her to his luxurious bachelor home. He marries her to spite the girl who has jilted him. The book never departs from the familiar pattern, but it is a pattern which has always been successful.

Detective Fiction

THE MARK OF THE RAT *by Arnold Fredericks* (SEARS. $2.00)

THE leading figures in a murder mystery recount their connection with it in a series of chapters closely following the unravelling of the case. The book should give those mystery readers who search for unique methods a pleasant surprise.

THE TERRACE SUICIDE MYSTERY *by Leonard R. Gribble* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

A SUICIDE on the "terrace of a hundred knives" that turns out to be a carefully planned murder. A blackmail scheme and a secret love affair with numerous interesting détours carry the tale along swiftly and help to confuse Inspector Slade of Department 2X New Scotland Yard. Written along typical Edgar Wallace lines with hidden rooms, plots and counter-plots, the story is intriguing.

MARKED MEN *by Charles Neville Buck* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

THE murder of millionaire Clem Archibald in the Sportsman's Club was the first of a series of gang murders in New York City. Inspector Crandall, assigned to the stamping out of the gang, flounders about until he meets up with Muir Bratchell, a Kentucky mountaineer-lawyer who is also a "marked man" back home. Bratchell succeeds in uncovering a huge graft ring and satisfies a personal vengeance at the same time. The final scene of action is staged in Kentucky where a feud settlement—in the approved manner—marks the end of the reign of these gangsters.

WATER WEED *by Alice Campbell* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.00)

THE story of an American youth in England. Fascinated by the sophisticated charms of Mrs. Fenmore, an Englishwoman with two grown children, Glenn Hillier finds himself practically a prisoner to her whims and fancies. After a quarrel he leaves her, and that same night she is

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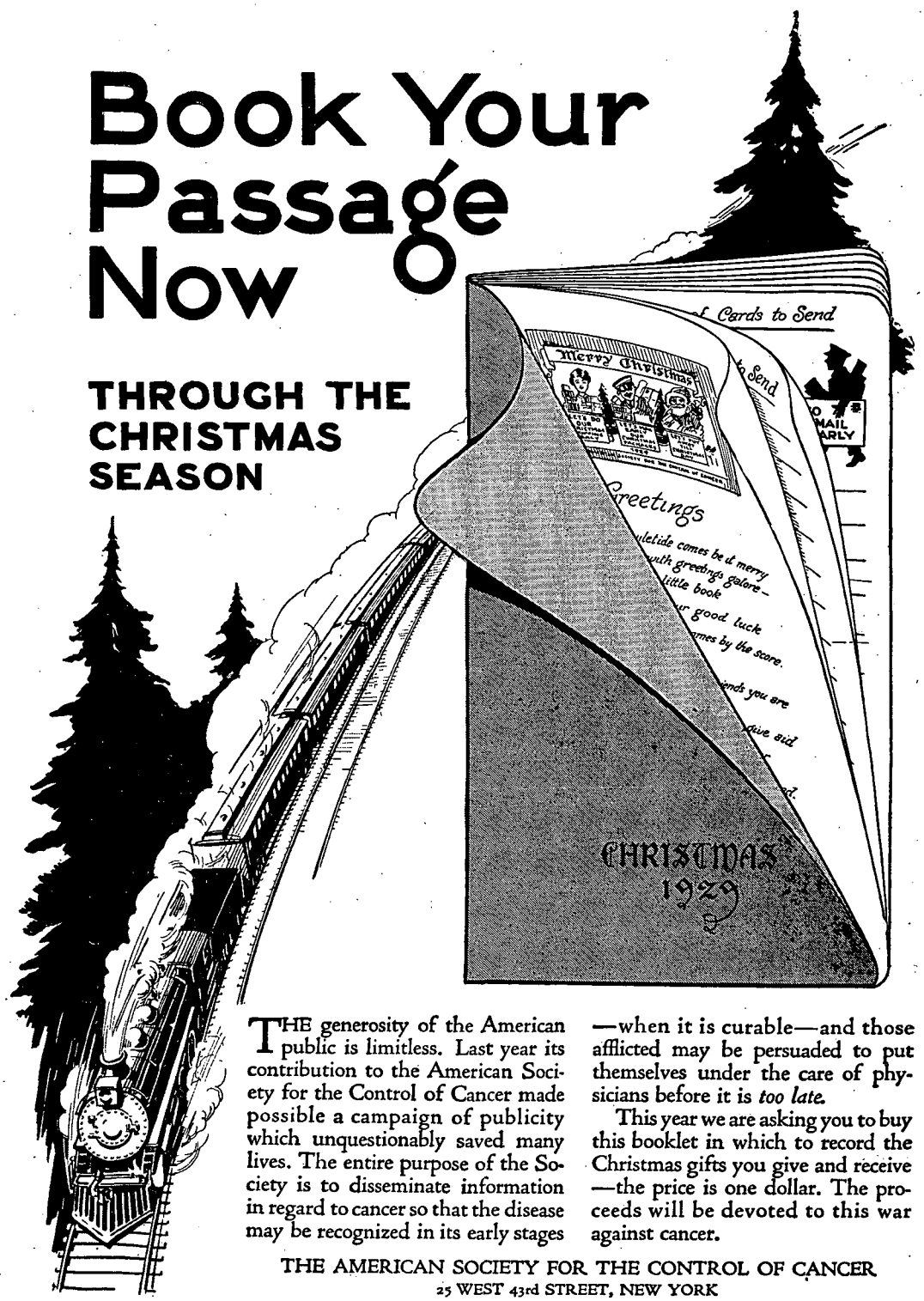

THE generosity of the American public is limitless. Last year its contribution to the American Society for the Control of Cancer made possible a campaign of publicity which unquestionably saved many lives. The entire purpose of the Society is to disseminate information in regard to cancer so that the disease may be recognized in its early stages —when it is curable—and those afflicted may be persuaded to put themselves under the care of physicians before it is *too late.*

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strangled to death in her bedroom. The strangler is caught through the unselfish efforts of "Ginny" Carew, a childhood friend of Glenn's, who risks her life on a hunch.

POISON IN A GARDEN SUBURB *by G. D. H. & M. Cole* (PAYSON & CLARKE. $2.00)

THE COLES offer a new tale of mystery as intriguing as *Superintendent Wilson's Holiday*. This time their detective solves a case of murder after Scotland Yard has badly bungled the job and releases two suspects that are sadly in need of his help. A good mystery story.

THE MURDER IN THE GILDED CAGE *by Samuel Spewack* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $2.00)

A SENSATION-LOVING divorcée, Mrs. Breese, departs for Cuba on her yacht, taking a family group and guests. She is murdered in "the gilded cage", her palatial Havana home, in a singularly cunning manner. Perutkin, a Russian adventurer, seeking to clear the name of a friend, leads the Breese party a merry chase and apprehends the murderer with a brilliant piece of strategy. A plausible yarn, packed with excitement and rich in colorful description.

THE DARK EYES OF LONDON *by Edgar Wallace* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

SECRET passages and rooms with fiendish contrivances to kill, plus Blind Jake, a huge bearded beggar, and a gang of cunning blind men working at the behest of a sinister brain, lend to this story the genuine Wallace touch that has made so successful his gruesome murder tales. Inspector-Detective Larry Holt almost meets his match in an underground chamber of horror, but escapes in the nick of time to rescue his assistant, Diana Ward.

FALSE FACE *by Jean Lilly* (DUTTON. $2.00)

Two college-campus murders in which Professor Crane's daughter, Natica, is involved. Her stubbornness in admitting facts disappears shortly after the arrival of Bruce Perkins, brother of the first murdered man, with whom she becomes enamored. Jealousy and blackmail play important parts in the solution.

THE BIG SHOT *by Frank L. Packard* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

THE story of Roy the "Big Shot", or leader of a band of criminals, an attractive girl, a fearless newspaper reporter and organized gang warfare in New York. The author of countless detective stories takes a chapter from the methods of modern gangsters that proves less interesting, on the whole, than the adventures of the famous Jimmy Dale.

THE MEDBURY FORT MURDER *by George Limnelius* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

THE brutal murder of Lieutenant Lepean at Medbury Fort, and the subsequent suspicion cast on the three other officers at the post, each of whom had sufficient reason to wish him out of the way, provides the basis for this first choice of the Crime Club for October. It is a brilliant and well-written piece of detective fiction with a good plot.

MAMMOTH MYSTERY BOOK *by Edgar Wallace* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

THREE complete and separate Scotland Yard stories—*The Gaol Breaker, The Just Men of Cordova* and *A King by Night*. Written by the expert hand of England's greatest mystery novelist, and filled with robberies, murders and plots of vengeance this group of stories will satisfy the most bloodthirsty.

THE NEW IDOL *by Gaston Leroux* (MACAULAY. $2.00)

CHÉRI BIBI, underworld hero, has been resurrected by the author to take the leading part in this exciting adventure tale of a Parisian Communist uprising. Wholesale murders and underground retreats play an important part in maintaining the suspense.

BEST ENGLISH DETECTIVE STORIES, *edited by Father Ronald Knox and H. Harrington* (LIVERIGHT. $2.50)

TWENTY excellent short mystery stories written by English authors in 1928, and worthy of the most sophisticated detective-story audience.

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THE BOOK MART

With the opening of another book auction season in New York there is renewed activity in the market for old and rare books. So far little has developed to indicate that any such season as last year's may be expected. There will doubtless be some large and important sales, particularly of autograph material, which seems to be increasingly in demand. A good deal of material has crossed the ocean during the last few months, and among this will be some outstanding items for collectors. For the rare books there is always a market, but we are beginning to wonder when the annual record of book prices in the auction room will cease chronicling anything that brings less than ten dollars, the minimum limit having been already raised from $3.50 to $5.00 and again to $7.50.

The problem of what is to be done with books of low price seems to be one of increasing difficulty. More and more there is a tendency to assemble a number of books into a lot to be catalogued as a single item. This practice has its advantages and its defects. Where books are so "lumped" the catalogue sometimes brings together strange bedfellows, and the practice works strongly against the collector who is unable to attend the sales in person. No one wants to buy half a dozen books he does not care for in order to get the one he desires. The practice tends to restrict the mail order bids, especially from libraries, who are buyers of many of the low-priced books in these sales. Then, too, cataloguers sometimes make mistakes which work against the seller of the books. In one lot sold last season for five dollars a dealer secured one volume of Western history which he put into a later sale and which brought eighty-five dollars.

But whatever defects the practice may have, it is plain that with the increased costs of cataloguing, printing and overhead, it is no longer possible to list separately those books which bring only a dollar or two each. In such case, the seller finds the returns eaten up by expenses, and he may even have to pay for the privilege of distributing his books. Furthermore, experience, which is the sole guide to those who are handling books merely as merchandise, has demonstrated that the total of a sale does not suffer appreciably by selling several books in a lot, especially if these lots are assembled with intelligence. "Miscellaneous books, 100", usually covers a lot of volumes which are worth but a few cents each. Let us hope, however, that our American auction rooms will never adopt the British system which in minor sales catalogues one book by its title and adds "and six others (7)". Occasionally one may find among the "six others" a volume of greater value or interest than the one catalogued by title, but one who buys "Miscellaneous books" without seeing the lot is likely to accumulate a fine lot of junk hardly worth the transportation charges.

Another problem of the book mart is to discover where the demand for "limited editions" is going to stop. Nearly every first-class printer is issuing more and more books each year in limited editions, the limit being anywhere from one hundred to fifteen hundred copies. Even the book club idea has now taken hold of limited editions. Most of these are good books, handsomely issued by the best presses, in good types, on hand-made paper and illustrated by famous illustrators. The purchaser of one of these limited editions has the satisfaction of owning a beautiful book with the feeling of something like exclusiveness in its possession—at least he knows that only fifteen hundred others may

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share with him his joy of exclusive possession. With the multiplication of limited editions, however, there must sometime come a limit to the number of buyers.

Not all the limited editions are issued for profit, the most notable example being A. Edward Newton's essay entitled *Thomas Hardy—Dramatist or Poet?* which has been privately printed by Mr. Newton in a beautiful format in an edition of 950 copies, all of which are to be sold for the benefit of the English Thomas Hardy Memorial Committee. The edition is nearly sold out—and Mr. Newton, who has been a publisher, an author and a bookbuyer, is now also a bookseller.

Mr. Newton has recently passed his sixty-fifth birthday, and properly celebrated the event by sending to a few friends a little leaflet containing a poem written to him on his thirty-seventh birthday by his dear old "Aunt Till", (Matilda Swift) who died in 1905. "Aunt Till" used to remember his birthdays for a number of years with verses at his place at the breakfast table. He preserved these from year to year, but the thirty-seventh birthday effusion was missing until a short time ago, when he found between the pages of an old book the following lines:

I wish you a happy birthday Ed
And many more to come;
I wish you a peaceful, prosperous life
And a pleasant joyous home.
And I hope as the years roll on Ed
Untouched by the finger of Time
You'll be as happy and bright Ed
As now that you're in your prime.
And as Time speeds on, as speed it will
I'll earnestly pray to Heaven
That you'll have as good health at sixty-five
As you now have, at thirty-seven.

Aunt Till, 1901.

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THE BOOK MART

A copy of this verse found its way into the mail of Carolyn Wells, and immediately brought from her the following response, which sums up the wishes of Mr. Newton's friends on his sixty-fifth birthday:

You have had a happy birthday, Ed,
You have many more to come;
You have a peaceful, prosperous life,
And a pleasant, joyous home.
And I hope as the years roll on, Ed,
You'll have a High Old Time;
And be as happy and bright, Ed,
As a Rockefeller dime.
And as Time speeds on as they say it will,
I pray that at ninety-five
You'll have more books and rarer ones
Than any man alive!

BON VOYAGE—(*Continued*)

the last of March. It is still in an experimental stage, seven days being required for the flight journey from London to Karachi, near the extreme western point of the vast empire, some seven or eight hundred miles to the northwest of Bombay. The total distance is 5,176 miles, of which the link by rail from Basle to Genoa is 326 miles. The present cost is approximately $650.

Murray has its virtues, its qualities, and its uses; but there are many points in which it suffers by comparison with Baedeker and other guides. For instance in the matter of "expenses" it is merely general, suggesting that hotel charges have increased considerably in recent years—a statement by no means surprising—and that in the Presidency towns and Delhi, during the cold weather, terms range from $5 to $9 a day, and outside these places from $3 to $4 a day. Such information is confined to the introductory pages.

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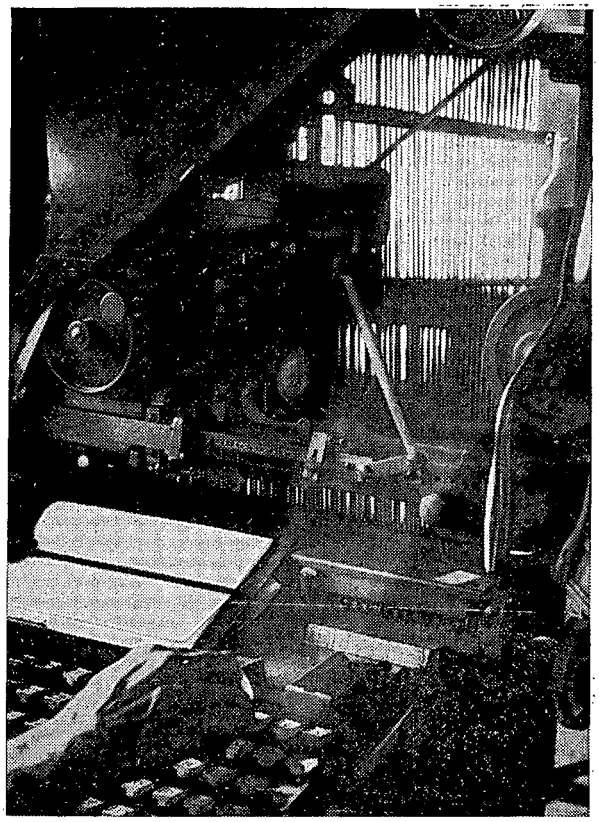

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